Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell

HORACE BUSHNELL, MARY A. BUSHNELL CHENEY

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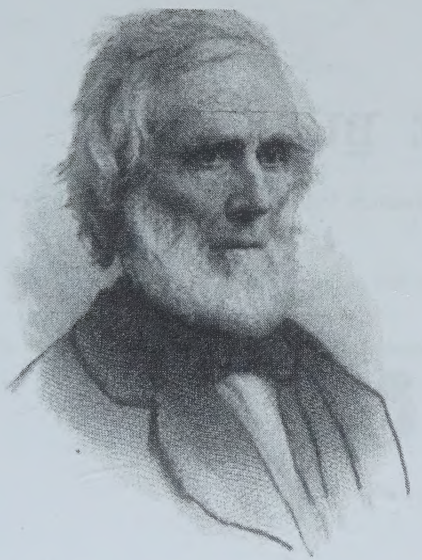

Horace Bushnell

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

HORACE BUSHNELL

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"There are some of all ages—a holy few—whose lives have been preserved to us in writing and tradition, and who thus live among us still as known causes, who are not silent, whose names and works and Christian characters are even freshened and made more vigorous by the lapse of time. God has saved these elect men to us by means of written language, that we may ever have them with us, and look to them as our lights of love and truth. They were God's experimenters, I may say, in all their struggles and trials and works, and so God's witnesses; and therefore it is expected that we shall go naturally to them for help and life-direction, as one who would open a mine will seize upon the instructive suggestions of an experienced miner. They were the true miners of faith, and we may go to them to be told where the treasures of faith do lie, and how they may be opened."

HORACE BUSHNELL.

PREFACE.

This book will be found to be a more composite work than is commonly the case with a biography. As there were many aspects of the life and character of Dr. Bushnell to be considered and interpreted, it has naturally been the work of many hands to paint his picture; and it has been a part of the great pleasure of preparing the material that so many kind friends have generously responded to our calls for help.

In preparing the first portion of the history, covering a period of about sixty years, and closing with the chapter of family reminiscences, I have had the great advantage of rich contributions, such as those of the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, and of the Right Rev. Bishop Clark, and that by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, originally prepared for this volume, but afterwards published in the *New Englander*, from which several full quotations have been made. In addition to these, we have the invaluable recollections of Dr. Bushnell's early friends, and some autobiographical fragments left by himself. As critics, revisers, and helpers, there have come to my aid several friends whose advice has been of inestimable value. I may name the Rev. Drs. Burton, Parker, and Twichell, all of Hartford; the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough, of Durham, Conn.; and the Rev. Dr. John H. Morison, of Milton, Mass. I have also quoted freely from interesting published articles, the authorship of which is acknowledged in their place.

Compelled by the chronological order to name first the portion which I should have been glad to put last, I may now go on to speak with more satisfaction of that next in order, written by the Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, of Hartford.

This period was one of great mental activity with Dr. Bushnell, and of influence extended in various ways,—patriotically for our country during the eventful days of the war, and personally and socially among many men of many minds —in the truest sense, therefore, a "ministry at large." It is for this reason a subject for gratitude with us that, without the aid of much correspondence and with little of outward incident, the deep significance and interest of this important time has been made to appear. Dr. Parker's narrative closes with the account of a farewell scene in a ministerial meeting, and brings the history down to about 1871.

The remaining years of decline, when Dr. Bushnell's life was more and more circumscribed as regards the outside world, and when he was seen and watched by those of his own household more than by any other friends, are portrayed by his daughter, Miss F. L. Bushnell, who has also assisted me in the preparation of material and in many other ways. Her narration closes the story.

Mary Bushnell Cheney.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

A Fragment of Autobiography found Dimly Pencilled on a Stray Sheet of Paper. 1

CHAPTER I.

1804-1822.

Early Life at Home. 8

CHAPTER II.

Sketches of his Grandmother and Mother (Written by Dr. Bushnell in 1874 at the Request of Friends). 24

CHAPTER III.

1823-1827.

At Yale College. 35

CHAPTER IV.

1827-1829.

School-teaching.—Editorship.—Study of Law.—Tutorship.—Law Studies again. — Renewal of Religious Life. — Theological School. 47

CHAPTER V.

1833-1837.

Settlement in Hartford.—Marriage.—Duties and Difficulties.—Preaching. —The Subject of Slavery. —The Subject of Revivals. 67

CHAPTER VI.

1837-1840.

Loss of his Baby Lily.—Summer Vacation at Long Island.—Loss of his Mother. — Birth of his Son. — Address at Andover and First Heresy.—Deacon Seth Terry.—American Politics.—Call to the Presidency of Middlebury College 85

CHAPTER VII.

1845–1848. PAGE

Degree of D.D.—Second Coming.—Lecture at Hudson.—Death of his Son.—Protestant League.—Catholicus.—Published Articles and Addresses.—Letters.—Ill-health..... 98

CHAPTER VIII.

Journey in Europe..... 115

CHAPTER IX.

1848–1848.

Coming Home.—Letter to the Pope.—Christian Alliance.—Correspondence.—Christian Nurture, and Argument for the Same.—Dr. Bacon's Criticism.—Hartford Water-works.—Barbarism the First Danger.—Sketch of Dr. Bushnell, by Dr. Bartol.—Letter to a Child..... 171

CHAPTER X.

1848–1849.

Religious Experience.—Address at Cambridge Divinity School.—Address at Harvard.—Address at Yale.—Address at Andover.—The Book, "God in Christ."—Dissertation on Language.—Effects of his Views of Language upon his Written Style..... 191

CHAPTER XI.

1848–1850.

Letters to Dr. Bartol.—Publication of "God in Christ."—Reviews.—Letters.—C. C., or Criticus Criticorum.—Defence before the Hartford Central Association.—Letters again..... 211

CHAPTER XII.

1850–1851.

"Fairfield West."—Meeting of the General Association at Litchfield.—Reminiscences of Dr. Bushnell's Bearing there.—Fishing Excursions.—Interview with an Opponent.—Letter from Dr. Porter.—Fairfield West again.—"Christ in Theology."—Dr. Bacon Quoted.—Letters.—Litchfield Address and Speech for Connecticut.—A Journey.—Letters.—Exclusion from Intercourse with Brother Ministers.—Dr. Hawes.—Dr. Bushnell's Manners in Controversy..... 234

CHAPTER XIII.

1851.

Lectures on the Supernatural.—Meeting of General Association at Danbury.—North Church withdraws from Consociation.—Address on Religious Music.—Ill-health.—Western Journey... 257

CHAPTER XIV.

1858.

REVIEW OF DR. BUSHNELL'S PASTORATE ..... PAGE 279

CHAPTER XV.

1858.

LETTERS OF REMINISCENCES BY BISHOP CLARK.—ADDRESS FOR COMMON SCHOOLS.—LETTERS.—CONTROVERSY.—LETTERS.—THE HARTFORD PARK.—OTHER PUBLIC MATTERS.—ESTIMATE OF DR. BUSHNELL AS A CITIZEN 294

CHAPTER XVI.

1854.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. HAWES.—PUBLIC BASIS OF AGREEMENT.—DR. BUSHNELL'S POSITION QUESTIONED.—INTERPRETATION BY DR. PHELPS.—LAST GUN OF THE CONTROVERSY 322

CHAPTER XVII.

1855.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, CUBA, SAVANNAH, CHARLESTON, AND HARTFORD 347

CHAPTER XVIII.

1856.

CALIFORNIA 365

CHAPTER XIX.

1857–1858.

RETURN FROM CALIFORNIA.—SERMON OF REUNION.—WEEK-DAY SERMON TO BUSINESS MEN.—THANKSGIVING.—REVIVAL OF 1857, '8.—OVERWORK.—LETTER FROM THE NORTH CHURCH AND REPLY.—CHOICE OF A COLLEAGUE.—PUBLICATION OF "SERMONS FOR THE NEW LIFE."—PUBLICATION OF "NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL."—EXHAUSTION .. 406

CHAPTER XX.

1859–1860.

LEAVING HARTFORD.—MINNESOTA 423

CHAPTER XXI.

1860–1861.

CLIFTON SPRINGS 439

CHAPTER XXII.

HOUSEHOLD RECOLLECTIONS 452

CHAPTER XXIII.

BY EDWIN P. PARKER.

MINISTRY AT LARGE.

1861-1870.

PAGE

Dr. Bushnell's Patriotism and Hopefulness during the War.—His Account of its Causes, and Interest in its Details.—Tribute to Major Camp.—Vacations at New Preston.—Writing "The Vicarious Sacrifice."—Publication of Two Volumes.—Article on "Loyalty."—Letter of Consolation.—Escape from a Fatal Accident.—"Our Obligations to the Dead."—Visit to the Battle-fields.—Publication of "Vicarious Sacrifice."—Address on "Pulpit Talent."—Worship and the Diaconate.—Letter to a Metaphysician.—Published Articles, especially "Building Eras."—The Adirondacks.—Reminiscences by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell.—"Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination."—"Woman Suffrage."—"God's Thoughts fit Bread for Children."—Preaching.—Work to obtain a Site for the State Capitol.—His Studies of the Outside World.—His Conversation at Meetings of Ministers.—The Monday Evening Club.—Flashes of Wit.—His Farewell to the Brethren of the Association..... 470

CHAPTER XXIV.

BY F. L. B.

CLOSING YEARS.

1870-1876.

Last Visit to New Preston.—A Deep Experience.—Revisions.—Extracts from a Correspondence.—First Summer in Ripton, with Letters.—Notes on Prayer.—Work under Limitations.—Second and Third Summers in Ripton, with Letters.—"A Vacation with Dr. Bushnell," by Professor Austin Phelps.—His Manifold Interests.—Vitality of his Humor.—Publication of "Forgiveness and Law."—Letters concerning it.—Days of Peace.—A New Work begun.—A Severe Illness.—Partial Recovery.—Last Letters.—Gradual Decline.—Naming of the Park.—Death.—Extracts from the Funeral Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Burton..... 515

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

BY HORACE BUSHNELL,

FOUND DIMLY PENCILLED ON A STRAY SHEET OF PAPER.

"GOD'S WAY WITH A SOUL.

"I HAVE been told that my arrival or advent in this earthly sphere was on the 14th of April, 1802. I have no recollection of any other state from which I came, and have had no reason to judge that I came from any other state at all. I suppose that I was not made, but generated, being the son of one soul which was the son of another, which was the son of God. But these parent souls out of which I came I do not remember as having been conversant with their substance. I have only heard of some of them by report. Indeed, I came, as I suppose, scarcely knowing myself, and having it for a great part of my errand here to find, get a knowledge of, and so get full possession of, myself. For I was only a tender, rubicund mollusk of a creature at the time when I came out in this rough battle with winds, winters, and wickedness; and, so far from being able to take care of myself, I was only a little and confusedly conscious of myself, or that I was anybody; and when I broke into this little, confused consciousness, it was with a cry—such a dismal figure did I make to myself; or perchance it was something prophetic, without inspiration, a foreshadow, dim and terrible, of the great battle of woe and sin I was sent hither to fight. But my God and my good mother both heard the cry and went to the task of strengthening and comforting me together, and were able ere long to get a smile upon my face. My mother's loving in-

stinct was from God, and God was in love to me first therefore; which love was deeper than hers, and more protracted. Long years ago she vanished, but God stays by me still, embracing me, in my gray hairs, as tenderly and carefully as she did in my infancy, and giving to me as my joy and the principal glory of my life that he lets me know him, and helps me, with real confidence, to call him my Father. Would that I could simply tell his method with me and show its significance.

"My figure in this world has not been great, but I have had a great experience. I have never been a great agitator, never pulled a wire to get the will of men, never did a politic thing. It was not for this reason, but because I was looked upon as a singularity—not exactly sane, perhaps, in many things—that I was almost never a president or vice-president of any society, and almost never on a committee. Take the report of my doings on the platform of the world's business, and it is naught. I have filled no place at all. But still it has been a great thing even for me to live. In my separate and merely personal kind of life, I have had a greater epic transacted than was ever written, or could be. The little turns of my way have turned great changes,—what I am now as distinguished from the merely mollusk and pulpy state of infancy; the drawing-out of my powers, the correcting of my errors, the winnowing of my faults, the washing of my sins; that which has given me principles, opinions, and, more than all, a faith, and, as the fruit of this, an abiding in the sense and free partaking of the life of God. Oh that I could trace the subtle art of my Teacher and show the shifting scenes of the drama which he has kept me acting! What a history—of redemption and more! I will try, as I best can, to show it. Help me, O my God! Refresh my memory. Quicken my insight. Exalt my conceptions of thy meanings, and give me to see just how thou hast led me, that I may quicken others to look for thy mercy, and see that thou hast also as great, and greater, things to do for them."

LIFE OF HORACE BUSHNELL.

CHAPTER I.

1802–1823.

EARLY LIFE AT HOME.

Horace Bushnell was born on the 14th of April, 1802, in the town of Litchfield, Connecticut. To have been born then and there was the best of omens. At the beginning of this century the national struggle for life was over, and even the exhaustion and impoverishment which war had left behind were disappearing. It was a time of unbounded hope, and of immense, though vaguely realized, possibilities. Litchfield County, like the rest of our little state, had done good, and even brilliant, service in the war; and now, emerging from its depression, was beginning to take courage and plan wisely for her future. The people were enterprising. They built good turnpike roads; opened schools and academies; started manufactures; and made their law-school, founded some years earlier, a prominent seat of constitutional training whence came some of the best lawyers of the country. They also joined in the movements for missionary work and temperance reform; which reform, if we may recall some of the stories of our grandmothers, was much needed in the days of our great-grandsires. Nature had given them a goodly heritage, both in their own sturdy bone and muscle and in the lovely but rugged country of their possession. Here, also, bone and muscle are prominent. But this portion of vertebrate New England is so roundly covered with a strong soil, so veined with well-fed water-courses, and clothed upon

with rich verdure, that its wild beauty is redeemed from all harshness. The very air breathes vigor and purity. There could be no fresher, wholesomer, more vigorous atmosphere, moral and physical, to be drawn in with the first breath of life than that of Litchfield at the date of Horace Bushnell's birth.

The birthplace was an old house, now gone, at the fork of the roads and opposite the Episcopal church, in the little village of Bantam, two miles west of Litchfield Hill. The name of this hamlet, derived from the peaceful tribe of Bantam Indians who were the original owners of the soil, had once been the title of the whole township, but now was limited to this small portion of it. The parents, Ensign Bushnell and Dotha, his wife (whose maiden name was Bishop), were but lately married—this their first home, Horace their first child. They were plain farming people, known to their neighbors as well for their excellent abilities as for their uprightness, industry, and kindliness. They were both religious, but belonged to different communions, he to the Methodist, she to the Episcopal Church.

If we trace back the family lineage, we find the Bushnells among the first settlers of Saybrook and Guilford. In England the family had been, it is thought probable, French Huguenot refugees, as the name, differently spelled, is still found in France, and some of the emigrants to this country bore French Christian names. Other indications point to the same theory. We learn of no titled or distinguished personages among them. Their only patent of nobility they carried in their capable hands and heads. Francis Bushnell, "ye elder," is recorded as the third signer of the covenant for the settlement of Guilford, in June, 1639. Sixth in the line of descent from Francis is Abraham Bushnell, who settled at Canaan Falls, and there married Miss Molly Ensign. They had twelve children, the second of whom bore his mother's maiden name, and was the father of Horace Bushnell.

The little family of Ensign Bushnell removed from their home in Litchfield, in the year 1805, to New Preston, a village about fourteen miles from Litchfield, and in the most pictu-

resque part of the same county. There is reason to think that the inducement to this removal lay in the superior water-power of New Preston, and that an interest in carding wool and dressing cloth by machinery had come to Ensign Bushnell from his father at Canaan Falls, where was erected, in 1802, the first carding-machine ever built in the state. At all events, this, in addition to farming, soon became his business.

The scenery of New Preston abounds in lovely pictures, of which Lake Waramaug is the centre. This sheet of crystalline water winds like a river among its hilly shores, which, at the southern end, rise and peer at their own woody shadows in its still mirror. On the east the Pinnacle rises from the water, its erect figure clothed half-way up with forest, its rocky outline, as seen from the lake, projected against the sky. From its base the lake turns away westward with a wider sweep, the shores gracefully indented with little coves and crowned with green farms. Rolling hills, Sugar-loaf and others, fill the western distance, and through their misty valleys and across the water the setting sun sends the glory of his level beams. The outlet of the lake is from the southern end, and pours its foaming stream through a narrow valley, from which the hills on either side rise steeply. The little mills and shops which line this stream and use its water-power, and the rugged farms that climb these hill-sides, compose the village of New Preston, which still, nestled in the safe seclusion of woods and mountains, keeps much of its old character of remoteness from the world.

The Bushnells chose their farm and fixed their home upon the southeastern slope of "a broad-backed hill, which stretches a mile upward and westward to a rounded summit, where stands the church." As this hill turns its back upon the lake, the view does not include the water, but is a wide outlook down the winding valley and across the rolling summits of the hills which, for ten miles, part it from that of the Housatonic. The farm lying on this sunny slope is a rough and rocky one — one to tax the strength and patient skill of him who tilled it. "No ornamental rock-work is needed to set off the landscape. Nature's rock-work will stand, and

the toil that is necessary to clear the soil is just what is requisite to sharpen the vigor of our people. The necessities of a rough country and an intractable soil are good necessities." This was the lesson of early experience as recalled by Horace Bushnell in manhood.

The home was a roomy and cheerful farm-house which, facing south, stands back a little from the road behind its row of shady maples, with that expression of reserve and comfortable independence so familiar in New England. But in those days no such green shadow fell at noonday to curtain the house from the dust and travel of the road; for it was Horace Bushnell, then but a stripling, who brought the young trees upon his back from the mountain and planted them there. Just below the house the hill pitches down into the hollow where the stream rushes and the mill hummed in old days. The home, the early surroundings, introduce us to the man, and upon this natural background we can see him best. Nay, the very soil is allied to him, and the air is a subtile suggestion of his spirit. So said lately his dear friend, Dr. Burton, when speaking to those friends who had known him best:—

"Not long after Dr. Bushnell died, I had occasion, for the first time in my life, to go into the town where he grew to manhood. And, as I looked out on the fields and the woods, and the hills and the waters that had been so familiar to his eyes and had become so associated with his name, he came back to me and filled me with his presence in a manner I do not dare try much to describe. In all my many meetings with him while he was alive, in all my most interested readings of his books, in all my absorbed listenings to his public discourses, I never took such a full-toned and melting sense of his personality and of him with me, as I did while standing in those scenes and saying to myself, 'Here roamed that child who was finally to be one of the great quickening thinkers of the world. In this lake he fished; on these strong heights he stood in the presence and inspiration of great Nature, whose most secret meanings he eventually interpreted in a diction all alive and radiant with natural images; up yonder long hill to the church on the top he trudged on Sundays, a little

boy with his great round head and his bare feet; in that house which I just see in the distance he spent the days of his youth, with father, mother, and the rest, in that dear and homely home-life which fed his heart and toned his mind for the robust and magnetic work he was to do in after-times. Yes, here in these simple surroundings and nourished by this characteristic New England scenery, unknown to himself and unknown to his friends, no one then suspecting what a future of power was before him, he passed his days; and from here he passed out into college and into the broad world; and to these places of his youth, as long as he lived, it was his undying pleasure to return, and here, during the years wherein the shadow of death was upon him and he was visibly fading away, he was continually coming back as on a sacred pilgrimage, and replenishing his failing fund of life.'"

In this home grew up a lively family of boys and girls—four of the former, two of the latter. Reared in the simplest habits; taught from childhood to work and contribute, each his share, to the plain family living; ignorant of the world, but not of God, they grew undisturbed as flowers do in the wild recesses of a mountain, straight up, and keeping each an aroma all its own. The father of the household was a sturdy and spirited man, pleasant in his ways to child or neighbor, full of New England grit, resolute in work, and of a steady cheerfulness in all the ups and downs of life. He did not by constant chiding worry his children; but if he punished, it was thoroughly done. His eldest son once told one of his own children that his father "never whipped him but once, and then he *flogged* him;" and also said to a friend that he remembered this tremendous discipline as one of the best things that ever happened to him. In one of his books, doubtless with the same event in mind, he wrote, "There is many a grown-up man who will remember such an hour of discipline as the time when the ploughshare of God's truth went into his soul like redemption itself. That was the shock that woke him up to the stanch realities of principle; and he will recollect that father as God's minister typified to all dearest, holiest reverence by the pungent indignations of that time." Of

the mother's high Christian patience, steadfastness, and wisdom it was her son's loving pleasure to write, towards the close of his own life, a complete and graphic story, which, in connection with a sketch of his grandmother, will be found in the following chapter. It is enough to say of her here that her motherly wisdom was equalled by her practical efficiency, and that she managed her great household with such rare tact and skill as to blend with its neatness and comfort a simple but home-like charm. The youngest of the family, born at a time when her labors and anxieties were the heaviest, has the same delightful memories of her. Writing of his elder brother lately, he said, "He was born in a household where religion was no occasional and nominal thing, no irksome restraint nor unwelcome visitor, but a constant atmosphere, a commanding but genial presence. In our father it was characterized by eminent evenness, fairness, and conscientiousness; in our mother it was felt as an intense life of love, utterly unselfish and untiring in its devotion, yet thoughtful, sagacious, and wise, always stimulating and ennobling, and in special crises leaping out in tender and almost awful fire. If ever there was a child of Christian nurture, he was one; nurtured, I will not say, in the formulas of theology as sternly as some; for though he had to learn the Westminster Catechism, its formulas were not held as of equal or superior authority to that of the Scriptures; not nurtured in what might be called the emotional elements of religion as fervently as some, but nurtured in the facts and principles of the Christian faith in their bearing upon the life and character; and if ever a man was true to the fundamental principles and the customs which prevailed in his early home, even to his latest years, he was."*

It was not strange that such a mother should have special pleasure in such a son, watching and recognizing his unfolding genius with a mother's quick insight. She had, besides, secret hopes, nourished silently in her own heart for years, and reaching back even to the time before his birth, when she

* Rev. George Bushnell, in the *Advance*.

had, in the enthusiasm of that new experience, made an offering of her unborn to God, dedicating him forever to his service and ministry. From this hidden purpose she never swerved, and when he went into the study of law, after leaving college, she said, "If he is not a minister, I shall not know what to think of it." In childhood he was her constant companion. He followed her in her domestic occupations, and saw and shared, as a child might, her patient toil for children and home. His sunny and affectionate temper helped to lighten her burdens; and when he was a man, no longer at her side, her simple testimony was that "he had always been a good son to her." Intimacy and companionship with this good mother was his education, interweaving its influences with the very fibres of his being, and preparing him by its inspirations for the work before him. There were one or two incidents of his childhood which she used to recall. One was that when a toddler of three or four years he ran before her one day over a low foot-bridge across the stream, and, in his unsteady childish haste, fell off into the water. She caught him by his hair as he rose, and saved him. The current was swift and deep, and it must have required quickness and presence of mind to do it. Another rather significant little story is that, before he could talk plainly, it was a favorite amusement with him to imitate the process of dyeing, by dipping bits of white rag into clear water, and then, hanging them up in the sunlight, to stand off and admire the imaginary beauty of their colors. An ingenious imagination and a love of color, qualities both conspicuous in his maturity, are foreshadowed here.

The teaching of home was early supplemented by that of the district school; for he was not more than five years old when he came under the care of that beloved teacher, Perry Averill, of whom he said years afterwards, "My enthusiasm, my delight, in my teacher I do not forget, and never lost the benefit of." As the instructions of this master lasted but a year, this enthusiasm of a child of five years, graduating into the life-long gratitude of the man, was the more remarkable. Questioned, when a gray-haired man, by a New Preston friend,

as to the time when he first became conscious of his own powers, his reply was, "In a little old school-house that stood in your pasture-lot, when I was sitting on a slab with legs in it so long that my feet did not touch the floor, then I first got the idea that I was a power." His own picture of that school, of the church, and of the hardy home-training is taken from his address entitled "The Age of Homespun," which was delivered at the Litchfield Centennial Celebration in 1851, and follows here:—

"But the schools—we must not pass by these, if we are to form a truthful and sufficient picture of the homespun days. The schoolmaster did not exactly go round the district to fit out the children's minds with learning, as the shoemaker often did to fit their feet with shoes, or the tailor to measure and cut for their bodies; but, to come as near it as possible, he boarded round (a custom not yet gone by); and the wood for the common fire was supplied in a way equally primitive—viz., by a contribution of loads from the several families according to their several quantities of childhood. The children were all clothed alike in homespun; and the only signs of aristocracy were that some were clean and some a degree less so, some in fine white and striped linen, some in brown tow crash: and, in particular, as I remember with a certain feeling of quality I do not like to express, the good fathers of some testified the opinion they had of their children by bringing fine round loads of hickory wood to warm them, while some others, I regret to say, brought only scanty, scraggy, ill-looking heaps of green oak, white birch, and hemlock. Indeed, about all the bickerings of quality among the children centred in the quality of the wood-pile. There was no complaint, in those days, of the want of ventilation; for the large open fireplace held a considerable fraction of a cord of wood, and the windows took in just enough air to supply the combustion. Besides, the bigger lads were occasionally ventilated by being sent out to cut wood enough to keep the fire in action. The seats were made of the outer slabs from the saw-mill, supported by slant legs driven into, and a proper distance through, auger-holes, and planed smooth on the top by the rather tardy process of friction. But the spelling went on bravely, and we ciphered away again and again, always till we got through Loss and Gain. The more advanced of us, too, made light work of Lindley Murray, and went on to the parsing, finally, of extracts from Shakespeare and Milton, till some of us began to think we had mastered their tough sentences in a more consequential sense of the term than was exactly true. Oh, I remember (about the remotest thing I can remember) that low seat, too high, nevertheless, to allow the feet to touch the floor, and that friendly teacher who had the

address to start a first feeling of enthusiasm and awaken the first sense of power. He is living still; and whenever I think of him he rises up to me in the far background of memory as bright as if he had worn the seven stars in his hair. (I said he is living; yes, he is here to-day, God bless him!) How many others of you that are here assembled recall these little primitive universities of homespun, where your mind was born, with a similar feeling of reverence and homely satisfaction! Perhaps you remember, too, with a pleasure not less genuine, that you received the classic discipline of the university proper under a dress of homespun, to be graduated, at the close, in the joint honors of broadcloth and the parchment.

"Passing from the school to the church, or, rather I should say, to the meeting-house (good translation, whether meant or not, of what is older and more venerable than *church*—viz., *synagogue*), here, again, you meet the picture of a sturdy homespun worship. Probably it stands on some hill, midway between three or four valleys, whither the tribes go up to worship, and, when the snow-drifts are deepest, go literally from strength to strength. There is no furnace or stove, save the foot-stoves that are filled from the fires of the neighboring houses, and brought in partly as a rather formal compliment to the delicacy of the tender sex, and sometimes because they are really wanted. The dress of the assembly is mostly homespun, indicating only slight distinctions of quality in the worshippers. They are seated according to age, the older in front near the pulpit, and the younger farther back, enclosed in pews, sitting back to back, impounded, all, for deep thought and spiritual digestion; only the deacons, sitting close under the pulpit, by themselves, to receive as their distinctive honor the more perpendicular droppings of the word. Clean round the front of the gallery is drawn a single row of choir, headed by the key-pipe in the centre. The pulpit is overhung by an august wooden canopy, called a sounding-board—study general, of course, and first lesson of mystery to the eyes of the children until what time their ears are opened to understand the spoken mysteries.

"There is no affectation of seriousness in the assembly, no mannerism of worship; some would say, too little of the manner of worship. They think of nothing, in fact, save what meets their intelligence and enters into them by that method. They appear like men who have a digestion for strong meat, and have no conception that trifles more delicate can be of any account to feed the system. Nothing is dull that has the matter in it, nothing long that has not exhausted the matter. If the minister speaks in his great-coat and thick gloves or mittens, if the howling blasts of winter blow in across the assembly fresh streams of ventilation that move the hair upon their heads, they are none the less content if only he gives them good, strong exercise. Under their hard and, as some would say, stolid faces, great thoughts are brewing, and

these keep them warm. Free-will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute, Trinity, redemption, special grace, eternity—give them anything high enough, and the tough muscle of their inward man will be climbing sturdily into it; and if they go away having something to think of, they have had a good day. A perceptible glow will kindle in their hard faces only when some one of the chief apostles—a Day, a Smith, or a Bellamy—has come to lead them up some higher pinnacle of thought, or pile upon their sturdy mind some heavier weight of argument; fainting never under any weight, even that which, to the foreign critics of the discourses preached by them and others of their day, it seems impossible for any, the most cultivated audience in the world, to have supported. Oh these royal men of homespun, how great a thing to them was religion!

"True, there was a rigor in their piety, a want of gentle feeling; their Christian graces were cast-iron shapes, answering with a hard, metallic ring. But they stood the rough wear of life none the less durably for the excessive hardness of their temperament, kept their families and communities none the less truly, though it may be less benignly, under the sense of God and religion. If we find something to modify or soften in their over-rigid notions of Christian living, it is yet something to know that what we are they have made us, and that when we have done better for the ages that come after us we shall have a more certain right to blame their austerities.

"View them as we may, there is yet, and always will be, something magnificent in their stern, practical fidelity to their principles. If they believed it to be more Scriptural and Christian to begin their Sunday, not with the Western, but with the Jewish and other Eastern nations, at the sunset on Saturday, their practice did not part company with their principles; it was sundown at sundown, not somewhere between that time and the next morning. Thus I remember being despatched, when a lad, one Saturday afternoon in the winter, to bring home a few bushels of apples engaged of a farmer a mile distant; how the careful, exact man looked first at the clock, then out of the window at the sun, and, turning to me, said, 'I cannot measure out the apples in time for you to get home before sundown; you must come again Monday;' then how I went home, venting my boyish impatience in words not exactly respectful, assisted by the sunlight playing still upon the eastern hills, and got for my comfort a very unaccountably small amount of specially silent sympathy.

"I have never yet ascertained whether that refusal was exactly justified by the patriarchal authorities appealed to or not. Be that as it may, have what opinion of it you will, I confess to you, for one, that I recall the honest, faithful days of homespun represented in it—days when men's lives went by their consciences, as their clocks did by the sun—with a feeling of profoundest reverence. It is more than respectable—it is sublime. . . ."

"The sons and daughters grew up, all, as you will perceive, in the closest habits of industry. The house was a factory on the farm, the farm a grower and producer for the house. The exchanges went on briskly enough, but required neither money nor trade. No affectation of polite living, no languishing airs of delicacy and softness in-doors, had begun to make the fathers and sons impatient of hard work out of doors, and set them at contriving some easier and more plausible way of living. Their very dress represented work, and they went out as men whom the wives and daughters had dressed for work; facing all weather, cold and hot, wet and dry; wrestling with the plough on the stony-sided hills; digging out the rocks by hard lifting and a good many very practical experiments in mechanics; dressing the flax; threshing the rye; dragging home in the deep snows the great wood-pile of the year's consumption; and then, when the day was ended, having no loose money to spend in taverns, taking their recreation, all together, in reading or singing, or happy talk, or silent looking in the fire, and finally in sleep—to rise again with the sun, and pray over the family Bible for just such another good day as the last. And so they lived, working out, each year, a little advance of thrift, just within the line of comfort.

"No mode of life was ever more expensive; it was life at the expense of labor too stringent to allow the highest culture and the most proper enjoyment. Even the dress of it was more expensive than we shall ever see again. Still it was a life of honesty and simple content and sturdy victory. Immoralities, that rot down the vigor, and humble the consciousness of families, were as much less frequent as they had less thought of adventure, less to do with travel and trade and money, and were closer to nature and the simple life of home. . . .

"It was also a great point, in this homespun mode of life, that it imparted exactly what many speak of only with contempt, a closely girded habit of economy. Harnessed, all together, into the producing process, young and old, male and female, from the boy that rode the plough-horse to the grandmother knitting under her spectacles, they had no conception of squandering lightly what they all had been at work, thread by thread, and grain by grain, to produce. They knew too exactly what everything cost, even small things, not to husband them carefully. Men of patrimony in the great world, therefore, noticing their small way in trade or expenditure, are ready, as we often see, to charge them with meanness, simply because they knew things only in the small; or, what is not far different, because they were too simple and rustic to have any conception of the big operations by which other men are wont to get their money without earning it, and lavish the more freely because it was not earned. Still, this knowing life only in the small, it will be found, is really anything but meanness.

"Probably enough, the man who is heard threshing in his barn of a

winter evening by the light of a lantern (I knew such an example) will be seen driving his team next day, the coldest day of the year, through the deep snow to a distant wood lot, to draw a load for a present to his minister. So the housewife that higgles for a half-hour with the merchant over some small trade is yet one that will keep watch, not unlikely, when the schoolmaster, boarding round the district, comes to some hard quarter, and commence asking him to dinner, then to tea, then to stay over night, and literally boarding him till the hard quarter is passed. Who now, in the great world of money, will do as much, proportionally as much, in any of the pure hospitalities of life? . . .

"When the hard, wiry-looking patriarch of homespun sets off for Hartford or Bridgeport to exchange the little surplus of his year's production, carrying his provision with him and the fodder of his team, and taking his boy along to show him the great world, you may laugh at the simplicity, or pity, if you will, the sordid look of the picture; but, five or ten years hence, this boy will like enough be found in college, digging out the cents'-worth of his father's money in hard study; and some twenty years later he will be returning, in his honors, as the celebrated judge or governor, or senator and public orator, from some one of the great states of the republic, to bless the sight once more of that venerated pair who shaped his beginnings and planted the small seeds of his future success. Small seeds, you may have thought, of meanness; but now they have grown up and blossomed into a large-minded life, a generous public devotion, and a free benevolence to mankind."

The allusion, in the account of the school, to the generous fair-dealing of the father who sent to the school-house solid loads of straight hickory touches upon what was a special point of boyish pride with him concerning his own father. The closing paragraphs, too, evidently contain family history. A longer journey than one to Hartford or Bridgeport occurred when he was about six years old. He went with his father and mother to visit the paternal grandparents living in Vermont; and, naturally enough, the strongest impressions which remained of this long journey in their own wagon were of the weariness and hunger of the last day's travel through what was then a wilderness, and of his enjoyment of the coarse brown bread which his father obtained at a chance farm-house. The exquisite flavor of that brown bread was a pleasant memory all his life. An impression of a higher kind was made upon the child by his grandmother. We shall soon hear from him how strongly he was impressed by her original

and magnetic character. But one letter from her to him remains. It is dated 1823, and begins thus: "In your mind view your grandmother, confined very much to her room, with her Bible in her lap, trying to write to you, my child. On account of the weakness of my side, I cannot sit at a table to write. You cannot expect anything but my good-will, for old age has shaken me by the hand and left a tremble."

The religious impressions of childhood which he was able to recall in later life were of the simplest and most natural kind, coming to him unforced, often in the fields, and quickened by his delight in nature, impressions, as he said, "not of fear, nor in a sense of wrong, but in a sense of the divine beauty and majesty." There was a fine gray bowlder in the pasture back of the house and above it, where he sometimes went, when only a boy, to watch the sun rise, and where in morning freshness the boy's heart rose, too, in prayer. He has also told us how, one Sunday, on his way home from church, he was moved to stop and pray under the shadow of a haystack. All this he called, in his brief record of the facts, "early dew, dim"—the natural heaven-refreshing of the young soul mistily remembered. In all the days of youthful labor on the farm or in the mill, Nature was his chosen companion, and foster-mother of his imagination in craft beyond the skill of schoolmasters. They were "days of victorious health, sound digestion, peaceful sleep, and youthful spirits buoyant as the wing of the bird, and fresh as its morning song." If work abounded, play was not wanting; and thus he grew a ruddy-cheeked, lively boy, as full of fun and animal spirits as of an earnest inward purpose. This was especially true after the age of twelve, when he had a low fever and came near death; but, that danger past, a favorable change seemed to have been wrought in his constitution, and he developed greater vigor and strength.

In school, where he kept his own rather quiet and good-natured way, he first learned the need of combat and the pleasure of conquest. Awaking suddenly to the perception of the fact that his good-nature was mistaken for weakness, and that he was being made the butt of the school bullies, he

chose the roughest and the most intolerable of these, a much bigger boy than himself, and gave him, in the presence of the school, so spirited a thrashing as to establish his own character for courage beyond a doubt. No more fighting was necessary, and he was glad to relapse into his old peaceable relations with his schoolmates. In his studies he was not precocious; but when under the stimulus of ambition, he could apply himself with great intensity. Put into a class of English grammar with some grown-up girls, and determined, boy-like, not to be outdone by them, he gave himself so intently to the study, that it possessed him day and night; and it was at this time that his mother overheard him parsing in his sleep. A schoolmate, the son of a near neighbor, writes: "I knew Horace Bushnell up to the age of fourteen years, seeing him almost daily, though we were never playmates—I was his elder by four years, I think—and I only remember him as an affable, sprightly, frolicsome boy, fond of sport and hearty laughter, and of a highly happy temperament. His ideas seemed to flow rapidly, and he uttered them fluently; but I used to think that he lacked the power to concentrate his thoughts upon any subject for more than a moment. He learned readily when he applied himself to study; but I think, at that age, he would rather play than study. He would keep up with the best of his class though, whether he played or studied. I well remember meeting him while he was a student in Yale College, and that I was greatly surprised at the improvement in him since I knew him in his boyhood. His mind had greatly expanded, his observations were quick and accurate, and his conversation and deportment gave evidence of study, thought, and high aim. I said to myself, 'Horace Bushnell will make his mark.'"

His father was not only farmer, but manufacturer, and had, in the hollow below the farm, a little mill for finishing domestic cloths, and a carding-machine to which the neighbors brought their wool. Machinery supplemented, but did not yet supersede, hand-labor. At the age of fourteen, and for five years afterwards, Horace was employed in the different departments of the mill in summer, always going to school in

winter, but with "off turns" upon the farm, ploughing and harvesting, in spring and autumn. Even in the first year of mill-work, having entire charge of the carding-machine in a separate building where he worked alone, and finding it out of order, he took it entirely apart, repaired, improved, and reconstructed it. His taste for mechanics led him to study and invent improvements in the machinery, and may have been one cause among others of his declining a college education offered him at this time by his parents. In such a busy, hard-working life, it would seem as if opportunities for mental culture must have been lacking; but to a mind like his there is education in everything. He "put extortion upon common things," and extracted the wine of life by pressure. We shall see by-and-by how he learned music. In many other branches of study he was his own master, and discovered by exploring. In the winter of 1817, he was sent to the high-school at Warren; and the next winter to a classical school just opened on New Preston hill, where he began the study of Latin.

An early friend (Professor Henry Day) writes concerning this period: "I recollect him as a stout, resolute, self-reliant, bright, practical, kindly boy, a leader and a favorite. He was free from little vices, of irreproachable morals in a very moral family and community, truthful and every way trustworthy. The earliest fact that I recall in my intercourse with him was his telling me, one day when we were in bathing, in his characteristic, decisive way, to plunge into deep water, although I could not swim, assuring me that he would help me if I needed help. My confidence in him was such that I plunged in unhesitatingly, and found that I did not need further help than the confidence he had already inspired within me.

"When the New Preston Academy was opened, in 1818, we were, for the first time, schoolmates. The monitorial system was introduced, under which the older boys served successively as monitors, to watch and report delinquencies in the school. When it came round to Bushnell's turn, he refused to serve, saying that he came there to study, himself, not to

watch other students. The monitorial system was abandoned. After this I was away from home at school, and saw him only in vacations; but I recall one or two trivial incidents, which, however, to me exemplify that remarkable degree of ready and sound common-sense which he possessed in union with a brilliant imagination. He was fond of fishing. Observing that the pickerel generally seized the bait—commonly a minnow or a piece of a larger fish—while it was hauled in, he conceived the idea that a white rag, with a little sand in it for a sinker, would answer the purpose just as well; the pickerel would seize it, and, as its teeth point in and back, would be unable to let go if the rag were rapidly hauled in. The device proved a most successful one. One day we went together to the lake for a sail. We found the only boat to be had so out of equipment for use in respect of mast and sail that the boat-master said he could not possibly rig it up for our use. Bushnell took the matter in hand, and in a half-hour rigged out the boat with mast and sail and ropes, and so we had a delightful sail. The wind, however, was light. Bushnell called me to the rudder, saying, 'I will quicken our speed a little.' He took the bailing-dish, and, by throwing a few basins of water on the sail, he made it, by this simple expedient of swelling the threads, hold wind which before had passed through them. Our speed was perceptibly increased."

It was not only his ingenuity which was brought into exercise by this out-door life. He was keenly perceptive of natural scenery in a way peculiar to himself. It was not only the picture which filled his eye and kindled his imagination, but the recesses of nature—something unknown, which he could study and intellectually explore. It was his habit to survey by his eye the lines of the hills and valleys, and to print thus upon his mind a map of the surfaces. This became a favorite study in after-life, and he carried it so far that if a railroad were projected through a region which he knew, he could mark out from memory its most feasible route.

From another classmate, who passed several weeks of a winter in the Bushnell family, we learn that Horace, then between sixteen and seventeen years old, was nearly a man in

stature, and a healthy, muscular fellow. He was very genial at home, full of jokes and bright sayings, interesting in conversation, and fond of writing droll doggerel for the amusement of the other young people. He was, however, always ready for a more strenuous use of his powers, and especially for their exercise in debate. When only a boy, he had belonged to a debating-society, and from that time on was eager for the intelligent discussion of any subject, wherever—at the village store or elsewhere—he found a group of talkers. It is superfluous, almost, to add that his opinions were his own, and independently expressed. He liked a trial of muscle as well as of brains, and challenged some of the best wrestlers of the region to combats that were not unequal.

His father was a justice of the peace, and it belonged to his office to hold a little court for the settlement of such disputes as arise between neighboring landholders. In the discharge of this duty he was much respected for the impartiality and fairness of his decisions; but, finding himself sometimes perplexed, he occasionally made his eldest son his associate in the work, and consulted with him at the close of an argument, relying more upon his judgment than upon his own. This doubtless fostered the son's taste for the study of law; and shows that if his mind was not judicial, it was, at least, adapted to the sifting and weighing of evidence. These grave duties, apparently so far beyond his age, did not, however, repress his exuberance or make an old man out of the boy. Sometimes he broke bounds, though in nothing worse than some boyish frolic. He never transgressed in morals, for there was a wholesome purity about him which discouraged, if it did not debar, temptation—only in observances, and that where the standard of observances was a little unreasonably strict. One Sunday, instead of going to church decorously with the family, he went off with some companions for a frolic and climb up the "Pinnacle." On the mountain they were caught in a terrific thunder-storm. The thunder rolled, and rain poured down in solid sheets without a pause. The sobered boys took refuge under a projecting rock until the fury of the storm had spent itself, pondering, it is possible,

on sermons they had heard which painted in an awful light the fate of the Sabbath-breaker; and, at all events, as Horace Bushnell remembered, honestly repenting their disobedience to authority and so to their own consciences. This little escapade was much talked of at the time in the village, and is even yet remembered in that church-going community.

As to his religious standing at this time we have the best of internal evidence in a manuscript which we find thus endorsed by his maturer hand: "This was written, as I remember, a sentence or half a sentence at a time, while tending a carding-machine, and before I made a profession of religion. I was probably seventeen years of age." The paper is yellow with the stains of his toil, the handwriting rather stiff, the logic and theology very much so. The subject is the ninth of Romans, and he wrestles manfully with the chapter, out of which and the connected chapters Calvinism has extracted some of its most indigestible doctrines. The essay opens with a characteristic attempt to prove that in the third verse, where Paul "wishes himself accursed from Christ for his brethren," he must have been mistaken in himself, and could not, consistently with his character as an apostle, have felt such a willingness. A chain of logical syllogisms is made to support this conclusion. In the following pages he works his way through the doctrines of election, predestination, and the sovereignty of God, on all of which points he seems to have been at that day soundly orthodox. The method throughout is strictly logical, and has no trace of the spiritual insight which later characterized his thought on these and kindred subjects. (As he grew older, he abandoned formal logic, in which he was a youthful adept, as childish, just as some other men, maturing, throw away their poetry and sentiment.) There are, however, occasional turns of phraseology similar to those which gave so peculiar a flavor to his later style, and which, though they seem unnatural to some minds, were altogether native to his. Crude as this paper is, it must have cost the young workman much study, and it proves that, far from having in youth any infidel tendencies, as some have suspected, his mind was striving to adapt itself to the standard re-

ligious teachings of the day. If any other evidence of that sort were needed, we could offer it abundantly.

Another short paper, kept with the one already mentioned, bears the following superscription, written in later life: "Saved as a record of dates. . Not wonderful that a Christian life begun in such crudity—if, indeed, it was begun, which was afterwards doubted — required many turns of loss and recovery to ripen it." The original date was March 3, 1822. "A year since," he says, "the Lord, in his tender mercy, led me to Jesus. Four months since, in the presence of God and angels and men, I vowed to be the Lord's, in an everlasting covenant never to be broken. But alas, alas, O my God! how often in the past year, or even in the last four months, have I dishonored thy cause and lost sight of my Redeemer! . . . If I should never sin again, it would not atone for what is past. What can I do? . . . Lord, here I am, a sinner. Take me. Take all that I have and shall have; all that I am and shall be; and do with me as seemeth good. If thou hast anything for me to do; if thou hast anything for me to suffer in the cause of that Saviour on whom I rest my all, I am ready to labor, to suffer, or to die. I am ready to do anything or be anything for thee." After he had joined the church, he engaged for a time enthusiastically in religious work. There was a little brown school-house in the outskirts of the village, which he used to point out as the place where he had "first tried his hand as a leader of religious meetings."

Beginning now, at the age of nineteen, to long for the college education he had once refused, he applied himself diligently to study with this end in view. A young lawyer, lately graduated from Yale College, was taken into the family, in the hope that he would lend his assistance to these studies. Chiefly alone, however, for a time, and finally with the Rev. Horace Hooker, of Watertown, he made a rather imperfect preparation for college. Feeling the confinement of study under these circumstances to be unfavorable to his health, and with his habitual impatience of delay, he went to New Haven in the early summer of 1823, anticipating by two months the usual time of examination, and was admitted to

Yale College. He then went back gladly to farm-work for the summer, and, as a recreation, built the solid stone dam above his father's mill, which is still standing, a good piece of workmanship. He was specially fond of stone-masonry, because it demands good planning and a quick eye for corresponding surfaces. A friend relates that, one day when he was suffering from a toothache, he built a rod or two of stone-wall, which rather singular remedy, he said, relieved him completely.

And so the old simple life of home drew to a close, and rural society was left behind for what he then called "the great world of college." It was not strange that it should have seemed great and full of excitement to the young man whose social experience had been hitherto of the quiet kind depicted in his "Homespun" picture. We quote once more his own words:—

"If we speak of what in the polite world is called society, our home-spun age had just none of it; and perhaps the more of society for that reason, because what they had was separate from all the polite fictions and empty conventionalities of the world. It was the society, not of the Nominalists, but of the Realists; society in or after work; spontaneously gathered, for the most part, in terms of elective affinity; foot excursions of young people, or excursions on horseback, after the haying, to the tops of the neighboring mountains; boatings on the river or the lake by moonlight, filling the wooded shores and the recesses of the hills with lively echoes; evening schools of sacred music, in which the music is not so much sacred as preparing to be; evening circles of young persons falling together, as they imagine, by accident, round some village queen of song, and chasing away the time in ballads and glees so much faster than they wish that just such another accident is like to happen soon; neighbors called in to meet the minister and talk of both worlds together, and, if he is limber enough to suffer it, in such happy mixtures that both are melted into one.

"But most of all to be remembered are those friendly circles gathered so often round the winter's fire—not the stove, but the fire—the brightly blazing, hospitable fire. In the early dusk, the home circle is drawn more closely and quietly round it; but a good neighbor and his wife drop in shortly from over the way, and the circle begins to spread. Next a few young folk from the other end of the village, entering in brisker mood, find as many more chairs, set in as wedges into the periphery, to receive them also. And then a friendly sleighful of old and young,

that have come down from the hill to spend an hour or two, spread the circle again, moving it still farther back from the fire; and the fire blazes just as much higher and more brightly, having a new stick added for every guest. There is no restraint, certainly no affectation of style. They tell stories, they laugh, they sing. They are serious and gay by turns; or the young folks go on with some play, while the fathers and mothers are discussing some hard point of theology in the minister's last sermon; or, perhaps, the great danger coming to sound morals from the multiplication of turnpikes and newspapers! Meantime the good housewife brings out her choice stock of home-grown exotics, gathered from three realms: doughnuts from the pantry, hickory-nuts from the chamber, and the nicest, smoothest apples from the cellar; all which, including, I suppose I must add, the rather unpoetic beverage that gave its acid smack to the ancient hospitality, are discussed as freely with no fear of consequences. And then, as the tall clock in the corner of the room ticks on majestically towards nine, the conversation takes, it may be, a little more serious turn, and it is suggested that a very happy evening may fitly be ended with a prayer. Whereupon the circle breaks up with a reverent, congratulative look on every face, which is itself the truest language of a social nature blessed in human fellowship."

CHAPTER II.

SKETCHES OF HIS GRANDMOTHER AND MOTHER,

Written by Dr. Bushnell in 1874, at the request of friends.

It has been my good fortune to be descended from two of the very best and noblest women, my grandmother on my father's side and my mother. I wish that by some brief tribute I could fitly commemorate their character and story.

My grandfather, Abraham Bushnell, resided with his wife many years after their marriage at Canaan Falls, Connecticut. Whether her real name was Mary or only Molly, which was her way of signature, I do not know. When she had become the mother of twelve children and the population of the home territory was getting too large for its means of supply, they made up their minds to seek relief by emigration. A large farm was bought in the condition of forest, close under the Green Mountain range, in the town of Starksborough, Vermont, and to this they led forth their colony. My father, shortly to be of age, went with them to help their rough beginnings and get them in a way to live.

Afterwards, when he had now a little family begun in Connecticut, and I, the eldest, was about six years old, he took us up to visit the grandparents. He also took me again for another visit when I was twelve or thirteen years old. It was only on these two visits that I ever saw my grandmother. But her figure and manner impressed me so distinctly that I sometimes fancy I can see her now. Her height was less than five feet. Her form was slight and perfectly erect. Her step was elastic, as if she had something to do and was doing it. Her sharp black eye seemed to smite intelligence into people and almost into things about her. She was a very decided Methodist in her religion, yet given more to ways of sound

perception than to rhapsodies and frames of experience. She had been a member for many years of the Calvinistic Church in South Canaan, but had been so dreadfully swamped in getting her experience through the five-point subtleties that she nearly went distracted. But a Methodist preacher happened to come that way, and she went to hear him. His word brought light. She came out of all her troubles into a large place, where the joy of the Lord lifted her burdens and took away the horror under which she lay. Henceforth she could only be a Methodist; and she went out in the emigration carrying a large stock of Methodist books with her, to do what she could in laying foundations. As yet there was no public worship in the settlement. But as soon as the new log-house was ready, she undertook to make it a place for Sunday worship. She put it on her husband, a very modest, plain man, to offer a prayer. And she selected a young man, about twenty years of age, whose family she knew in Connecticut, to read the sermon. She had no thought of his being a Christian, and he had as little of being such himself. She only knew him as a jovial, hearty youth, with enough of the constitutional fervors in him, as she thought, to make a good reader, and that determined her choice. He read well, and continually better, as he had more experience, till finally her prayers began to find large expectation in him.

Advancing in this manner, she by-and-by selected a sermon in which she hoped he might preach to himself. He read with a fervor and unction that showed he was fulfilling her hope. When the little assembly broke up, she accosted him, asking him to remain a few minutes after they were gone. Then she said to him, having him by himself, "Do you know, my dear young friend, that you have God's call upon you to be a Methodist preacher?" "No," he answered, promptly, "I am not even a Christian; how can I be called to be a preacher?" "No matter for that," she replied, "you are called both to be a Christian and a preacher; and one for the sake of the other, even as Paul himself was! I think I say this by direction. And now let me request of you, on your way home, to go aside from the path into some quiet place

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in the woods, where you will not be interrupted, and there let this matter be settled before God, and as he will help you."

The result was that he reached home with the double call upon him both of a disciple and a minister of God. And thus began the public story of the great Bishop Hedding, one of the most talented and grandly executive men of the Methodist Episcopal Church—led into his work and office, we may say, by the counsel and prayers of his woman-bishop guide.

I can think of this dear grandmother only with a certain respect that carries the sense of wonder. It is not simply that she brought up her twelve children to be men and women of mature age and heads of families, sprinkled all the way between Illinois and Vermont, never one of them to falter in character or suffer any least stain of dishonor; neither is it that the little "church in the house," first planted by her, still lives to bear witness for her; but I have her, somehow, in a more immediate, more interior witness. Though I knew her only in my childhood, and then only on visits twice made of a few days each, she has been almost visibly with me, and going, as it were, through me by a kind of subtle waft, down to the present hour. Other persons and things of that early date are gone out, or only dimly remembered, but she remains almost visibly distinct. Whether it is that she made impressions on my childhood by means I do not recall, or whether, by sending me messages and verses of her own composing in the letters to my father, she knit into my feeling the conviction that she had religious expectations for me, felt but not expressed, I do not know. But somehow she has been always with me, and upon me, felt as a silent, subtly-operative presence of good. Perhaps it is only my fancy; but such fancies come by laws, and cannot be raised by everybody. At any rate, I have the very best reasons to be satisfied that she had a character so rich in good impulse and suggestion.

My mother, Dotha Bushnell, whose family name was Bishop before her marriage, was of a naturally retiring disposi-

tion, and was never specially conspicuous in her story. She had no advantages of wealth or family connection above the level of industrious respectability. Her field was in her family, and there it was that she won her best honors and proved the superiority which everybody felt in her character. Her slender person, her gray-blue eye and softly tinted complexion, indicated a certain fragility and fineness of mould, such as made her great physical endurance and tenacity the more remarkable. For it was her lot to bear severities of toil that would have reduced almost any other woman to the level of a drudge. But no token of the drudge was ever seen upon her, whether on her person, her manners, or her conversation. It was as if she had a double-funded nature, that, taking all the wear upon the inferior part, saved the nobler—the moral and social—from any show of infringement.

She had none but a common-school education; and her well-spoken, well-written English, and her general competence in subjects discussed by intelligent people, were based in that very humble outfit. Knowing nothing of society in the great-world sense, she was still never fumed or disconcerted, when thrown upon it, in a way to make her feel her inferiority; but the forms and conventionalities she did not know she had the good sense to extemporize for herself, only doing it under a certain cover of modesty that made her way more interesting. Nobody meeting her in such times or conditions would be apt to imagine the hard-favored roughness of her story. She was providing and training her six children, clothing her whole family in linens and woollens, spun, every thread, and made up in the house, to a great extent, also, by herself. She had a farm-and-dairy charge to administer, also the farm workmen to board, and for five or six months in a year the workmen, besides, of a homespun cloth-dressing shop. All this routine she kept moving in exact order and time, steady and clean as the astronomic year; silent, too, I might almost say, as the year; for there was not friction enough for much noise, and scarcely enough to make the motion audible. What mortal endurance could bear such a stress of burden! And yet she scarcely showed a look of damage under the wear of

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it, but kept the appearance rather of a woman of some condition.

The religion of the house was composite—that of the husband, in his rather Arminian type, received from his mother; and that of the wife, in the Episcopal, from hers; and that of the Calvinistic Congregational Church, in which they were now both members, having early removed to this second place of residence, where they drop their Episcopal connection, and take their opportunities as they find them under the venerable, just now departing father of President Day. In this way, their first child had it always for his satisfaction, as far as he properly could, that he was Episcopally regenerated. I remember how, returning home, after second service, to his rather late dinner, my father would sometimes let the irritation of his hunger loose, in harsher words than were complimentary, on the tough predestinationism or the rather overtotal depravity of the sermon; whereupon he encountered always a begging-off look from the other end of the table, which, as I understood it, said, "Not, for the sake of the children." It was not the Calvinism that she cared for; but she wanted the preacher himself kept in respect, for the benefit of the family. In which, unquestionably, she had the right of it. More than this, it was her nature that, lively and sharp as her excitabilities were, she could never help acting in the line of discretion. She was, in fact, the only person I have known in the close intimacy of years who never did an inconsiderate, imprudent, or any way excessive thing that required to be afterwards mended. In this attribute of discretion she rose even to a kind of sublimity. I never knew her give advice that was not perfectly justified by results. Her religious duties and graces were also cast in this mood—not sinking their flavor in it, but having it raised to an element of superior, almost divine, perception. Thus praying earnestly for and with her children, she was discreet enough never to make it unpleasant to them by too great frequency. She was a good talker, and was often spoken of as the best Bible teacher in the congregation; but she never fell into the mistake of trying to talk her children into religion. She spoke to them at

fit times, but not nearly as frequently as many mothers do that are far less qualified. Whether it was meant or not, there was no atmosphere of artificially pious consciousness in the house. And yet she was preaching all the time by her maternal sacrifices for us, scarcely to be noted without tears.

Whether she had any theory for it, I do not know; but it came to pass, somehow, that while she was concerned above all things to make her children Christian, she undertook little in the way of an immediate divine experience, but let herself down, for the most part, upon the level of habit, and condescended to stay upon matters of habit, as being her humanly allotted field, only keeping visibly an upward look of expectation, that what she may so prepare in righteous habit will be a house builded for the occupancy of the Spirit. Her stress was laid thus on industry, order, time, fidelity, reverence, neatness, truth, intelligence, prayer. And the drill of the house in these was to be the hope, in a great degree, of religion. Thus, in regard to the first, industry, there was always something for the smallest to do—errands to run, berries to pick, weeds to pull, earnings all for the common property, in which he thus begins to be a stockholder. So for both sexes and all sizes; and how very close up to the gateway of God is every child brought who is trained to the consenting obedience of industry! Indeed, there is nothing in these early days that I remember with more zest than that I did the full work of a man for at least five years before the manly age; this, too, under no eight-hour law of protective delicacy, but holding fast the astronomic ordinance in a service of from thirteen to fourteen hours. So of truth; I do not remember ever hearing any one of the children accused of untruth. We were not always perfect in our neatness, I confess, but we had abundant opportunity to be made aware of it. This habit-discipline, I scarcely need say, came very near being a gate of religion for us all. No child of us ever strayed so far as not to find himself early in a way of probable discipleship.

There was also a use made of the school that prepared us to order and right, by the drill of the social principle, where we learned what was due to others on a larger scale, and what

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detriment they might do us by their bad example. Our good mother had faith in the school, and set herself to it on principle to be a helper of the school, as she expected help from it. She passed inspection of us every morning, and kept us in good repair for it; that is, in better, cleaner homespun than any others of the children. She sent us off early, and allowed us never to arrive late; and as to being truant on the way, the thing was never thought of. She knew exactly what our studies were, and what kind of progress we were making. The result was that more than half our school life had its springs at home, in the presidency there maintained and the approbations there bestowed. She learned, in this manner, the capacity and promise of her children; for if the enthusiasm of study was kindled, it could not escape her. I shall never forget her look when she told us, one morning at breakfast, how she sat the night before upon my bed, and heard me parsing in sleep, word for word, a whole fable in Webster's Spelling-book, adding for commendation, with an air of amusement, that only one or two little mistakes needed to be corrected. She was able, also, in the school to compare her children with others, and form some tolerable judgment of their successes in a higher grade of privilege. She told me, thus, when little more than a child at the district school, that my father had consented to let me have a college education. Probably, too, they had heard things from my teachers that made them think I might grow to something. Is it not likely, also, that a great many parents would hear the same thing, if only they could help the school enough by their painstaking to give it the necessary hold of respect in their children?

If it should seem to any, in this little sketch, that our family discipline was too stringent or closely restrictive, they would fall into great mistake. There was restriction in it, as there ought to be. And yet, when I look back, I scarce know where to find it. No hamper was ever put on our liberty of thought and choice. We were allowed to have our own questions, and had no niggard scruples forced upon us. Only it was given us for a caution that truth is the best thing in the world, and that nobody can afford to part with it, even for an

hour. Thus we talked freedom and meant conservatism, and talked conservatism and meant freedom; and, as we talked, we thought.

There is another little chapter in our family story that we cannot afford to pass; for it brought on the family to an advanced grade in character and respect. Finding me intent on knowing something about music, my good mother procured me a book, and taught me the very little that she knew, the letters of the gamut, the key-note and how to find it, the intervals and times of the notes. But this was only book, and still the question was, how to put in the voice; and this she could not tell me, for it is a matter too abstruse for anybody till after a beginning made by example. But she could sing what she had learned by the ear, and there we made a beginning. Presently I took to watching the notes, observing how the intervals and times kept along, and shortly began to almost sing with us; till, finally, I took the hint of a reverse process—that as here we had been singing airs we knew *into* notes we did not, so I might learn to sing airs I did not know *out of* similar notations, to be learned by practice and comparison. This unlocked the method, and further progress after this was easy. The result was that our little family grew into a very pretty choir in a few years' time, and the whole family world was changed. We had no dissipations abroad, because our vacant spaces were filled with hymns and glees and such-like humorous and sentimental pleasures. Let anybody laugh who will at the probable merit of the music; we thought it good, because it did us good. And now, at this far-off day, after we have heard a great deal of the richest and most cultivated music, there is nothing we remember with so much delight and affection as the in-door pleasures thus enjoyed.

There is yet another chapter in this recital which is even more personal to me, and in which my dear mother bore a part that to me seems worthy of the tenderest admiration. I speak of what was done, largely by her, to set me forward in a liberal education and prepare me for the Christian ministry. Perhaps she was ambitious, though I never saw the

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faintest token of it; but I have seen a great many tokens that she loved the kingdom of Christ, and wanted nothing so much as to have her sons enlisted in its propagation. She also had the satisfaction, before her work was done, of seeing two of her sons, the oldest and the youngest, consecrated thus to the special service of her Master. Her first offer to me of a liberal education, just now referred to, I peremptorily declined; for how could an awkward country-boy think of going in among the great folk of a college. But about five years later, when brought distinctly under motives of religion, I asked the opportunity for myself. Now it was too late. The homespun was going rapidly out of use, and the business concerned in its production was growing less and less profitable. But my mother, who in this could hardly submit even to necessity, called a congress of the family, where we drew the calculation close, and made up our bill—I to wear homespun to the end, use only second-hand books, and pay the bills of my last year myself; the family to institute a closer economy, for my sake, which they somehow found a place to do, though I never could see where.

I was graduated, and then, a year afterwards, when my bills were paid, and when the question was to be decided whether I should begin the preparation of theology, I was thrown upon a most painful struggle by the very evident, quite incontestable fact that my religious life was utterly gone down. And the pain it cost me was miserably enhanced by the disappointment I must bring on my noble Christian mother by withdrawing myself from the ministry. I had run to no dissipations; I had been a church-going, thoughtful man. My very difficulty was that I was too thoughtful, substituting thought for everything else, and expecting so intently to dig out a religion by my head that I was pushing it all the while practically away. Unbelief, in fact, had come to be my element. My mother felt the disappointment bitterly, but spoke never a word of complaint or upbraiding. Indeed, I have sometimes doubted whether God did not help her to think that she knew better than I did what my becoming was to be.

At the college vacation two years after my graduation,

when I had been engaged in law studies for a year, I was appointed to a tutorship. But I had decided on going into a law-office in Ohio, and had no thought of taking my appointment. A fortnight after reaching home, I wrote a letter to President Day, declining the appointment. As I was going out of the door, putting the wafer in my letter, I encountered my mother and told her what I was doing. Remonstrating now very gently, but seriously, she told me that she could not think I was doing my duty. "You have settled this question without any consideration at all that I have seen. Now, let me ask it of you to suspend your decision till you have at least put your mind to it. This you certainly ought to do, and my opinion still further is"—she was not apt to make her decision heavy in this manner—"that you had best accept the place." I saw at a glance where her heart was, and I could not refuse the postponement suggested. The result was that, going on a wedding excursion the next day with friends, I was so long occupied by it that I felt a little delicacy now in declining the appointment. And then it followed, as a still further result, that I was taken back to New Haven, where, partly by reason of a better atmosphere in religion, I was to think myself out of my over-thinking, and discover how far above reason is trust. A short matter, then, it was to find my way back into the plan of life in which I started, and which I still regarded with longings scarcely abated. And now, as I look back on the crisis here passed, it seems very much like the question whether I should finally *be*. No other calling but this ministry of Christ, I am obliged to feel, could have anywise filled my inspirations and allowed me to sufficiently be.

And in all these points—my education; my exchange, without upbraiding, of the ministry for the law; my return to New Haven, which was to be my exchange from the law to the ministry, especially the two occasions last named—I acknowledge my sole indebtedness, not so much to my mother simply, as to the very remarkable something hidden in her character. Other women are motherly enough, tender, self-sacrificing, faithful; but what I owe to her, I owe to her wonderful insight and discretion. By pushing with too much argu-

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ment; by words of upbraiding and blame; by a teasing, over-afflicted manner; or by requiring me to stand to my engagements, she could have easily thrown me out of range and kept me fatally back from self-recovery — nay, she might have thrown me quite off the hinge of good-nature, and have so far battered the conceit of home as to leave it no longer a bond of virtue. But she went to her mark instead, sure and still as the heavens, and said just nothing, save when it was given her. Such wisdom, as I look upon it, marks a truly great character; and it is a character not common, whether to men or women. I have only to add that she lived long enough to see some pleasant fruits of her life and to hope for more.

CHAPTER III.

1823–1827.

AT YALE COLLEGE.

In September, 1823, when Horace Bushnell entered Yale College, he was twenty-one years old, a full-grown man, of a remarkably robust physique, and of a strong and wiry frame. His head, which was of unusual size and broad as it was high, appeared yet larger under its thick masses of black hair, which also served to heighten the ruddiness of his complexion and the brilliancy of his deep-set gray eye. Those who knew him only in later life, when the intellectual and spiritual had eclipsed the physical, can hardly imagine him to have looked as his classmates describe him in the vigorous days of his youth. His dress and manners were "homespun," not careless, but possessed rather of a certain rude propriety. The self-confidence apparent in his bearing had its root in so much vigor and genuine power that it did not offend. It was, perhaps, fortunate for him that he had not entered college earlier. His growth was not of that succulent kind that ripens early. He resembled rather those hardy Northern fruits which mature their rich flavor and mellow their strong fibre only after a long season of out-door air and sunshine. In full and conscious possession of his very original powers, he was yet probably not in advance of his class in mental training, since his schooling had been of so meagre a kind and so often interrupted. But the foundations on which he was now to build were good. He had sound health, a clear conscience, strong home affections, and pure tastes. He loved nature, music, and bodily activity; and deep down was the spring of that religious life which was to make its way underground through the darkness of years, and up into the light at last.

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For the history of his college course we are indebted to friends, who have kindly furnished much of the material which follows in this chapter.

In regard to his intellectual outfit, the Rev. Dr. Coleman, his college tutor, writes: "I have a very distinct recollection of Dr. Bushnell as a student in college. His examination for admission indicated a rude, original, discriminating mind—self-possessed and self-reliant, foreshadowing the future man. By the discipline of the college, these mental characteristics were only developed, matured, and wrought into greater symmetry and fairer proportions, as the statue, rough-hewn, under successive hands receives a finer finish. In his class he soon came to the front, and retained his position without any ambitious strife for preferment. To the contests for distinction in recitation he never condescended. He studied for a noble end, and by his native talent became a ready proficient in any study to which his attention was directed. He was a regular attendant on the routine and rules of life in college not apparently as a requisition, but in conformity rather to his own sense of propriety and convenience.

"While kindly to all, he had, according to my impression, few confidential friends or intimates. He lived the life of a scholar, original, retired, peculiar, and independent, who had an interior life with which neither stranger nor friend could intermeddle—never less alone than when alone with his mind and his books. Of the pupils whose acquaintance I have made during a course of instruction through fifty years, I have left on my mind impressions of their personal identity more clear and abiding. Few, very few, do I recall with more sincere respect or with affection more unimpaired by the lapse of years."

His own opinion of his beginnings in college was not flattering. He says, "My figure in college was not such as it should have been, especially at first, grew better and came out well; but my religious character went down."

A year or two before entering college, while still under strong habitual influences of home, he had accepted rather than wrought out, the faith of his youth. Now, for

time, the great untried world of thought opened before him, and his active mind launched out upon a sea of doubt. The familiar old doctrines, which habit had made to seem true, came now to the test of new standards, and, in the darkness, were challenged for their password. His outward influence, meantime, was a positive one for the right, and his classmates recognized the stanchness of his manly principle. When his roommate was forced by ill-health to leave college, another young man asked for the vacant place. He was a bright and attractive fellow, whose social gifts drew around him a rather tempting company of careless spirits, and he sought for himself the shelter of Bushnell's maturity and well-known character. The reply of the latter was decisive. "Yes, but I have come here to work; and if you room with me, you must cut loose from these idle fellows and go to work, too." The pledge was given and firmly held. A strong mutual affection was the growth of this alliance, and lasted through long years when opportunities of intercourse were rare. The remembrances of this well-loved chum and friend are thus tenderly expressed:—

"Our college life was one of uninterrupted friendship. We were brothers. I loved him sincerely, and I believe he as sincerely loved me.

"He was a conscientious as well as a successful student. No college duties were neglected, none slighted. He was always master of his task. The intellectual characteristics which so pre-eminently distinguished him in after-life, winning him a name in this country and in Europe, were apparent in the undergraduate. He thought for himself, and he thought vigorously. There was no task to which he was called that he hesitated to attempt; and whatever he undertook he accomplished. There was a wonderful consciousness of power. I remember, when, on one occasion, I handed over to him the construction of a tragedy which had been assigned to me, I was struck with the confidence with which he girded himself to the task—a task which he executed with comparative ease and with great credit to himself.

"His moral and social qualities were hardly less remarka-

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ble than his intellectual. He was frank and open as the day. Nothing mean could find a lodgment in his breast. I never knew him to exhibit ill-temper. He was always kind, always cheerful. If there were times when I would *begin* to feel touched by some good-natured witticism of his, the germ would invariably flower into a hearty laugh. Witty and keen, his incisive shafts were always accompanied by so much playful good-humor that it was impossible to take offence. So we lived together. Dear, dear chum!"

We have the reminiscences of another classmate and life-long friend in a letter from the Rev. Dr. Robert McEwen: "When I first saw Dr. Bushnell as a fellow-freshman, in 1823, he seemed a full-grown man to me, for he was twenty-one, while I was but fifteen. He was mature every way. Even that peculiar style of writing was his then, about as fully formed as ever. He was all energy, both on the playground and in the division-room. The ambition of his later years bore him on through college from the first moment, springing forward to excel in all things, physical or intellectual; for he was behind no one of the class in athletic feats. He was the same man as an undergraduate that he has been all these later years, with the same marked characteristics, except as they have been toned down and softened, or developed into truer forms by a deep religious experience.

"Though he came to college a church member, he never had, through the whole four years, nor for two years after, anything positively or distinctively Christian about him, save his observance of communion services. My impression is that his consuming love of study and his high ambition, aided by a growing spirit of doubt and difficulty as to religious doctrine, was the secret here. Yet no word of this escaped him. He undermined the faith of no man. He would have held back any boy of us all from any recreancy whatever. His conscientiousness was scrupulous, his integrity of the sternest kind, his honor the truest and noblest. Let one incident tell what Horace Bushnell, the confessor of Christ without the power of Christ, for seven years, was in conscientious care of his influence over others:

"Our class had a rebellion over conic sections, and all but about thirteen of us were sent home by a slow decimation of a few a week. I had been drawn out of the ranks of the rebels by my father's authority. But the ostracism I endured through those sad days was not worse than the dying by inches of men of character like Bushnell, waiting their turn for execution. One day, when passing South Entry, North Middle, lower floor, front side, corner room, a voice thrilled me: 'Mac, come in here.' It was Bushnell's. As I went in, his wan face stamped itself on me for life. He said, 'Mac, I have to say to you that you have done your duty to your father in backing out. Do not mind what the fellows say. I am in for it, and I shall go through. But you have done right. Hold your head up.' He was just the man that could not have failed to do his own heart as much good as he did mine by that act. How the boy did thank the man for that word! There was not another than Horace Bushnell that could have said it."

Lately Dr. McEwen referred to this circumstance again in a letter to Mrs. Bushnell: "That was the finest incident in my knowledge of a certain nobleness in that glorious man that distinguished him from other men—an incident I am glad to have in my possession, as my own, of a man I was proud to call, what he made himself, my particular friend. I had the advantage of a boy plucked out by his father's hand, and my manly classmate took pains to comfort me with words of cheer. He was the only one that did it, or would have thought of doing it. There was nothing of nullification or sedition in Horace Bushnell, not a spark; his moral sense led always to higher modes of redress than those."

It is right and necessary to explain here how one so obedient to law came to join in a college rebellion. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the Faculty, or certain members of it, had not, as the students thought, kept faith with them. The class of '27 were studying conic sections, and had permission, in the regular course of study, to omit the corollaries, with the clear understanding that they would not be examined on them. When it came to the examinations,

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however, the corollaries were included in the matter for examination, without due notice or opportunity for preparation. This course provoked an indignant protest from the class. Bushnell looked upon it as an unfair and oppressive use of authority. Fully aware of the risk to his future, but with his uncompromising sense of justice kindled to white heat, he joined his class in their revolt. Nor, though he approved the young friend who had yielded to his father's authority, did he feel ashamed of his own course, or regret it, except on prudential grounds. He said in after-life that, though he thought a college rebellion a very boyish method of redress, he was still of the opinion that in this case there had been an unusua provocation, and that he could not, even in retrospect, con demn what he had done.

It was in the excitement of this rebellion that he was fir able to command himself in public speaking. In college e ercises of elocution, which seemed to him mock oratory, a therefore aimless and unmeaning, he had never been able go through with a declamation. The situation was unr and therefore unbearably awkward. His memory failed l in his embarrassment, and then he would "put his hands in pockets and sit down." Now, having something real to he had no difficulty in saying it, and addressed his fellow dents with ease and power. He was afterwards a leade debates in his college society, and wrote upon the poli subjects of the day, such as the Missouri Compromise the questions "Ought the President of the United Stat be chosen directly by the people?" and "Ought a court, decisions, to regard the former character of a criminal?" subjects of his themes are rarely metaphysical and neve ological. One is upon "Home," another on "Dancin other on "Jack Phosphorus"—a satirical character-s One upon "Ambition" begins thus: "It is as natural f to wish for an imperishable name as for an eternal exi The language of his heart is, I can neither die and c be, nor die and be forgotten. The flowers that m place of my mouldering shall wither and die, and t that is shed at my departure shall dry up in its foun

I will leave behind me a name that shall survive and be remembered." This seems to have been one of the earliest of his compositions, and it is interesting to know that, at so early a time, he had this feeling concerning the future. In an essay on the subject of "Genius," he enforces what was a favorite idea with him, that the use which a man makes of his powers is of greater consequence than his original endowments. He concludes by saying, "If I were to be asked what are the first, second, and third requisites to become a genius, I would reply, in the manner of Demosthenes, 'Application, application, application.'" The great orator seems to have been a favorite model, and is often alluded to in these early writings. The style in which they are written is rather formal and abrupt. There is often a witty comparison, here and there an original and singular turn of expression. The manner of announcing a belief or sentiment is invariably bold and earnest. He said himself that the tendency of his mind at that day was towards the Paleyite taste and style, adding, "I loved a good deal the prudential, cold view of things." His favorite studies throughout his college course, however, were scientific, and not psychological. He devoted himself especially to chemistry, and did well in it. Geology and astronomy were also deeply interesting to him.

His recreations were of the simplest. Never going into what is called society, and living, in fact, a good deal alone, he found one of his chief pleasures in the active sports of the playground. There his classmates remember him as an athletic leader, and there he won the free-and-easy sobriquet of "Bully Bush." He enjoyed heartily whatever he did, and pursued his objects with an intense zest and relish. His highest delight was in music. He joined the college choir, and gave it the support of his enthusiasm and of his powerful voice. In his junior year, the music of the college chapel having fallen below the ordinary standard, a committee of three, of whom he was one, was appointed to take the matter in hand and revive an interest in music. They organized the Beethoven Society, and Mr. Haines, their first president, writes, "Bushnell did the principal work, framing the constitution

and proposing the name." Twenty-six years later he delivered before this same society, on the occasion of the opening of their new organ, an address on "Religious Music," from which we shall make some extracts at the proper time. The society still lives, and has been useful.

In a letter to Mrs. Bushnell, the Rev. George Bushnell gives these slight reminiscences of his brother's college vacations spent at home.

"I regret that my recollections of my brother stop short of his boyhood days, and that they present so indistinct a picture. The very farthest point to which they reach is his college vacations, when he was a man full-grown, and I a boy of six or eight years, and, as you know, he was never much at his early home after that. Those vacations made an era in my young life, and not much less significance had they in the eyes of all the family. In one respect, however, I think it likely I had most occasion to remember them; for, while I was not old enough to share to the full the intellectual life which his coming awakened in the household, I was old enough to have a conscience, and had faults enough to require chastisement, and, though kind and, as I thought, sometimes princely in his generosity, no other human being had such power to reinforce the claims of truth and duty upon me as he, and that, for the most part, by his simple presence.

"What a strong and lithe creature he was! What feats of agility and skill could he execute upon the turning-bar and with the discus! How grand and spirited was the psalmody of the family and the church when he took it in hand! And what a new world of sentiment was that which he discovered to us, through pieces of music and words, all neatly copied into books for home use by his own hand! The eagerness with which his coming was looked for, and the family scenes in which his was the central figure; the open-eyed wonder and almost awe of the youngest; the animation and admiration of the older children; the pride and half-deference of the parents, are quite vivid to this day. One or two occasions I remember, even to the words used. My meeting with my big brother on one of the earliest of his vacations was on this

wise: I had come home in the evening rather crestfallen from some show. Detecting in me, at a glance, a dissatisfied and culprit feeling, he called me to him, inquiring where I had been and how I had enjoyed it, and, getting replies corresponding to the feeling of the evening rather than to that of the morning's anticipations, he asked, 'Why did you go to such a thing as that?' 'Because everybody was going,' was the reply. 'And that, I suppose, was what *they* went for. The next time,' he added, 'that you see the whole world doing something, be sure *not* to go with them, unless you have some better reason.'

"A gentleman (I think he was a clergyman) dined with the family one day when my brother was at home. It was during the prevalence of the cholera. The whole party was very sober, and this gentleman, in particular, ate not so much with gladness and thankfulness as with exceeding daintiness and apprehensiveness of death in the pot. Succotash was one of the dishes which he refused, and rather cautioned the family against. My brother was, if possible, more jubilant than usual, and especially devoted to his favorite succotash; to the horror, at last, of the visiting brother, who had much to say of the wisdom of a spare diet, and of eating only such things as we were sure would agree with us. 'No, sir,' said my brother, 'if a thing disagrees with you, eat it again. That is my rule. It has to agree with *me*, not I with *it*; otherwise my appetite would get to be as vicious as old Pomp'—a great, lazy family-horse, given to shying on the slightest possible occasions, to the no small risk of his rider or driver. I do not suppose he treated himself quite so heroically as the literal interpretation of his rule would imply; but it furnished a good illustration of his habitual heartiness and thoroughness, and of an indisposition, and perhaps an actual incapacity, for adapting himself to the timorousnesses and petty weaknesses of others.

"No account of my brother's vacations can pretend to completeness which does not refer to his fishing, which chiefly occupied him at such times, and gave the largest zest and utmost restfulness to his home visits. For shooting he had no

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relish whatever, for the reason, perhaps, that it did not allow that quiet enjoyment of nature he so much loved, and furnished too little employment for the imagination. Fishing, with him, was not lounging, nor a piece of shabby work, but involved early rising, a rigorous and exact preparation, a ready invention, and almost always a decisive victory. The whole region round about our early home was thoroughly explored. The finest birch-rods it could furnish were sought, carefully peeled, and put under shelter to season, and with such appliances as to insure the utmost lightness and pliancy consistent with strength. And if, in the height of the sport, any unforeseen emergency arose, it was surprising to see with what readiness and coolness his invention supplied the conditions of success. Never but once have I known him to utterly fail in the sport he so thoroughly loved and dexterously practised, and the occasion has been to me quite as memorable as any other. Though our bait was of the best, yet, for some unexplained reason, we toiled the whole morning and caught nothing. Not even the smallest fish would take the hook. At first we were amused at our non-success. One of the party, I dare say, soon became querulous and impatient; but the big brother worked on silently, with a look at first puzzled, then anxious and solemn. At length, as the hot sun reached the meridian, he turned our boat towards the shore, and, without a word, but with long, vigorous strokes full of meaning, he drew it under the shade of trees overhanging the most beautiful spot, I thought, I had ever seen. Sitting in this cool shade, and obviously drinking in, with keenest relish, the beauty of the scene, the puzzled, solemn look gave place to one of the most positive and satisfying pleasure. After a time, he began slowly unrolling our lunch, and setting it forth in most tempting array, before an appetite which needed no special incentive. Still he could not relish food, but began breaking it up, and throwing it into the water by the boat's side. At length he said, with the air of an old prophet, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.' Then, as if awaking from a revery to the suspicion of having made a false impression, he said, 'It is plain

we shall not get one fish to-day'—for not one had appeared, in response to this last invitation—'and I don't propose to keep this up for many days. The Bible is not meant to encourage a blind faith. "Cast thy bread on the waters," is superstition. Put *grain*, life-bearing grain, the material of bread, for bread itself, and the meaning is good. Casting grain on the overflowed land is sensible, an act of faith which despises present appearances, and it shall eventually have its reward. But fishing to-day is but casting our *bread* on the waters, a superstition to be shunned.'"

The following bright story is from the pen of his classmate N. P. Willis. It was published in the *Home Journal*, in 1848, in connection with a notice of Dr. Bushnell's discourse, just delivered at Cambridge, before a Unitarian audience:—

"Seniors and classmates at Yale, in 1827 we occupied the third story back, North College, North Entry—Bushnell in the northwest corner. As a student, our classmate and neighbor was a black-haired, earnest-eyed, sturdy, carelessly dressed, athletic, and independent good fellow, popular, in spite of being both blunt and exemplary. We have seen him but once since those days, and then we chanced to meet him on the Rhine, in the year 1845, we think—both of us voyagers for health. But to our story. The chapel bell was ringing us to prayers one summer morning; and Bushnell, on his punctual way, chanced to look in at the opposite door, where we were—with the longitudinal, straight come-and-go which we thought the philosophy of it—strapping our razor. (The beard was then a new customer of ours.) The pending shave was not to release us in time for more than the tutor's amen; but that was not the text of our classmate's sermon. 'Why, man,' said he, rushing in and seizing the instrument without ceremony, 'is that the way you strap a razor?' He grasped the strap in his other hand, and we have remembered his tone and manner almost three hundred and sixty-five times a year ever since, as he threw out his two elbows, and showed us how it should be done. 'By drawing it from heel to point both ways,' said he, 'thus—and thus—you make the two cross frictions correct each other;' and, dropping the razor with this brief lesson, he started on an overtaking trot to the chapel, the bell having stopped ringing as he scanned the improved edge with his equally sharp gray eye. Now, will any one deny that these brief and excellent directions for making the roughness of opposite sides contribute to a mutual fine edge seem to have been 'the tune' of the Doctor's sermon to the Unitarians? Our first hearing of the discourse was precisely as we have narrated it, and we thank the

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Doctor for most edifying comfort out of the doctrine, as we trust his later hearers will after as many years."

A physical experience, which Bushnell described in later years as a singular one, occurred during the period of hard work preparatory to his graduation. After many consecutive days and nights of hard study, he went to bed very late one night towards the close of the term, exhausted, but wide awake. After a few moments of repose, he felt as if his body were rising and floating in the air. Grasping at the bed beneath him to reassure himself, he was startled by his inability to feel it, and by degrees became aware that sensation was gone. He could not even by touch or feeling convince himself that he was in the body; and still, as he imagined, rising and floating in the air, he began to believe that he was dead, and that this was his voyage to the world of spirits. This condition lasted, according to his impression, for the space of an hour or two. The sense of touch returned by degrees, and his body, as he became conscious of it, was numb. Soon, however, unpleasant sensations vanished, and he fell asleep. The incident is slight, and yet is not without significance. His mind worked in a very intense and exciting way, and the momentum acquired was great enough to send him over the boundary of consciousness. His mental poise was finely adjusted; but for that very reason, perhaps, the more easily disturbed. In later years, even the slight fever which accompanies a cold would sometimes set his mind wandering. To a brain which worked like a great engine under high pressure, it was dangerous to add more fuel of any kind.

He graduated in the summer of 1827. His commencement oration (on "Some Defects of Modern Oratory") attracted attention outside of college, and was spoken of as a promising one. It led to his subsequent engagement on the *Journal of Commerce*.

CHAPTER IV.

1827–1832.

SCHOOL-TEACHING.—EDITORSHIP.—STUDY OF LAW.—TUTORSHIP.—LAW STUDIES AGAIN.—RENEWAL OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.—THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

After leaving college, he went, in September, to Norwich, Conn., to teach a school. He once said that it was the only undertaking in which he had not succeeded better than he expected. The employment was uncongenial to him; he had no special fitness for it, and it was, besides, only a temporary expedient, not a pursuit followed for its own sake. A friend writes us that she once heard him say that "he liked to do anything better than to teach school — he would rather lay stone-wall anytime;" and that when some one asked him if he did not once teach a school in Norwich, he replied at once, "I ran one out there in a little time." She adds that she has heard her friends there speak of his popularity in society, and especially of his love for music. During college days, he had mingled in no society outside the college walls; but in Norwich, for the first time, we find him receiving the hospitalities of refined and cultivated homes. In his letters to friends, we meet with allusions to this new social life, which show his amusement at his own figure in it. His mother writes him gravely, in answer to some joke he had passed on himself in a home letter: "In your next letter let us know whether you take as much care to keep your heart right as to convert yourself into a gentleman." Few letters are left belonging to this period. The two following, written to a classmate, are given, not so much for their intrinsic interest as because they are the only account we have from him of the winter in Norwich:—

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To Cortlandt Van Rensselaer.

Norwich, November 5, 1827.

Dear Van,—Your present * came to hand a few days since. I should like to return it in something of a similar kind; but this part of the country does not abound in rare productions of a literary description. I shall not vex myself, however, on this account; but, since the economists have established the principle that it matters not in what your property consists, provided it has a positive value or utility, rest satisfied with proffering you my sincere thanks to the full amount. By the way, the piece reads rather better than I expected. It is at least a *great effort*. You have probably observed the manner in which he ushers in his second poetical quotation. To wind up a flowing sentence, comes "and, ah! who," etc. What a succession! probably intended to represent the panting of the aspirant, who runs, as you may have seen a dog run, with his mouth wide open. It had the effect upon me, when I came to it, to throw my jaws wide enough asunder, but unfortunately it was—a gape. All this I should not have mentioned, had it not given me a most hearty laugh here alone.

If you wish to know how I like my present situation, I can tell you, in a few words, that the transition from the literary ease and cheerfulness of college to the petty vexations of the pedagogue is rather humiliating. I have ceased wondering that Demos. should attack Æschines on this score. Aside from my employment, everything goes well enough. The Norwich people are extremely hospitable. I hardly know whether you will believe me, but it is a fact, that I have lately taken—now and then—to visiting the ladies. I wish I could see your Honor sometimes, and hold a real South-entry talk for an hour or two. It would be quite as entertaining to me as fashionable chit-chat. It would seem like home again. My resource at present is in books. When I can sit down alone in my room and spend the evening in reading, time goes very pleasantly. I read a great deal—write a little. I find

* A copy of an article written by a classmate.

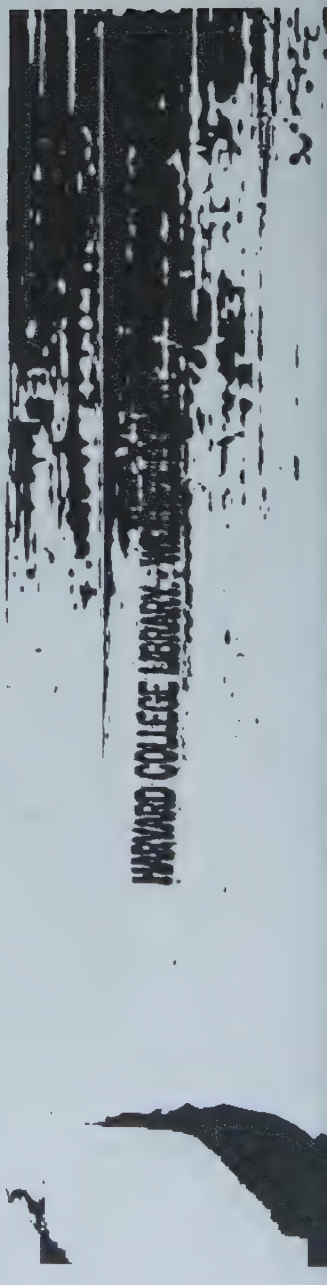
myself the happier, the nearer my employments to those of college. I have borrowed the "Spectator." There is no book on earth so complete a substitute for literary conversation. He is sentimental, learned, grave, witty, humorous, just like my old companions. In whatever mood I am, I can find something in it to keep me company.

To the Same.

December 28, 1827.

. . . What think you of the Presidential election? I think there is quite too much iniquity in these political shuffles. I was quite struck the other day by a remark of an elderly gentleman on this subject. He said that "from the moment of his leaving college to the present hour, he had been gradually losing his respect for great names." Real merit has very little to do with political elevation. That one has outstripped another in the race does not mean that he is more worthy of the nation's confidence, but that he has been more successful in his schemes of ambition. The world is filled with contention and tumult, not to determine *what*, but *who*, shall govern. . . . I have just finished the life of Otis by Tudor. He was a noble fellow, Van. The men of that day had a force in treading down this hypocrisy, this double-dealing, which has so far got the better of their posterity. The contest, with them, seems not to have been for place or power, but for excellence. They were men of real virtue; they labored, not to pull down one set of men and raise another in its stead, but to pluck Oppression from her seat and set up Justice in her place. Engaged in such a cause, it is not wonderful that they exhibited talents superior to any among us; for the mind that is backed by righteous principle has a double power and efficiency.

The second quarter of my school commences Thursday next. I think it doubtful whether I continue longer than to the close of it, if I get released. I don't make a very good pedagogue, I fear, though I have heard no complaints. It requires too much patience and forbearance, for my composition. I should like to hear from Mac, or from any of the fellows who feel sufficient interest in my concerns to write me.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I am glad to hear that Yale is thriving so finely. "Incedat Regina."

The concerns of this place would not be interesting to you. You will find the products of my poor brain, I fear, but little better.

Yours forever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

These letters, taken in their connections, betray a mental uneasiness, restlessness, and discontent unusual to him. They have not the genuine ring of his later letters, and we may conclude from them and other indications that he was now in precisely that mental state which he has described as that of a large class of young thinkers. "Their mind is ingenuous, it may be, and their habit is not over-speculative, certainly not perversely speculative; they only have a great many thoughts, raising a great many questions, that fly, as it were, loosely across their mental landscape, and leave no trace of their passage—that is, none which they themselves perceive; and yet they wake up by-and-by, startled by the discovery that they believe nothing. They cannot anywhere put down their foot and say, 'Here is truth.' And it is the greatest mystery to them that they consciously have not meant to escape from the truth, but have, in a certain sense, been feeling after it. They have not been ingenious in their questions and arguments. They have despised all tricks of sophistry; they have only been thinking and questioning, as it seemed to be quite right they should. And yet, somehow, it is now become as if all truth were gone out, and night and nowhere had the world. The vacuity is painful, and they are turned to a wrestling with their doubts, which is only the more painful that they wrestle, as it were, in mid-air, unable to so much as touch ground anywhere." * This we must take as the true picture of his own inward life for a period of several years preceding and following the year 1827.

Early in the winter, a college friend had written, offering him a letter of introduction to the editor of the *Journal of*

* "Sermons on Living Subjects," p. 167.

Commerce, a newly established New York daily, adding by way of explanation, "He was pleased with your piece at Commencement, and that first caused him to think your assistance would be advantageous to him." The offer came too late; the engagement for the winter was made, and Bushnell could only write, in answer, "Your offer would have been seized with avidity had it come in season. As it was, it made me wretchedly discontented for a few days. It would have served me better had it offered less, though I am as grateful for it as if it had really been of service." And so the winter wore away, uneasily it appears, among uncertainties as to future prospects, the consciousness of latent powers not half employed, inward doubts and perplexities, and the unsatisfied cravings of a large ambition. But in February the opportunity which had seemed lost came to him again. Mr. Maxwell wrote, inviting him to become associate editor with himself in the *Journal of Commerce*. He did not hesitate in his decision, but went directly home, thence across the country to Poughkeepsie, and down the Hudson by steamer at night. He arrived in New York on the last morning of February—a warm fog, through which the city loomed dimly, offering to his fancy a type of his own mental obscurity, and of the mistiness of his prospects.

He entered at once upon his new duties. Mr. Maxwell was the leading editor; but, his health failing, he was obliged to be absent most of the year, so that the weight of responsibility and work which fell upon the junior editor was a heavy one. Lewis Tappan was one of the proprietors of the paper, and represented the rest in the management as office editor; but practically the charge of the office was left to Bushnell. Mr. Tappan allowed his young subordinate entire liberty in the expression of his own opinions, even upon points where they differed, as, notably, in the matter of free-trade; and their relations in the office, where they were closely associated, were of the pleasantest kind. The manly force and generosity of Mr. Tappan were such qualities as Bushnell was sure to appreciate.

Journalism was not an easier profession then than now. The difficulty of obtaining news in those days of no-telegraph

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was much greater. The foreign news was brought by pilot-boats to the Narrows, where a mounted messenger received it and brought it post-haste to the city. It was Bushnell's duty to prepare it for the morning's issue; and this work often kept him up all night, or until four or five in the morning. He would then rush to his lodgings, to catch a nap before the eight-o'clock breakfast, and back straightway to the office and the writing of editorials. These editorials, on a wide range of subjects, and especially on free-trade, attracted attention, and were considered brilliant in the journalism of the day. He had the quick eye for a telling point so invaluable to a newspaper man. It was owing to an article of his that the saying of Sam Patch, "Some things can be done as well as others," was caught up and became famous.

In this work, which was also the best of education, he was busy for ten months, or up to the 1st of January, 1829. The paper was then bought by Mr. Hale, who proposed to him to become a partner in it, and its political and literary editor. But he had found it, he said, "a terrible life," in which he did not wish to invest his future. He therefore withdrew, and returned to New Haven to enter the Law School, having saved from his salary of one hundred dollars per month enough to support him till the following autumn. He had come to the city a student, ignorant of life. He went back to the quiet college life with a man's knowledge of men and business, his pulses quickened, his range of vision widened, the objects of life and ambition standing clear and positive before him.

The following summer, having spent a half-year in the Law School, he went home again to say farewell. His plans were made to go to some Western city, there to enter a law office and work his way into the arena of politics. He was twenty-seven years old, had tested his powers, and gained some knowledge of public life in his newspaper experience, and now felt that he had chosen his course in life on well-considered grounds. It was not strange, then, that, receiving, while at home, an invitation to become a tutor in Yale College, he gave the matter no very serious consideration, but wrote declining the proposal.

The reader has already heard from him how his mother's gentle influence, interposed at this point, led him to delay and finally to reconsider his decision. The letter he had been about to send was destroyed, and another of acceptance written. Thus was his life, unconsciously to him, swayed by the faith hidden in his mother's heart. She knew him better than he knew himself, and turned him to the higher purpose he did not recognize.

The autumn of 1829 finds him once more in New Haven, and this time as a tutor. Two of his former classmates and intimates, Henry Durant (afterwards founder of the College of California) and Robert McEwen, divided with him the charge of the freshman class, which happened to be a large one. The first care of Bushnell was to weed out of the class a few incorrigibly bad boys, whose influence was sure to be injurious to the rest. They were sent home, and the favorable effect on the remainder of the class seemed to justify the measure. He could be gentle, however, in his dealings with young offenders. One evening some of the freshmen, in a boyish escapade, carried off a large number of business signs, which they secreted in one of their rooms on the lower floor of the South College. Bushnell, passing through the campus shortly after, found one of these young fellows, overtaken of Bacchus, prostrate and unable to reach his room. The tutor carried him thither, and found the room lined with the stolen signs. But he took good care of him, and, mercifully regarding this as a first offence, made no report of the affair. Thus meting justice and mercy, he made his whole term of service run smoothly and successfully.

One of his most difficult duties was that of conducting in his turn the daily prayers in chapel. His own faith was so undefined as to make him feel doubtful of his influence over others, and of his duty in using it. During his tutorship he was also in the Law School, improving the unexpected opportunity of further training in his chosen profession.

For a more complete account of this period we refer to an interesting letter from Dr. McEwen, addressed to Mrs. Bushnell:

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"... In the two years of our co-tutorship there were but a few marked facts. As to the questions you raise, my impressions are quite distinct. He was more than ordinarily successful as a teacher in college, imparting the same manly, enthusiastic spirit of inquiry and investigation so characteristic of himself. On this account he was well fitted to be an instructor of young men rather than of mere schoolboys. He was just one of those tutors of whom it might be said as to his division of students that they literally 'sat at his feet.' His general influence corresponded to this particular cast of character as an officer of college. Though negatively religious, his moral bearing was most positively of the highest order. His purity and integrity were felt to be impregnable, and he was remarkable as combining a sternness of discipline with a certain generosity of procedure in practical cases. There was strength in all he did, and *a force* of influence that came of the ruggedness of his intellectual and physical deportment; for it is to be borne in mind that he was then, as he had ever been, one of our athletes both as a student and in office. His position mentally, from the first day I knew him, was, in its chief features of strength and beauty, the same, essentially and in general development, that has so marked his after-life. It seems to me that his style of conception and expression as a writer was already stamped, in his freshman year, with the image and superscription of his latest day. As a *man*, indeed, he came to college all made, and in no respect more decidedly than as a thinker and writer. There was in him then just what made him so unique as Horace Bushnell, that imaginative, poetic coinage of idea and phrase and illustration so unusually blended with a rugged argumentation in the treatment of subjects. He was at once the most pugnacious and the most gleesome of disputants, culling flowers while he hurled stones and demolished obstacles in his upward path; for he was always climbing and in the steepest places. You ask for some distinct impression of mine in regard to his manner in public prayers in those years of official duty. Of course, he took his turn. His performance, as I remember it, was not free-hearted, neither was it dry. It must have been exceed-

ingly trying to his feelings; as, indeed, all those years of his peculiar position as a professedly religious man, from his entrance into college, must have been a conflict and a crucifixion. How his sense of obligation and character endured the strain is to me a problem and a wonder; for he never the whole time had any positive relations in anything he said or did to what was distinctively Christian, yet never a lisp escaped him derogatory to his high profession. Was that period with him like some prehistoric, geologic stage of nature to a common winter of the yearly seasons, a deeper, longer, more radical preparation for the hour of habitableness and fruitfulness? Why not in the soul's cosmogony, as in the dull earth, a long, slow chaos, sometimes of grace, too, and not of nature only?"

The labors of the tutor and those of preparation for the bar went on thus for a year and a half hand in hand. In the winter of 1831 his two years of law study were completed. He had passed his examination, and was ready for admission to the bar. One more step forward, and he would have fairly entered upon that path which he had marked out for himself. But at this point unlooked-for influences changed all his plans and purposes.

The winter was marked in Yale College by a religious revival. For the external history of this revival, so far as it concerned Horace Bushnell, we are once more indebted to Dr. McEwen.

"... What, then, in this great revival was this man to do, and what was to become of him? Here he was in the glow of his ambition for the future, tasting keenly of a new success —his fine passage at arms in the editorial chair of a New York daily, ready to be admitted to the bar, successful and popular as a college instructor; but all at sea in doubt, and default religiously. That baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire compassed him all about. When the work was at its height, he and his division of students, who fairly worshipped him, stood unmoved apparently when all beside were in a glow. The band of tutors had established a daily meeting of their own, and all were now united in it but Bushnell. What days of

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travail and wondering those were over him! None dare approach him. He stood far more than *primus inter pares* among all. Only Henry Durant tried carefully and cautiously to hit some joint in the armor. But even he, though free in his confidence, seemed to make no advance. When, all at once, the advance came bodily and voluntarily from Bushnell himself. Said he to Durant, 'I must get out of this woe. Here am I what I am, and these young men hanging to me in their indifference amidst this universal earnestness on every side.' And we were told what he said he was going to do—to invite these young men to meet him some evening in the week, when he would lay bare his position and their own, and declare to them his determination and the decision they ought with him to make for themselves. Perhaps there never was pride more lofty laid down voluntarily in the dust than when Horace Bushnell thus met those worshippers of his. The result was overwhelming. That division-room was a Bochim, a place of weeping.

"When, then, he came at once into the confidences of the daily meeting of his fellow-tutors, was it not Paul that was called Saul, and was there ever such a little child as he was? On one occasion he came in, and, throwing himself with an air of abandonment into a seat, and thrusting both hands through his black, bushy hair, cried out desperately, yet half-laughingly, 'O men! what shall I do with these arrant doubts I have been nursing for years? When the preacher touches the Trinity and when logic shatters it all to pieces, I am all at the four winds. But I am glad I have a heart as well as a head. My heart wants the Father; my heart wants the Son; my heart wants the Holy Ghost—and one just as much as the other. My heart says the Bible has a Trinity for me, and I mean to hold by my heart. I am glad a man can do it when there is no other mooring, and so I answer my own question — what shall I do? But that is all I can do yet.' These incidents, I may say, have held me for my dear friend Bushnell when his day of question in other minds came; and I understood, in that last incident or germinal fact, his Christ in Theology."

Another of his college friends has said, "As might be expected, Bushnell threw all his manhood into his new life. He labored at once to bring his pupils into the same purposes with himself. I remember well how patiently he reasoned, and how affectionately he pleaded, with one of the most gifted young men I ever knew, who had been as bold in his doubts, and more bold in his denials than himself, and withal grossly wicked in his life."

One who was then a pupil of Bushnell's wrote lately to his sister, knowing that she would share his interest in this subject, "I cannot but think of him now as he seemed to me when I was permitted to sit at his feet as a learner. He was a very handsome man, classical and sharp-cut in his features, of superior dignity, and yet winsome in his manners. Next to old President Day, perhaps he enjoyed more popularity than any officer in the college. He also had a high reputation as a writer. He was a man of great independence of character and thought, as I remember him; and in 1831, when the whole college came under the power of truth in a signal manner, he shot clear beyond his doubts about the truth of Christianity, if he had any, and came with a bound into clear sunlight, and with a noble Christian manhood took his place with Christ. His history from that day rose in grandeur and development until it culminated in glory."

Such was the outward story of the most important crisis in his life. If we study its points, we find him not carried away by the superficial excitement of a revival, but moved rather by the sense of his own aloofness, and by the great responsibility for others which his influence over his pupils had given him. Beginning at the plain stand-point of conscience and duty, to which, in darkest hours of doubt, he had ever stood faithful, he asks himself this test question (which he afterwards gave to others as a guide), "Have I ever consented to be, and am I really now, in the right, as in principle and supreme law; to live for it; to make any sacrifice it will cost me; to believe everything that it will bring me to see; to be a confessor of Christ as soon as it appears to be enjoined upon me; to go on a mission to the world's end if due conviction

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sends me; to change my occupation for good conscience' sake; to repair whatever wrong I have done to another; to be humbled, if I should, before my worst enemy; to do complete justice to God, and, if I could, to all worlds—in a word, to be in wholly right intent, and have no mind but this forever?" This, the simple desire to be and do right, was the first step. By the side of the moral question intellectual doubts appeared unimportant, and were deferred. He afterwards used the history of this experience as an illustration in a sermon "On the Dissolving of Doubts," which was first delivered in Yale College Chapel:—

"Suppose that one of us, clear of all the vices, having a naturally active-minded, inquiring habit, occupied largely with thoughts of religion; never meaning to get away from the truth, but, as he thinks, to find it, only resolved to have a free mind, and not allow himself to be carried by force or fear, or anything but real conviction—suppose that such a one, going on thus, year by year, reading, questioning, hearing all the while the Gospel in which he has been educated, sometimes impressed by it, but relapsing shortly into greater doubt than before, finds his religious beliefs wearing out and vanishing, he knows not how, till, finally, he seems to really believe nothing. He has not meant to be an atheist; but he is astonished to find that he has nearly lost the conviction of God, and cannot, if he would, say with any emphasis of conviction that God exists. The world looks blank, and he feels that existence is getting blank also to itself. This heavy charge of his possibly immortal being oppresses him, and he asks again and again, 'What shall I do with it?' His hunger is complete, and his soul turns every way for bread. His friends do not satisfy him. His walks drag heavily. His suns do not rise, but only climb. A kind of leaden aspect overhangs the world. Till, finally, pacing his chamber some day, there comes up suddenly the question, 'Is there, then, no truth that I do believe? Yes, there is this one, now that I think of it: there is a distinction of right and wrong that I never doubted, and I see not how I can; I am even quite sure of it.' Then forthwith starts up the question, 'Have I, then, ever taken the principle of right for my law? I have done right things as men speak; have I ever thrown my life out on the principle to become all it requires of me? No, I have not, consciously I have not. Ah! then, here is something for me to do! No matter what becomes of my questions—nothing ought to become of them if I cannot take a first principle so inevitably true, and live in it.' The very suggestion seems to be a kind of revelation; it is even a relief to feel the conviction it brings. 'Here, then,' he says, 'will I begin. If there is a God, as I rather hope there is, and very

dimly believe, he is a right God. If I have lost him in wrong, perhaps I shall find him in right. Will he not help me, or, perchance, even be discovered to me?' Now the decisive moment is come. He drops on his knees, and there he prays to the dim God, dimly felt, confessing the dimness for honesty's sake, and asking for help that he may begin a right life. He bows himself on it as he prays, choosing it to be henceforth his unalterable, eternal endeavor.

"It is an awfully dark prayer, in the look of it; but the truest and best he can make, the better and the more true that he puts no orthodox colors on it; and the prayer and the vow are so profoundly meant that his soul is borne up into God's help, as it were, by some unseen chariot, and permitted to see the opening of heaven even sooner than he opens his eyes. He rises, and it is as he if had gotten wings. The whole sky is luminous about him. It is the morning, as it were, of a new eternity. After this all troublesome doubt of God's reality is gone, for he has found him! A being so profoundly felt must inevitably be.

"Now, this conversion, calling it by that name, as we properly should, may seem, in the apprehension of some, to be a conversion *for* the Gospel, and not *in* it or *by* it—a conversion by the want of truth more than by the power of truth. But that will be a judgment more superficial than the facts permit. No, it is exactly this: it is seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness—exactly that, and nothing less. And the dimly groping cry for help, what is that but a feeling after God, if, haply, it may find him, and actually finding him not far off? And what is the help obtained but exactly the true Christ-help? And the result, what, also, is that but the kingdom of God within, righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost?

"There is a story lodged in the little bedroom of one of these dormitories, which I pray God his recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost."

However irregular the forms of this conversion according to some theological standards, there can be no doubt of its reality as a *conversion* in the original sense of that word. It was a complete *turning-about* of the life. It changed not only the outward purpose (for he gave up the law for the Gospel), but the very fibre and tissue of his being. No, it did not change, but, rather, breathed into his moral frame the breath of an immortal life and vigor, vitalized and inspired his intellect, gave luminous insight in place of "desolating doubts," and set him free. The effect was not to neutralize, but to heighten, his individuality. If he was before Horace Bushnell, he was doubly Bushnell now. No salient point, no

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rugged, racy trait, was lost. He seemed, indeed, now first to have found himself.

It is true that all this was not realized at once. It grew with the natural growth of years. The doubts were not yet all gone. The whole history of these struggling years cannot be better rendered than in those words of Tennyson, loved for their very familiarity:—

"Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

"To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone."

His manner of dealing with mental questions, as he describes it, seems the most sincere and reasonable one possible:—

"Never be in a hurry to believe; never try to conquer doubts against time. Time is one of the grand elements in thought as truly as in motion. If you cannot open a doubt to-day, keep it till to-morrow; do not be afraid to keep it for whole years. One of the greatest talents in religious discovery is the finding how to hang up questions, and let them hang, without being at all anxious about them. Turn a free glance on them now and then as they hang; move freely about them, and see them first on one side and then on another, and by-and-by, when you turn some corner of thought, you will be delighted and astonished to see how quietly and easily they open their secret and let you in. What seemed perfectly insoluble will clear itself in a wondrous revelation. It will not hurt you, nor hurt the truth, if you should have some few questions left to be carried on with you when you go hence, for in that more luminous state, most likely, they will soon be cleared, only a thousand others will be springing up even there, and you will go on dissolving still your new sets of questions, and growing mightier and more deep-seeing for eternal ages."

The law studies completed in the winter did not culminate in his admission to the bar. That profession had been exchanged for the ministry. We are tempted to imagine what a different man he would have become as a Western lawyer and politician. How much of the fineness and poetry and spiritual insight would have been lost! And, on the other hand, we may learn from his public addresses what a power he would have wielded in matters of national importance, and how fearlessly he would have supported the right cause.

In the summer of 1831, the duties of the tutor were laid aside, and he bade farewell to his pupils in a short address. He gratefully acknowledged their kindness which had freed his position from its inherent perplexities, and which made him as regretful to leave his station as he had been reluctant to enter upon it. He urged them to seek a culture not only of the intellect, but of good habits, good manners and principles, and to include among the objects of their ambition not only the honor of men, but their affection and their confidence. He advised them that it is an error for a man to retard his advancement in life by a jealousy that others do not think well of him. "I acknowledge," he says, "the difficulty of ascertaining one's true valuation, but I believe no safer rule than this can be given, to take the good opinion of others for granted till we see reasons to the contrary. It is folly to think of succeeding in life without some pretensions. A man must begin to hold up his own head, or no one will see it to be worth the pains."

Recommending industry as more necessary to advancement in life than genius, he says, "If I were required to define genius, I should call it the faculty of mental application. Some minds seem, from a very early age, to have a strong adhesiveness to whatever comes in contact with them. When a subject enters the thoughts, it is followed for hours, or perhaps for days, with patient, laborious meditation. In the meantime, everything else is excluded, and the mind is left to toil on in perfect abstraction. In this way they come to an astonishing maturity without much assistance from books. Now these are the ethereal souls who are so often described as rea-

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soning without reflection, and embracing everything great by a constitutional energy. Why, these men study more in their dreams than others by their midnight lamps." In conclusion, he offers "two rules which ought to govern every man. The first is to be perfectly honest in forming all your opinions and principles of action. It is one thing to take a position and use your reason to defend it, and quite a different thing to use your reason in selecting a position. In one case, reason obeys the will; and in the other the will obeys the reason. The other rule which I would have you observe is this, never to swerve in conduct from your honest convictions. Decide because you see reasons for decision; and then act because you have decided. Let your actions follow the guidance of your judgment; and if between them both you go down the falls of Niagara, go! it is the only course worthy of a man."

In the autumn he entered the Theological School at New Haven, of which Dr. Taylor was the head. It was looked upon at that time as the school of progress in religious thought, and even regarded by some with suspicion for that reason. Bushnell found there a healthful and invigorating mental atmosphere, in which he felt at home; but his rebellious intellect soon asserted its independence of methods of thought which appeared to him mechanical, and this fact made him an inconvenient member of so small a school. One of the instructors once said of him, when questioned as to Bushnell's opinions, that he was "t'other side." A friend said of him, at another time, that "he abhorred all shams and conventional phrases in argument because he believed so strongly in realities." Shams apart (for they were not in question here), he doubtless fought with superfluous ardor against the formulas and conventional doctrinal phrases with which his way was strewn, and carried the boldness of his dissent a little farther than was needful or comfortable. Reverence for human authority was doubtless lacking in his composition, and the want of it might have been serious had not his spiritual instincts supplied a deeper reverence on which faith could build. But dissent was never with him a negative attitude. His ingenious mind had its own fresh provision

for every emergency, its own ready substitute of suggestive thought to fill the place of every rejected formula. If he found the old path long and intricate, it was no trouble for him to hew out a new and short cut through the woods. He delighted to see rickety bridges fall to pieces, not because he was destructive, but because he was a builder. It was at this time that he first addressed himself exclusively to the study of mental and moral science, and its chief value to him seems to have consisted in its rejection. And if this sounds like a paradox, his own words will explain. In an article written in May, 1832, he analyzes and compares the methods of natural and of moral philosophy, endeavoring to show that the systematized science which is possible and even necessary to the former is improper and impossible in the latter. "We may," he says, "systematize in Nature, because Nature is a system, because everything there fulfils its end, and therefore acts in accordance with its fitness to that end; but we cannot systematize in morals, because a great share of the acts of men are in contradiction of those properties in their constitution which fit them to the end proposed by their existence; because they are the proper expressions only of a frustrating power, a power as effectual in dislocating system as in defeating ends. Why, then, attempt to reconcile in philosophy, when there is war in facts? Why attempt to reduce to the harmony of the spheres the actions and the being of man, when, if the spheres had sinned as man has, that harmony had been unheard even in the dreams of Pythagoras. . . . Though matter is inert and powerless, never truly acting, but only acted with or upon; though mind, on the other hand, is agency itself, power acting of itself and revealing its motions through physical symbols; . . . notwithstanding these and many other grounds of distinction, the common philosophy, in fact, reduces the spiritual and the material creation to the same dead level, leaving God the only real agent in the universe. It may be briefly characterized as a soulless, matter-born philosophy of mind, having all the vices of paradox without the strangeness. Assuming the prerogatives of a universal liquidator, it, in fact, gives no proper solution of anything. In re-

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ligion, it is seen to be absolutely impotent; it does not even discover in man the proper elements of a religious being; regarding all his actions as the successive products of a systematic mechanism, it sees in man no heavenward tendency, no yearning of his nature after God and goodness." Proceeding then to illustrate the greater freedom of a philosophy which regards man, when sinning, as departing from and not acting according to his nature, he sums up thus: "When man, aided by some such imperfect view or hint as is here given, rises to a steady contemplation of the spiritual, he feels himself to be no longer a clod, but a particle of the divine nature. In the very workings of sin, he feels the imperishable within him, and knows that he shall never die. God he now feels to be the home of his spirit. Religion elevates itself to a divine and heavenly reality; why God should care for him as a Father he now understands; the high mystery of redemption has an intelligible meaning, and he wonders no longer that the blessed angels should be looking after him with such a fellow-kindness. And now, it may be, prayer is become philosophy."

Of course, in the above brief summary, we have only the results, without the steps of the argument, and we have purposely chosen for quotation those passages where feeling had warmed his pen to something of its maturer eloquence rather than those which are strictly logical. But here we find him at the point of departure from all humanly framed philosophy. It has been truly said that he had not a philosophy. At this early time, amidst the fresh fascinations of metaphysical study, he employed his newly trained logic to prove that he needed neither logic nor philosophy. And though, when glancing over this manuscript at a later time, when his thought had matured, he pencilled upon it these words, "Boy's work. Much of it false, though a truth lies hereabout," yet he added in a bolder hand, and perhaps at a later date, "This article shows the ferment out of which my Nature and Supernaturalism grew into shape thirty years after." In like manner he noted upon another manuscript written in the same year, "Having no sermon written, I read this boy's argument before the association, on

my examination for a license to preach." But this same boy's argument was an attempt to prove the existence of a moral Governor of the universe in a fresh way, not from the evidences of design in the created world, but from an ingenious use of his own theory of the origin of language. It is, perhaps, not best to unfold it in its crude form here, as we shall have occasion further on to quote freely from his writings on this theme. But it is interesting to find two leading ideas which became, as time went on and thought and experience ripened, central and all-important, crystallizing thus early in his mind, and there forming nuclei. In these two essays written in the Theological School, we find the germs of two of his best books, written fifteen and thirty years later. It was characteristic of his use of his mind, rapid and intuitive as it was in its workings, that he let things *grow* there. It was not the growth of a hot-bed or a forcing-house, but of nature out of doors, with its times and seasons,—a healthy and deliberate growth.

It had been his intention to leave New Haven finally at the time of receiving his license. But a new interest kept him there yet longer. At the beginning of the summer he had consented, for the short time left him, to take charge of a Bible-class of ladies in one of the churches. The deep seriousness and devout spirit of his words at the prayer meetings connected with the class were as impressive as the freshness of his treatment of Bible themes. Though he had been for so many years a resident of New Haven, he knew nothing of its society. He came, therefore, as a stranger to this class of ladies, except as he had received from others a knowledge of their names and certain impressions of their personalities. "This introduction on a bright June Sunday in church, and over the Bible, was the fitting commencement of an acquaintance that ripened into the union of two lives bound together by the closest sympathy in Christian truth and works, and by a faith which transfigured a mortal into an immortal love." Attracted by this new friendship, he came back to New Haven in the autumn, and stayed through the winter, occupied in writing sermons and preaching occasion-

ally. His first sermon, from the text "Why will ye die?" had been delivered in New Preston in August.

In February, 1833, he went to his friend, the Rev. Mr. Griswold, of Watertown, for the benefit of his criticism and instruction in elocution. He preached one morning in Mr. Griswold's pulpit on the subject "Heaven a Continuance of the Earthly Christian Life." The sermon, we are told, was full of glowing imagery, and was delivered with great earnestness. Reaching Mr. Griswold's home after the service, the young preacher threw himself into a chair, crying, "Now, Brother Griswold, for the rubber." The reply was, "It is, as a sermon, far above my criticism, and that is the point of my criticism. You have shot over their heads." Quick flashed the rejoinder, "Would you have me shin 'em?" The joke did not mean indifference to the criticism, however; for when one of his hearers also told him that few had understood him,—that he had been, in fact, quite out of their sight,—he was much cast down, and wrote, "I confess this disturbed me somewhat. I determined, if possible, to dishonor my Master no longer. I accordingly took a new subject, and have written three quarters of another sermon. I have struggled hard to make it simple and intelligible, and, in so doing, have made it nothing. There is only one thought in it. I feel a little disheartened, and quite discouraged." It must have been the same sermon which shot over the heads of the Watertown hearers that he afterwards delivered in one of the New Haven churches. The idea unfolded in it, that the occupations of earth will be carried on into another life, was talked over, when church was out, by a knot of hearers. One, a manufacturer of tombstones, condemned the notion as fantastic and disagreeable, when another retorted that Brother —— had the best of reasons for not believing that it would be verified in his own case. More noteworthy was the comment of a distinguished clergyman who had listened to the sermon, that "there was more where that came from."

He was thus occupied in experimental preparation for his work when the call came. It was in February that he received from the North Church in Hartford an invitation temporarily to supply their pulpit.

CHAPTER V.

1833–1837.

SETTLEMENT IN HARTFORD.—MARRIAGE.—DUTIES AND DIFFICULTIES.—PREACHING.—THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.—THE SUBJECT OF REVIVALS.

He went to meet the engagement in Hartford with many misgivings as to his qualifications, and even oppressed, as he wrote, by a sense of his own unfitness for the work. At the same time, it was some relief to him that the mental clouds were lifting and his own faith becoming clearer. In a letter he said, "My sermon 'How Shall we Escape if we Neglect so Great Salvation?' I preached here last Sunday, I think with good effect. The attempt I made to show why this is a great salvation was certainly a good thing for myself." On the twentieth anniversary of his settlement in Hartford, he reviewed the history of his ministry in a sermon in which we find this account of his arrival and of his own mental stand-point:—

"I was licensed to preach the Gospel only a few months previous to my settlement among you. I had preached but a few times elsewhere, nowhere with any thought or expectation of settlement; though I believe I had been looked at and passed by as not being sufficiently promising in one or two other places. I received a letter in February, 1833, inviting me to come and preach, for a time, to this congregation; of which I knew nothing, save that you had recently parted with your pastor. I arrived here late in the afternoon, in a furious snow-storm, after floundering all day in the heavy drifts the storm was raising among the hills between here and Litchfield. I went, as invited, directly to the house of the chairman of the committee; but I had scarcely warmed me, and not at all relieved the hunger of my fast, when he came in and told me that arrangements had been made for me with one of the fathers of the church, and immediately sent me off with my baggage to the quarters assigned. Of course, I had no complaint to make, though the fire

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seemed very inviting and the house attractive; but when I came to know the hospitality of my friend, as I had abundant opportunity of knowing it afterwards, it became somewhat of a mystery to me that I should have been despatched in this rather summary fashion. But it came out, three or four years after, that, as there were two parties strongly marked in the church, an Old and a New School party, as related to the New Haven controversy, the committee had made up their mind, very prudently, that it would not do for me to stay even for an hour with the New-school brother of the committee; and for this reason they had made interest with the elder brother referred to, because he was a man of the school simply of Jesus Christ. And here, under cover of his good hospitality, which I hope he has never found reason to regret (extended by him and received by me in equal simplicity), I was put in hospital and kept away from the infected districts preparatory to a settlement in the North Church of Hartford. I mention this fact to show the very delicate condition prepared for the young pastor, who is to be thus daintily inserted between an acid and an alkali, having it for his task both to keep them apart and to save himself from being bitten of one or devoured by the other.

"But this was to be my place. I received a unanimous call of the people, and took it as a call from God, though I had then a much dimmer faith in the validity of such a call than I have at present.

"When I look back now on the place and the occupant, I am scarcely able to recognize either the one or the other, so great is the change accomplished in both. I had many and great difficulties on my hands, in respect to the Gospel truths, which are now gone. In the list of my qualifications at that time for a preacher of Christ, I discover nothing which moves my respect but the very small mustard-seed of Christian experience I seem to have had, together with a certain honesty of determination to find, if possible, the truth; to violate the integrity of my understanding by no forced assent to received dogmas; to be warped by no fear of man, hurried by no impatience; never to go in advance of my convictions; and, if possible, never to fall behind them. In these two conditions I see, indeed, possibilities of good; but how slender a furniture for the work actually on hand! I was coming into religion on the side of reason or philosophy, and, of course, had small conception of it as a faith and a supernatural gift to the race. Now it is a faith luminous, glorious, vital, and clear, and, of course, it is as little of a philosophy. I confess, with some mortification, so deep was I in the beggarly elements of the school, that I did not really expect to remain in the ministry long. I thought if I could sometime be called to a professorship of moral philosophy, it would be a more satisfactory and higher field of exertion.* Now, all other employments, even the highest and most

* This must not be regarded as inconsistent with the declarations of

honorable, appear to me petty and dry compared with the ministry of Jesus Christ, and it seems an offence to be repented of that I should ever have allowed anything else to come into comparison with this. The great truths, the greater work, the sublime lifting of the consciousness therein allied to God—to be called away from these to a professorship of moral philosophy would signify about as much to me now as a call out of Paradise, not more."

He preached for six weeks, as by engagement, finding the new circumstances full of perplexity, and the new duties onerous. In order to preach thrice on the Sunday and once in the course of the week, he was obliged to write steadily, as the little stock of sermons he had brought with him was soon exhausted. He was also receiving many kind hospitalities and making many visits. He wrote to his friend in New Haven, waiting anxiously for news of his success, "The pressure of writing and preaching and visiting, subject to constant interruption, and all this seconded by the nervous agitation incident to a new place and a new business, has kept me continually tossing, and almost distracted me."

The young minister of those days was required to "toe the mark" very precisely; and in the humorous hint at the delicate position of the young pastor, "daintily inserted between an acid and an alkali," there is a slight suggestion of that which had a formidable as well as a comic side. The churches of New England were just then distracted by the controversy between the Old and New schools of theology; and, as if this were not enough, there was much excitement, also, over what were known as "new measures" in the form of religious services. In the North Church of Hartford, the dividing lines were strongly marked. Even the two leading deacons were opposed to each other on every point in dispute: the one progressive in measures and doctrine, the other most strictly conservative in everything; both, however, strong and good men, who tempered their differences with a good deal of Christian forbearance. The conservative members of the

the last chapter. It is not difficult to imagine what manner of professor of moral philosophy he would have been.

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church were jealous of the theology of the New Haven school, from which Bushnell came, and the duty of honesty conflicted somewhat with the dictates of prudence. But his choice between honesty and prudence was easily made. He was liked, in spite of the differences, and, at the close of his engagement, received from the people a unanimous call to become their pastor. He had already been encouraged by indications of success, and particularly by learning that, under the influence of his preaching, one young man had been led to enter upon a new way of life. After a deeply interesting talk with him, Bushnell wrote, "I begin to feel that God has confided to me a noble work, and, with his aid, I shall aim to follow it faithfully."

After but a short delay, he was ordained on the 22d of May, 1833. His father and mother were with him at his ordination, their hearts overflowing with joy at this fulfilment of their hopes. It was the sweet fruit of long years of sacrifice and love and steadfast faith. The following description of the ordination services is given us by Mrs. Holley, of Lakeville, who was for many years an interested hearer of his preaching:—

"I remember well the day of his ordination; the examination of the candidate was a scene not easily forgotten. The moderator, old Dr. Nathan Perkins, put the questions in a grave and serious tone. The replies were courteous in manner, and direct and pointed in matter, until some old-fashioned point in theology was started, when Mr. Bushnell replied with an abrupt denial of knowing anything about it, and an intimation that the question was of no special value to any one. When the inquiry was made 'What reason have you to consider yourself a Christian?' his voice changed at once, and his reply was so earnest that all felt this was no question of mere theology. In the stillness that hushed the filled lecture-room, he stated the difficulties he had found in the acceptance of a revealed religion, and his determination, at last, to examine these truths anew, and to guide his future life by this decision. As the result of that purpose and the faith that followed, he stood before them. The ordination

proceeded; and to the first sermon preached to his people many careless hearers listened earnestly for the first time. They felt that this Gospel was no utterance of platitudes, stale by repetition, no pleasant singsong of old words and phrases, but that a master in Israel had come to them; and to many this teaching was destined to be the power of God unto salvation. Dr. Bushnell has alluded in one of his printed sermons to the 'crudities' of his first religious teachings. We never felt this, those of us who were young, even if any old thinkers and theologians thought his theological views not quite systematized. I remember the admiration I felt for one who could think and speak so bravely, and yet, when he had thought more, or had new light on a subject, would just as bravely and fearlessly take back his first assertion."

The church had desired that their harmony might be cemented by an immediate settlement, and offered him, instead of present delay, a two months' vacation at the close of the summer. He was planning for the autumn, and the home to be; and, in addition to his many new duties, had undertaken to build a house, for which he made the plans and drew the contracts himself. He was therefore ready for the vacation when it came, and went back to his old home, eager for its repose and the quiet beauty of the old scenes. Once more he fished on the lake and mused on his new calling as "fisher of men." In the following letter we have his account of a startling scene in the New Preston church on the first Sunday of his stay, and while he was preaching:—

"The shower was rising when we entered the church in the afternoon. Towards the close of the prayer it began to rain and hail together, and the storm increased in violence, so that when I began my sermon I could scarcely be heard, and it was so dark that it was difficult for me to read. I had read but a few pages before a tremendous crash burst upon the house. An awful pause succeeded; then the audience burst out in cries of terror, and began to rush for the door, for the smoke in different parts of the house gave indications of fire. For my own part, probably because my thoughts were engaged in something else, I was as completely self-possessed as I am now. I stood, therefore, and cried to them to stop, for I perceived that there was more danger from the rushing of the crowd than from anything else. The movement was arrested; some began to

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throw up the windows, as many were stunned; one man was carried out lifeless, but began to recover as soon as they were able to get water to dash upon him. My brother's wife had one of her shoes thrown from her foot, and her stocking torn, and several escaped as narrowly. In the gallery on my left hand, I saw as many as twelve or fourteen persons rise up who had been dropped by the shock. I found that the lightning passed down the rod, and thence, in different directions, ploughed up the ground for twenty or thirty feet, killing one animal and prostrating one or two more. Inside of the house, it passed down one gallery just at my left hand, and down another most distant from it diagonally, shivering them both, and even splitting off a part of the pew-door near one of them. The whole house, I may say, was struck. It was a tremendous charge, but no one was killed. How wonderful this escape! The pulpit is in a recess under the steeple, and there I stood, under the heaviest of the bolt, as safe as if I had been in the arms of God. I *was* there. So were we all, and that seemed to be the feeling of all. After the shower had passed, the audience were called to their seats, and, after a few words said, by way of restoring tranquillity, I resumed my sermon, ending it with an extempore appeal. The events of the afternoon made that thunder-storm hymn awfully significant, and with that the day was closed. God has saved me from the midst of danger, and, I hope, to devote me to some purpose of mercy and usefulness."

On the 13th of September, 1833, he was married, in New Haven, to Mary Apthorp, a lineal descendant, on her mother's side, of John Davenport, the first minister, and first colonist, of New Haven, and of Judge Abraham Davenport, whose name and strength of purpose are associated with the "Dark Day," famous in colonial history. Her mother, who has but lately departed at the age of ninety-five, bore the strong and elevated characteristics of her Puritan ancestry, expressed in her person by a simple dignity and beauty which were individual and all her own. The marriage of Horace Bushnell and Mary Apthorp was one which comprehended, in the thoughts and wishes of both, the highest objects and pursuits of the future, and was so compacted by the unity of their joint purpose as to reinforce greatly the effectiveness of his work.

After a few weeks spent in New Preston, they came to Hartford, to begin their life among a people always henceforth most affectionate and beloved. As their own house was not yet ready, they were received, for a time, in the family of

Daniel Burgess, who had already shown himself a warm friend. Mrs. Bushnell says, "We were peculiarly favored in this hospitality. Everything in their home was simple and unambitious, but free and generous, as became both the ample means and unworldly character of the hosts. The mistress of the household filled it with the atmosphere of saintliness; love, joy, and peace shone in her face and radiated from her person. It was a benediction to the young pair, just entering upon their sacred calling, to rest awhile under her shadow, and be drawn with her into her beatitudes. That blessing followed us all the way through." The winter was spent in constant study. The writing of two sermons for almost every Sunday occupied him the whole week. In those days he wrote slowly, and with a good deal of labor. The work that should have ceased with the morning was too often carried on through the day and into the evening hours. He wished also to visit and become well acquainted with all of his people, and these pastoral duties were so new and strange to his student's habit that they were at first the most difficult and awkward part of his work. He did not neglect them, however, but made a point of visiting every one in the congregation at least once a year, and more frequently among familiar friends, or where he knew that he was needed. He acknowledged this to have been the defective branch of his service, and that for which he had least aptitude. In the second year of his ministry, we find him expressing dissatisfaction with himself, and with the results of his work, and resolving "to be more simple, to aim more at doing good, to cultivate a more worthy interest in the souls of my people, to pray more, to be more abundant in self-denials and labors, and, I hope, to have a better estimate of my duties, and a more cordial love for them even in their humblest forms." It became a custom with him and Mrs. Bushnell to make the annual visitation together in the pleasant days of autumn, sometimes walking, or sometimes driving into the country to the more distant homes. "Those bright October days," she says, "still spread their soft haze on the background, where are pictured the bright faces and cheerful welcomes that have long ago faded from earthly recognition."

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In December their house was finished, and, with the delight of a new experience, they began to make their own home. They were greatly interested in contriving to make skill and taste take the place of money; for of the latter they had small store. The salary of twelve hundred dollars, though an ample one for plain living in those simple times, left no margin for extravagances. Never to be in debt was the foundation principle of their domestic economy, and they had the courage resolutely to adhere to this principle through life. It saved a great deal of trouble in the end. The Ann Street house was a simple, square, two-story building, with a small green yard, graced by a noble oak in the rear. In the spring, it was a positive pleasure to the minister, with his farming habits, after a winter in the study, to find himself out-of-doors digging in his little garden or grading the door-yard. It was, perhaps, about this time that we must date the little story of a friend concerning an evening spent with the minister and his wife in their own home. She was a girl of fine intelligence and character, but not at that time religious. When, therefore, she was invited to tea by Mrs. Bushnell, she accepted with considerable misgivings lest the evening should be made the occasion of such exhortations as were then too commonly the only subject of ministerial intercourse with "the unconverted." To her great relief, however, the time was spent in the pleasantest social intercourse, free from all remarks of a personal nature. Mr. Bushnell, of course, saw her safely home when the evening was over, and, as the night was one of brilliant starlight, the talk on the way was naturally of astronomy, and of the law-abiding order of the universe. He spoke eloquently of the great harmony of the spheres, and of the perfect manner in which each little star fulfilled its destiny and swung in the divine order of its orbit. "Sarah," he said, turning to her with a winning smile, "I want to see you in *your* place." No other word turned the suggestion into a homily, and her quick intelligence was thrilled and won by a thought which seemed, in that quiet hour, to have dropped upon her from the skies. He had simply let the occasion speak its own thought.

The following letters from Mount Washington are among the earliest in our possession. The second little letter, written upon the mountain-top, was pencilled on birch-bark, and has become almost illegible. It seems that at this early date he was beginning to suffer from a throat trouble, and that this journey was taken for health's sake. He travelled with Mr. A. N. Skinner, of New Haven, and some ladies:—

To his Wife.

Carroll, September 15, 1835.

My dearest Mary,—Here we are at the base of the great everlasting mountains. We arrived here at noon to-day, in fine spirits and eager for great exploits. We set off this afternoon in two old one-horse wagons for the Notch, which we passed, and descended for two miles to the place where the Willey family perished, in 1826, by a slide in the mountains. I shall not attempt a description here. I will only say that the scene is awfully, almost terribly, sublime. It seemed to me that I should have larger thoughts and better feelings as long as I live. The Washington, the monarch of all these mountains, is now before us, and to-morrow Mr. Skinner and I will try to put it under our feet. The ladies have wisely given up the thought. To-day the top of Washington has stood all day enveloped in clouds till just at sunset, when they vanished, and left its bald head exposed to our delighted vision. Grand, grand, indeed! I have never seen anything like it before. The top, for at least a mile, is now covered with snow, which makes it still more glorious as the evening sun gilds it, though it offers us but a cool reception to-morrow. We have been wonderfully fortunate thus far in everything. Our drivers have been careful, kind, and respectful; our stopping-places remarkable for neatness and every kind attention. I never saw a series of hotels so respectable. Even here, in this wild, lone region of forests, are two great hotels, the only houses for miles, where every convenience and many luxuries surround the guests. Indeed, I have had nothing but a constant series of good breakfasts, dinners, and suppers all the way, which I have received with the appetite of a lion.

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I was never so conscious of recovering elasticity and life. Every step something glorious opens upon us here, which makes me regret that my dear Mary cannot look upon it with me. You know that I am not one of the sight-seeing animals; but here it is not things that interest me, but God. Surely I see God as I never did before. I hope the dear being, who is the tie made visible of our hearts, lives and rejoices. I write this after the others are gone to bed; and, as I feel that I am taking cold, I must cease. I wish your mother could see these wonderful scenes. The heart of a true son could scarcely wish the best of mothers a better happiness in this world. Kiss the dear little one; tell her that I love her.

Wednesday Morning.—All is clear; not a cloud to be seen; so that if we can endure the cold, we shall most certainly triumph. We are wonderfully favored. There has not been another truly clear morning since we started, though the weather has been good for travelling and limited scenery. Now that the boundless opens, the sky becomes a crystal.

September 6, Half-past 12 o'Clock,
Top of Mount Washington.

I write you from the top of this glorious throne of Nature on a piece of the native paper.

We have had a fine ascent. The top is covered with snow and crystals of ice. The sky is clear—[one line is here erased by time]. The view is beyond description. I look away to the distant sunny South, hill beyond hill, and my heart longs for my dear wife. If my feet could travel as fast as my eye, how soon would I be by her side! And thou, my sweet little one, too! Oh that I could hold her in my arms, and print a kiss on her fresh lips! How sweet are the feelings of a husband and a father! I thank thee, O God of the mountains, for all thy goodness unto me. It is all undeserved, and yet there seems to be almost favoritism in it. Farewell till we meet again. Your husband, H. B.

It is not too early to ask what Horace Bushnell was showing himself to be as a preacher. He was at this time, as he

himself will show us later, "passing into the vein of comprehensiveness;" and it became one of his first studies to touch the opposite poles of truth and hold them in their unity. In this respect it would be easy to draw a parallel between his preaching and that of Robertson, who held that every highest truth is found in the union of two opposing truths. Perhaps the best specimen of his early sermon-writing is one in the volume of "Sermons for the New Life," entitled "Duty Not Measured by Our Own Ability," which was written in the first year of his ministry. Another sermon, written in 1837, on "Living to God in Small Things," appears in the same volume, and has been thought, by many readers, to be one of the most practically efficient he ever wrote. In 1835, shortly after Garrison was lynched in the streets of Boston, and doubtless keyed by that event to a high pitch of feeling concerning our national dangers and vices, he preached a sermon called the "Crisis of the Church," in which he expressed himself boldly and earnestly on these matters. This sermon, published by request, was the first in which he appeared in print; and we accordingly find his copy of it labelled "First-born child." Mrs. Bushnell remembers that he came home one day, having just, for the first time, seen the pamphlet, inscribed with his name, in a book-store window, and actually feeling abashed by such publicity. Turning over its yellow leaves, the modern reader cannot fail to be struck by the clearness and force with which he grasped and stated the national position, as one of moral power and influence among the nations of the world, as then at a formative age, and also at a crisis of peculiar danger.

"We stand," he says, "to represent certain great ideas and principles, the success and validity of which, among other nations, depend in a chief degree upon us. . . . We are not more distinguished in representing the principle of self-government than we are in representing the Protestant faith; or, at least, whatever distinction may be ours in the former light is due only to the fact that Protestantism and Christianity have come to their head in us; and here, in our American institutions, have passed out for the first time to make experiment of their

virtue. . . . And does any one doubt that our republicanism is born of this spirit? Philosophically it must have been, historically it was. Self-government in religion passed over, by a natural and necessary consequence, to beget self-government in law; and that same equality which was held in the Church of God extended itself to the civil State. Had it been a Romish emigration, religion itself would not only have furnished it with tyrants, but with a due submission also. Turn your eye southward, and see what it would have been! But a band of Congregational Protestants, emigrating to this New World, neither did establish, nor could have established, any other than a popular government. . . . It was Protestantism in religion producing republicanism in government." Going on from this point to consider the age as a formative and critical one in American history, he says, "The elements of life and death are now everywhere in the nation, and somewhat nearly in the same proportions; and we come up, as it were, a whole nation together, to try the final struggle and decide what we shall be. . . . And just at this crisis it is that we are beset with peculiar dangers. I name, as the principal, slavery, infidelity, Romanism, and the current of our political tendencies." Of slavery he speaks as a growing evil, begetting stormy and imperious passions, and teeming with the rankest jealousies. "Is it not," he asks, "too sensitive for salutary control, and ready on all occasions to sunder or revolt at the slightest imaginary grievance? Such should not be the temper of a free people. . . . Such a republicanism is rather forced than natural. It has its seat in the will rather than in the conscience; and all its moral affinities from the first have, accordingly, been adverse, and have operated to depress that noble virtue which gave birth to our institutions. It had a more natural sympathy, and would have coalesced more readily, with the abortive theories of French liberty than with that spirit which caught its fire from the pure altars of God in New England. How full of excitement, too, is this unhappy subject! We have scarcely ceased to feel how the pillars of the nation shook when it was only proposed to limit the extent of this dire evil. And it is but a few months since a great city here at the North

was involved in tumult and outrage for three successive days by the mere discussion of the subject. The whole material of slavery, all the moral elements which it supplies to our institutions, are inflammable and violent. At almost any hour it may explode the foundations of the republic." He also speaks of Romanism, and of the great facilities it has for advancing itself when considered in connection with our elective system. He foresaw what a tool the power of the priests was to be made in politics, and what an instrument of corruption it would become. But we must not tarry longer over this interesting paper.

His preaching had in those days a fiery quality, an urgency and wilful force, which, in his later style, is still felt in the more subdued glow of poetic imagery. There was a nervous insistence about his person, and a peculiar emphasizing swing of his right arm from the shoulder, which no one who has ever heard him is likely to forget. It seemed as if, with this gesture, he swung himself into his subject, and would fain carry others along with him. His sermons were always written out in full and read; never extemporized, never memorized. For the latter method and its results he had no liking. For the former, not sufficient confidence; though that came to him later, when driven to extempore work by ill-health. His early manner betrayed this want of confidence, and was at times a little constrained and labored. The same was true of his prayers, which lacked ease and flow, such as came to him with fuller inspiration. The whole effect of his services was, however, always pointed and practical. Prayers, hymns, Scripture reading, text, sermon, all converged on the same central theme, and went to heighten the impression of the leading thought.

The following description of his preaching, at an early period, was given by Charles L. Brace, in a recent letter to the *Evangelist*:—

"The writer holds it among the especial blessings of his life that his boyhood and youth were passed under the pastorate of Dr. Bushnell. Those were the eager and powerful days of the great preacher, when his language had a pure and Saxon ring which it somewhat lost in later

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years, when emotions from the depths of a passionate nature bore him sometimes to the highest flights of eloquence, and wit and sarcasm flashed from his talk and speeches, and he stood the most independent and muscular sermonizer in the American pulpit. He reached afterwards a higher plane of spiritual life, and showed more balanced power and more consideration for the views of others, and was no doubt more humble-minded, and yet more elevated above the world; still those early fiery days of his left an indelible mark on all the youth who came under his influence. We felt the divine beauty of Truth, and how sweet and easy it was to sacrifice all to her. We were withdrawn from the overpowering control of external formulæ and formal statements, and began to search for the realities as for hidden treasures. Our great teacher seemed to stand as a prophet, directing us to things unseen and eternal; and though perhaps he and his disciples at that time exaggerated the value of the intellect, it was a healthful movement, and always inspired with devout reverence and a deep sense of the personality of Christ as the Son of God. Truth, independence, humanity, under an overpowering faith in God and Christ, were the principles stamped then into youthful minds by the preaching and life of Dr. Bushnell. He showed himself in all his intercourse, what he was, a large pattern of a man. Proud, at times almost disdainful; full of powerful feelings; simple; witty; tender as a woman to real misfortune, but biting in his sarcasm against pomposity and falseness; self-willed, thoroughly independent, a true leader of men."

We have spoken of a constraint of manner, and traced it, in part, to a want of confidence; for, though called a self-confident man (as he was in matters of opinion), he was, notwithstanding, characterized by an unaffected personal modesty. But he was under a certain constraint, too, which came from external influences, by which he was hampered more than he realized. Not only were there rocks ahead all the time in theological differences, as sharply defined in his own church as in the Church at large, among which he must steer his way, but there was also a constantly increasing heat and animosity on the slavery question. The fact that his own position on this question was positively antislavery, but non-abolitionist, did not simplify the matter. It would have been easier for him if, on all great questions, he had been able to take sides with either party. But this was not his way. Whether in public affairs or in religious questions, it was his tendency to seek, not the fence by any means, but the powerful sweep

of the mid-stream between the opposing shores of Conservatism and Radicalism. He found here difficult swimming and little company, but that sort of progress which is most sure and prevailing.

There was another kind of restraint, which must have been irksome in those days to independent men, in the too stringent and arbitrary standards upheld by religious people as to the conduct of life in small things. The typical New-Englander was, in one sense, much of a Jew, and lived by statutes as strict and numerous as those of Leviticus and Deuteronomy. From the influence of Bushnell's early training had come the conscientious habit of his manhood, to consent to and follow those rules of life, even in unimportant matters, which, in the minds of those about him, were connected with religious standards and had become points of conscience. If he, too, became a Jew, it was after the manner of Paul. He took heed lest his liberty should become a stumbling-block to them that are weak; and if his eating meat should cause a brother to offend, he would eat no meat while the world stood. On one fast-day evening, he was replenishing exhausted nature after the day's work with a somewhat hearty supper, when, finding that he was, by so doing, wounding the conscience of the faithful Presbyterian woman who cooked for him, he cut short the meal with a joke, which, reaching her ears, was to her thinking as grievous an abuse of a sacred day as even feasting could be. It was singular that he could follow this course of conformity for years without restricting his mental freedom; but forbearance, even verging on caution, went hand in hand with his fearless pursuit of truth, yet did not encumber it. And though this was the work of conscience, or perhaps *because* it was, he did not make a very solemn matter of it, but carried off his submission with jollity and good cheer. If he had too little reverence for anybody's dictum, he made it up by a deep and genuine reverence for the leadings of conscience in the most ignorant of his fellow-men.

The subject of revivals was, all through his ministry, a great perplexity to him. "The machinery system of revivals" was pushed then to greater extremes than now. The frequent

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presence of the evangelist preacher, and the tacit acknowledgment that progress and development in the churches were impossible without these spasmodic and frequently applied excitements, were constant sources of annoyance to a pastor faithfully endeavoring to lead his people in high and constant modes of Christian growth. The prepossessions of religious people were so strong upon this point that he had great difficulty in making his views understood. He was willing to concede a certain use in religious revivals, but not to leave to them the whole field of religious experience and character. In 1836 he published, in the *Christian Spectator*, an article on "Revivals of Religion," eleven years later reprinted with the second edition of his "Christian Nurture," and designed to clear his position upon this point.

A few quotations will sufficiently explain his views. He says, "Nature is multiform and various on every side. She is never doing exactly the same thing at one time which she has done at another. She brings forth all her bounties by inconstant applications and cherishments endlessly varied. A single thought extended in this direction were enough, it would seem, to show us that, while God is unchangeable, he is infinitely various—unchangeable in his purposes, various in his means. And so it is instructive to advert to the various and periodical changes of temperament which affect men in other matters than religion. These fluctuations are epidemical, too, extending to whole communities, and infecting them with an ephemeral interest in various subjects, which afterwards they wonder at themselves, and can in no way recall. No observing public speaker ever failed to be convinced that man is a being, mentally, of moods and phases which it were as vain to attempt the control of as to push aside the stars. These fluctuations or mental tides are due, perhaps, to physical changes, and perhaps not. They roll round the earth like invisible waves, and the chemist and physician tax their skill in vain to find the subtle powers that sway us. We only know that God is present to these fluctuations, whatever their real nature, and that they are all inhabited by the Divine Power. Is it incredible, then, that this same Divine Power should pro-

duce periodical influences in the matter of religion—times of peculiar, various, and periodical interest? . . . These remarks bring us to conclude that there is in what we call revivals of religion something of a periodical nature, which belongs to the appointed plan of God in his moral operations; but as far as they are, what the name imports, revivals of *religion* (that is, of the principle of love and obedience), they are linked with dishonor; so far they are made necessary by the instability and bad faith of Christ's disciples. But here it must be noted that the dishonor does not belong to the revival, but to the decay of principle in the disciple, which needs reviving.

"We now pass on to a stage in which dishonor attaches to the scene of revival itself. This is when it takes an extreme character, which is not given it by the Spirit of God, but originates in some mistake of opinion or extravagance of conduct in the subjects and conductors. What we complain of and resist is the artificial firework, the extraordinary combined jump and stir, supposed to be requisite when anything is to be done. It seems often not to be known that the extraordinary in action, as in rhetoric, is impotence itself. It must come to pass naturally, or emerge as a natural crisis of the ordinary, if it is to have any consequence. . . . But to act on views like these would require the ministry to enlarge the sphere of their instructions, . . . to acquire a more complete and proportional idea of character, and to learn to go beyond the line of exercises which only urge repentance. Paul did not regard the religious character in his converts as a thing by itself, a conversion well tested and followed by a few duties specially religious. He considered the whole character of the disciple—mind, manners, habits, principles—as the Lord's property. He felt that the Gospel was intended and fitted to act on everything evil and ungraceful in man's character, and applied it to that purpose. Let the minister of truth, then, occupy such intervals as are suitable in forming the character of his people to things lovely and of good report. Let him take advantage of Scripture history, and especially of the history of Christ's life and manners, to draw out illustrations of character, and beget, what is so much needed by the

Christian body, a sense of character, of moral beauty and completeness."

This was the high ideal of the Christian ministry which he was always endeavoring to fill out in his own earnest, unsparing way of work. His service never dragged into a dull routine, fitfully lighted by flashes of spasmodic enthusiasm. He was inventive and full of resources in his methods of influence, and so fully alive and alert that no soul was left to slumber in his presence. The mind which he would help he first kindled, letting in daylight at neglected windows, and fresh breezes of inspiration at long-closed doors. Then, when life was awakened, he offered as food to the hungry soul no stale platitudes, or morsels of innutritious doctrine; but the wholesome bread of life, genuine hopes, living faith, love and work worthy of a man.

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CHAPTER VI.

1837–1840.

LOSS OF HIS BABY LILY.—SUMMER VACATION AT LONG ISLAND.—LOSS OF HIS MOTHER.—BIRTH OF HIS SON.—ADDRESS AT ANDOVER AND FIRST HERESY.—DEACON SETH TERRY.—AMERICAN POLITICS.—CALL TO THE PRESIDENCY OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

In the year 1837, he lost his infant daughter, Lily. The older child was very ill at the same time, and his tender ministrations at home were unceasing. A friend of his wife's, who was often with them in this hour of trial, was much touched by the exquisite tenderness of the loving father, whose stronger and more worldward side were all that she had known of him hitherto. Even now she recalls it, as a beautiful life-long memory, and says that as she learned to know him then, she has loved him always.

The next autumn, the saddened parents took a journey through Canada together, and made their first visit to Niagara. They also went to Brockport, New York, whither Mr. Ensign Bushnell had lately removed his family from New Preston, and there Horace Bushnell saw his beloved mother for the last time. There is no written record of the journey, but it was a time of much-needed rest and renewal. In the summer, he had given at Yale a Phi Beta Kappa address, on the "True Wealth and Weal of Nations," the earliest written of the papers contained in "Work and Play." The summer vacation of the next year was spent along the shores of Long Island Sound, and he finally found himself at East Hampton, on the outer coast of Long Island, whence the following letter was written:—

East Hampton, July 18, 1838.

My dearest Wife,—You see (and you understand how about as well as I do) that I have drifted off to sea. On Monday morning, learning that a sloop was just about sailing for Sag Harbor, a considerable whaling village on Long Island, I put aboard in company with Mr. MacDonald, and now we are here. On landing, we found a carriage waiting to take somebody to East Hampton, and, as there was nobody else to go, we were obliged, of course. East Hampton turns out to be a simple Puritan village, on the south side of Long Island, and formerly under the government of Connecticut. The town extends down to Montauk Point, twenty-five miles, including all the east end of the island; but the inhabitants are all here, save one poor light-house tender. The surf roars, a mile off from the house and street, not unlike Niagara, and to my mind constitutes a scene of sublimity altogether new,—shall I say second to Niagara itself? See the eternal, vast ocean rolling in from immensity, and hear it thundering on the trembling shores. And, if it would add at all to the scene, march down trembling into its cataracts, as I did this morning, and shall do again this evening. This is the place for me. I begin to feel alive. We have a simple, neat fare, with a Puritan-like family. I forgot to say that this was the place, and the sea-surf perhaps the element, in which Dr. Beecher was hatched into a great man. MacDonald will go home to-morrow morning, and leave me here. But I expect that he will send over Mr. B. I hope, too, that he will send me a letter from you, which is necessary now to put me quite at ease. I am afraid you can hardly imagine how very comfortable it is here. I have been almost tempted to go directly to Hartford and bring you on here; and I would, if it would not take up all the time I have left. I shall remain here till next Tuesday, and in the evening you will probably see your guilty deserter return. I was never so much away from home in my life. It seems like a violence almost that severs me thus from you. I can hardly understand how it has come to pass that I have thus turned my back on all that binds me to the earth,—binds me stronger than I ever realized before. The

Lord be with you, and with our dear child, and keep both you and yours safely. H. BUSHNELL.

While he was at East Hampton, his wife at home received the sad news of his mother's death, and sent it to him at once; but communication was so slow that he did not hear of the event in time to be present at her funeral in Brockport, N. Y., where she had died. It had been a subject of tender regret with him that his mother had been uprooted from the old home in New Preston, and that, so late in life, his parents had attempted to organize a new home in the West. The hard-working life had been unremitting in its cares and labors even to the end; and he said more than once, with moistened eyes, that he did not doubt that all these things (the work and the late removal) had conspired to shorten that life so dear to him. Eagerly as he embraced work himself, rugged and unsparing of his manly strength as he was, he had a chivalrous sympathy and tenderness for working-women in their hardships, which, doubtless, sprang from his memories of his mother and her labors.

Joy followed pain in quick succession. In September, shortly after his return home, his first and only son was born. Writing of the event to his wife's mother, Mrs. Apthorp, he speaks thus of "the little gentleman:" "I suppose I ought to bulletin the first sign of intelligence, given some four or five days ago in the shape of a very gracious and meditative smile, which, doubtless, he will repeat on sundry occasions yet to come, as he has done already. Do tell us what to call him, so that we shall think it the very best name in the world." But the mother thought "the very best name" was Horace, which was, accordingly, given to the child.

In the spring of 1839, he was complaining again of throat trouble, and in July was glad to make his escape for a time to Saratoga.

To his Wife.

Saratoga, Sabbath Evening, July 7, 1839.

MY DEAREST MARY,—You told me that I must not write you a hasty letter, though I am not certain how much you

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will gain by the requisition; for it may turn out here, as it does with my sermons, that the quickest work is the best. I arrived here yesterday, as I expected, and found a lodgment at the Union Hall, where I am for the present. I am pleasantly disappointed in Saratoga. It is destined to become a very beautiful place, as well as a resort of disease and fashion. Whether the waters will do me any good is, of course, to be decided, though I hope for the best.

But among all the pleasant things, and above all besides, is that which I always realize when I go from home,—that I begin at once to find my thoughts turning thither and revolving with a newly recruited desire about the place. No sooner do I find myself at rest, and free in the play of my natural thoughts and feelings, than a sweet sense of estrangement begins to creep over me. In such a case, it is truly most delightful to see how sweetly what is left behind insinuates its presence. The walk, the solitary chamber even, are haunted unawares by a feeling which must be called social. The tone of conversation, the opinions expressed, are moulded or sentimentalized by that same thing which I have called a sweet sense of estrangement, and which is, in fact, a very present presence. [I recollect, as I write, that in reading a treatise or exposition of Quaker doctrine, which I have been doing to-day with much real edification, I was half converted by the very handsome, if I should not say beautiful, argument offered in honor of a woman ministry. If I should return a Quaker for your sake, I trust you will be ready to become a Quakeress for mine. Indeed, if I cannot get over my present difficulty, the pleasant relief of Quaker silence may further constrain me, and you will then be able to exercise the gift which I have lost. . . .]

Your husband, HORACE BUSHNELL.

In the following September, he delivered, before the Society of Inquiry at Andover, Mass., an address on "Revelation." The time set for the address was anticipated by a week, and he was not aware of the fact until the Sunday night preceding the Tuesday on which the yet unwritten ad-

dress was to be given. He shut himself up all day Monday, jumped into the stage at sundown, the ink still wet on his manuscript, rode all night to Worcester, and on the next day to Andover, where he arrived just before dinner, and immediately after gave his address. Necessarily it was hasty in form; but the material had long been in his mind, had already been studied in college days, and was destined to become central in his system of thought. The subject was Language, its use in figures, and its methods of interpretation, especially as applied to Biblical statements concerning the Trinity. The doctrine here first broached was, according to orthodox standards, not less than heresy. Such he felt it to be, and knew that he was now taking that first step which costs so much. Out of health as he was already, he looked to the consequences with some grave apprehensions, shown clearly in the following letter to his wife, which was written during his absence, and while he was making a little visit to a college friend:—

Byfield, September 7, 1869.

My dear Mary,—I have not yet received any notice of your whereabouts; but I feel this morning as if I wanted to have a little talk with you, and will try to give my letter an address that will find you out, at any rate. I am enjoying a very pleasant time here, of course; but not so pleasant that my mind does not often turn towards my dear home, and the dear wife in whom my heart has so sweet a repose. My home is more a home to me than it ever was. I linger round it with a domestic love which I seem never to have realized before, except in some partial degree. Perhaps it is owing partly to the plans we have been moulding together for the advancement of our children, the disinterested and somewhat self-denying expedients we have been projecting. But wife and children,—a wife the dearer because she is the mother of my children; children the dearer because they are the children of my wife; home sanctified by the common endearments of both,—these are the thoughts and images that visit me with their fresh and gentle influence. I call myself a husband and father, consider the dependence which hangs on me, propose

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to do more for my dear family, revolve the possibility that I may not be able to do what I would for them, feel a shade of melancholy, hope, waver, turn to God, who is the defender both of myself and them, and there rest,—rest the more sweetly because of my frailty and my love together. I cannot but feel a degree of anxiety about myself in regard to my future health, which is constantly acting on my love to my family. This disease hangs about me, and I am afraid is getting a deeper hold of me. Not that I seem to have been specially injured by my late task in the Andover matter, for I was borne through it quite above my expectations; but the mischief clings to me, and will not let me go. In the hasty scratch I sent you in the turmoil of the anniversary, I told you generally how I succeeded. . . . I said some things very cautiously in regard to the Trinity which, perhaps, will make a little breeze. If so, I shall not feel much upset. I have been thinking lately that I *must* write and publish the whole truth on these subjects as God has permitted me to see it. I have withheld till my views are well matured; and to withhold longer, I fear, is a want of that moral courage which animated Luther and every other man who has been a true soldier of Christ. Then, thinking of such men lately, I have often had self-reproaches which were very unpleasant. Has my dear wife any of Luther's spirit? Will she enter into the hazards and reproaches, and perhaps privations, which lie in this encounter for the truth? Strange, you will say, that I should be talking, in the same letter, of doing more for my family and of endangering all their worldly comforts. But I am under just these contending impulses. However, in what way shall I do more for my family than to connect their history with the truth of Christ? How more, for example, for our dear boy than to give him the name and example of a father who left him his fortunes, rough and hard as they were, in the field of truth? But will not God take care of us? These are thoughts which have been urging me for the last few months, or since the shock that has befallen my health. And I have sometimes felt afraid that I should be obliged to leave the world before my work was done. Shall

we go forward? If I receive notice that you are at home, I shall be at home, I think, Wednesday or Thursday of next week.

In another letter to his wife occurs the following passage:—

Saratoga, July 15, 1839.

... There is one grand rectifier of man, and only one, in which I have confidence,—religion and the grace of God. This is a remedy which comprehends everything. And the more I think of it, the more clear does it seem to me that our eyes must turn hither. It moves from a point back of all difficulties, and supersedes them by a comprehensive, blessed, overflowing influence. I certainly would not discourage the seeking out special faults, and the endeavor to correct them by good resolutions. I have some on hand which I hope to observe; but, after all, I can hardly confide in anything but a truly pious spirit of life. Perhaps God will teach us, my dear, to exercise such a spirit by calling me off from my office and resources, by reducing us to the humility of want and pious dependence on him.

A postscript to his little daughter followed:—

Dear L.,—I thank you very much for your sweet little letter. If you learn to read and write, you will be able very soon to write me little letters with your own hand. I hope you are learning very fast. I shall be at home in just a week more, and I hope you will be so good all the time till then that your kisses will be very sweet to me. Good children, you know, give sweeter kisses, by a great deal, than bad ones. And God, my child, you know, will help you to be good if you wish to be. He has given you a good mamma, and a sweet little home, and a yard to play in, and everything to make you good and happy. Your father loves you more than he can tell you, and sends his thoughts away in the night into your chamber where you sleep, and prays God to bless you. Good-bye, my child! A kiss. Your Father.

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Already his departure from the accepted standards of doctrine had brought his preaching under the close scrutiny of the conservative part of his congregation. Deacon Seth Terry, once before alluded to as the chief representative of the Old School in the North Church, wrote him in January, 1839, a letter of kind remonstrance on this subject. He said, "I have for some time been exceedingly pressed in my mind respecting my duty to yourself and the church of which you are pastor and I an unworthy member, regarding my views of your public ministrations. . . . Between our views of many of the important doctrines and principles of the Scriptures, I have been more and more convinced of late, and especially since your recent exposition in your doctrinal discourses, there is a wide difference. Had this difference been on minor points, or on those of a controverted nature, I should have had less difficulty, and perhaps have remained silent; but, as I view it, you hold many things which affect and subvert long-established and well-established doctrines and principles, and those in which our churches are at rest and in union." He fears that the letter may seem disrespectful to his pastor (a fault which his respect for the ministry would forbid), and adds, "If, in my endeavors to be plain and explicit, I should seem to be harsh, I assure you that such are my feelings towards you personally, arising from your gentlemanly and Christian deportment, that I should regret it." He then proceeds carefully to instance the points upon which he thinks he sees in his pastor a defection from the true faith, and especially upon the doctrines of regeneration and total depravity or original sin. "I would have a child of mine," he says, "told that he was all the time sinning and rebelling, and that he must yield himself to God as a living sacrifice, and that nothing short of that will avail. . . . The sinner under conviction does not need advice from the minister of Christ to set about praying and striving and doing other penances calculated to satisfy his conscience and make him feel easy, at a point short of submission and love. Universal experience has shown that the Adversary will always help him to do this, and he, often resting on these, comes short of salvation." He

also discusses a sermon which "exceedingly alarmed" him, and parts of which he could not even hear, as "his spirit sank within him." In closing his letter, he again expresses his pain that he is now, for the first time, so unhappy as to differ from his pastor, and that "on doctrines concerning which his own views have not changed for the last thirty years." We have not Mr. Bushnell's answer to this letter, but we find it full of his pencilled notes, and comments on points where he evidently meant, if possible, to satisfy Deacon Terry. The passage on depravity is the only one unmarked by notes, and was doubtless, both in his view and Deacon Terry's, unanswerable. The letter, with its blue paper, quaint handwriting, and formal manner, is a complete embodiment of the theology it represents, and recalls vividly the state of sentiment and opinion which opposed itself to his teaching.

In December, 1840, he preached and published a sermon on American Politics. The national questions of the hour were always full of excitement to his mind, and he kept a keen eye upon all public tendencies which might endanger the body politic. In this sermon, he called attention to some dangers which looked then most imminent, and also to some which had only just begun to loom upon the horizon, and which are vital questions in the country to-day. To the latter class belong the two following quotations:—

"We are led to inquire what part is proper to the women of our land in these political strifes. It is worth noticing that of the two women most conspicuous in the history of our Lord's trial-scene, Pilate's wife, who stayed at home, gave him some good advice, which it had been well for him to follow; while the busy maid, who went, actually faced down an apostle, and made him lie and swear as vilely as the worst man could. Some, I know, are pleased to unite the ladies in their political demonstrations, because their presence greatly conduces to preserve order and decorum. And doubtless it does in its first effects. It is an honorable distinction of our country that we pay so delicate a respect to the female sex, and that our roughest men, our roughest assemblages, are seen to be softened and dignified by their presence. But I am greatly jealous still of the future effects that will follow if the practice alluded to be continued. It will not take many years of rough publicity, in these ways, to make our ladies mere women to us, and abolish the delicate respect we

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yield them. . . . I should be silent on this subject were it not for the revolution which is beginning to appear in the manners of the female sex in a certain section of our country. I am anxious that such a revolution should have no general countenance anywhere. Perhaps I am unreasonably anxious; but if that revolution is to go on as it has begun, it will certainly destroy some of the most precious and best influences we have left. Do save us one half of society free of the broils and bruises and arts of demagogy! Let us have a place of quiet, and some quiet minds which the din of our public war never embroils. Let a little of the sweetness and purity, and, if we can have it, of the simple religion, of life remain. God made the woman to be a help for man, not to be wrestler with him. This he declared in the grand sacrament of creation, and we have a greater interest in the arrangement as religious beings than many ever stay to consider. Here it is that feeling is kept alive in us, and our affections saved from utter extinction. United here by truth and love, the truth of heaven and the love of God find a place also to enter our hearts. Or if this be too much, our nature is at least prepared, in a degree, to understand and open itself to the blessed approaches of religion. But if to all our present powers of strife and faction we are to add a race of factious women, there will not be left enough of feeling and rest to make life tolerable or allow virtue to breathe." . . .

"Again, we are admonished, in our history, of the depravity of the doctrine which proposes to give the spoils of victory to the victors. Let me take you to the scene where your Lord is crucified, and, after the work is done, I will point you then to four men, not the most worthy, sitting down to parcel out the garments of the crucified Saviour, and casting their lots for the seamless robe he wore. These, too, were receivers of the spoils. Now, this doctrine which proposes to give the spoils to the victors has been imputed mostly to one of our political parties, and, as some suppose, has been avowed by that party. Of this I am willing to doubt. . . . We shall see, perhaps, how far the opposing party will abjure this doctrine of the spoils, and whether it is not yet to be the universal doctrine of politics in the land. If so, then shall we have a scene in this land never before exhibited on earth,—one which would destroy the integrity and sink the morality of a nation of angels. It will be as if so many offices, worth so much, together with the seamless robe of our glorious Constitution, were held up to be the price of victory, and as if it were said, 'Look, ye people, here is a premium offered to every discontent you can raise, every combination or faction you can mention, every lie you can invent. Cupidity here is every man's right; try for what you can, and as much as you can get you shall have.' . . . Only conceive such a lure held out to this great people, and all the little offices of the government thus set up for the price of the victory, without regard to merit, or anything but party services, and you have a spectacle of base-

ness and rapacity such as was never seen before. No preaching of the Gospel in our land, no parental discipline, no schools, not all the machinery of virtue together, can long be a match for the corrupting power of our political strifes actuated by such a law as this. It would make us a nation of apostates at the foot of Sinai."

In the spring of 1840, he received an invitation to become the President of Middlebury College. There were some reasons why, just at this time, the opportunity seemed a good one, and, although most strongly attached to his own people, he found it difficult to decide his duty in the matter. The recent failure in his health, complicated by the uncertainties which arose from newly developed opinions, gave a feeling of instability to all circumstances, either those in which he now found himself, or others which he might choose. The letter to his wife which follows was written on the way to Middlebury to look over the ground:—

Brandon, March 20, 1840.

You see by my inscription that I have not yet reached my place of destination. I am now seventeen miles distant, and I shall have to travel pretty much all night to reach my goal. I reached Rutland, thirty-two miles off, on Wednesday evening, at half-past ten o'clock, in a little lumber-box, one-horse wagon for a stage. Mr. P——, a member of the corporation, sent me on from Rutland to Mr. C——'s, in Pittsford, in the afternoon, to await the stage, which did not arrive till the evening. About ten o'clock, Thursday evening, it came on,—an open wagon, in the most drenching storm you could wish. I declined the honor of a seat. Mr. C—— brought me on to-day, eight miles to Brandon, where I am waiting for the said open wagon again, with a fine prospect of a storm. I must go now, rain or shine. I think of you much and often, my dear wife, and the more tenderly that your fortunes may possibly be so much tried in the matter I have on hand. On setting off from Hartford, the thought of you in this matter took possession of me, and I could not get free of it all day. It seemed almost like a half-cruel errand on which I was going, and not the less so, that I knew you to be so willing to

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have me do as my duty should direct. . . . I hope our dear boy is not sick, though I think of him with constant anxiety,—anxiety which is quite as much concern for you, however, as for him. I hope for the best, of course. Now, a word to L.

Dear L.,—I told you that I would write you a letter, or a part of one. I have been looking out on the way to see if I could find any little L., and I have seen only one that was at all like you. I did see one little girl-face at the window that was so like you that I really wanted to kiss her; but I concluded not to stop the stage for it, and perhaps she would not have been willing if I had. Besides, it was not you, and it would have done me no good. I hope you are as good as you know how to be, and that is very good indeed. I hope you will pray for your papa that God will keep him safe and show him what is his duty. So good-night.

Your dear papa, H. Bushnell.

After his return, he wrote to his wife in New Haven:—

Hartford, April 14, 1840.

My dear Mary,— . . . I found an invitation in the office to go to New York, and speak for the Home Mission Society at their anniversary, which I have declined. To-morrow evening I have to deliver my lecture at Springfield. I have to attend the temperance meeting this evening, to write a fast-day sermon, to answer Middlebury, to prepare for the Sabbath, etc., etc. So you must not expect me to die from loneliness this week.

I discovered, after I reached home, that this is my birthday. Thirty-eight years old! Alas! alas! What have I done in these thirty-eight years but grow old? What good have I done? Probably I shall never see thirty-eight years more. Would that the years which remain, be they many or few, might be given all to my Master, and that I might not be compelled to blush at the judgment-seat if he should say, "Well done."

Oh that this case were decided, and rightly! I am sure if I knew what my duty was, I would take it.

I thank you, my beloved wife, for the considerateness, and, as I think, true-hearted interest, you have taken in this matter,—your readiness to hear evidence, to yield yourself to my duty, and sacrifice even objects very dear to you, for no better reason than the advancement of my mind and my studies. It has brought the tears into my eyes more than once, when alone, to think on your truly devoted spirit. Love to the children. Your husband, H. BUSHNELL.

He at last decided to decline the offered position at Middlebury and to remain in Hartford. He went on, the same year, to settle himself more to his mind in a new house, again one of his own planning and building. He was ridiculed for his choice of a site "in the fields," as people said, and on a street as yet unopened, and which he himself christened Winthrop Street. The situation commanded a fine view of the Connecticut River and valley; and the fields, then unbroken in their verdure by the presence of a single building, made a delightful playground for the children. His own study window looked eastward, and gave him, while at his work, the refreshment and inspiration of a lovely prospect. Here he lived till the day of his death, and here his family still linger.

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CHAPTER VII.

1841–1845.

DEGREE OF D.D.—SECOND COMING.—LECTURE AT HUDSON.—DEATH OF HIS SON.—PROTESTANT LEAGUE.—CATHOLICUS.—PUBLISHED ARTICLES AND ADDRESSES.—LETTERS.—ILL-HEALTH.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Horace Bushnell, about this time, by the Wesleyan College at Middletown, Conn., and would probably have been declined if it had come from an older college, as he did not highly value either the title of Doctor or the significance of the degree. But he could not without discourtesy refuse the offered honor from an institution in its youth, and struggling for a place among other colleges. The same degree was afterwards bestowed by Harvard, and, toward the very close of his life, the degree of LL.D. by his Alma Mater, Yale.

In the following fragment of a letter to his wife, written from Plymouth, Conn., in September, 1841, we have his revived impressions of his native Litchfield County:

"As for myself, I am able to tell you that I begin to enjoy these country scenes with a fresh relish. Saturday afternoon I set off from Mr. Lyman's on foot, and scoured two of the mountains south of the town all over. The scenery from their tops and sides was truly delightful. It has a natural and yet a new look to me—natural because memory and old associations give it a color, new because I see it with more cultivated eyes, and am able to relish it with a more earnest feeling. On both accounts it was one of the most delightful afternoons I ever spent. I never had my heart more crowded with feeling. I was like a boy who had been absent a long time and now returned to his old home, where they all come

round, exclaiming, 'How he has grown!' It was only *Nature* that told me I had grown, and she seemed to do it in such a motherly way that I felt myself her son more certainly than ever. You see how it goes. If I should return to you a poet, you need not wonder. I do think that this visit to the old scene of my childhood and youth will do more to bless me, to revive, emancipate, and refresh my feelings, than any travel among new scenes and wonders that I could have chosen. I am really thankful that my mind was turned in this direction. Exactly how and where I am going I do not know."

A kind old friend and parishioner wrote him a letter of gentle admonition, and pleaded with him to give attention to the doctrine of the Second Coming, which she had much at heart. He replied as follows:

Hartford, July 18, 1842.

My dear Mrs. B——,—I have read your letter, and before God I thank you for it. I regard it not with offence, but rather as the strongest proof of friendship you could give me. I am afraid I have not another friend among all my people who would undertake thus to warn me and reprove me. I think I see that it costs you a great struggle to do it, and I make no doubt that you are somehow instructed or moved of the Spirit. Your letter shows me that you do earnestly pray for me. Would that I could think as much of all, or even a considerable number, of the church! I hope you will not be discouraged, or desist, if your prayers do not result as you yourself would wish, or as you now seem to expect. I certainly think that I have a "great work to do for my own soul and that of my people," as you express it; but you are greatly mistaken, I think, as to the kind of work I have to do. I felt your reproof not a little till I came down to the matter of the Second Coming, which to you, I perceive, is the great burden of it. But it would be very difficult for me to take what you have to say to my conscience. You ask of me to examine the Bible on this subject. Why, my dear woman, I have done it, with greater care and with a more steady disposition to submit my mind to evidence, I am confident, than God ever vouchsafed me in anything else, and I am as cer-

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tain as I can be that what you believe so earnestly is all a delusion. Nor am I quite able to believe that I have not enjoyed some advantages in this examination that you have wanted. I cannot, therefore, take up the question as you request of me. I have no time to spend in a work so unprofitable, and in regard to which I am so well settled in my opinion.

What then? Are you deceived in regard to your prayers and the dealings of God with you in them? I will say for your comfort that you may be in a mistake as to the precise meaning of the Spirit in his dealings with you. He may intend that you shall do me great good in some other respect than the one which seems to fill your mind, and that I, in turn, shall do you good by clearing your mind of an unprofitable delusion. Let me ask you to read the first article of the last No. of the *Biblical Repository*, which I think will give you some valuable instruction. God may intend to answer your prayers, he may have testified his acceptance of them, but the answers may come in a different shape from what you now expect. I am anxious to believe that they will be answered, and I can imagine ways enough in which they might do me a great deal more good than in making me a believer in your doctrine of a Second Coming. So pray for me still and ever, and do not interpose your new faith in God's way, so as to hinder your prayers. He will be more likely to hear you if you do not prescribe to him. I shall always remember your kindness of old when I first came to Hartford. May the Lord ever be with you, in the sweetest forms of his grace!

Your pastor, H. B.

Another letter, written the next year, serves to give the balance of his thought on a subject which is rather hastily dismissed in the foregoing.

To Mrs. S——.

Hartford, March 20, 1843.

. . . I am glad to see that you keep clear of any allusion to certain visionary and flighty notions in reference to the de-

struction of the world about this time. These are air-castles, which no argument can demolish. The question you raise, whether the world is to be generally subdued to Christ, is a sober question worthy of a profound attention, and I wish it were discussed much more than it is. . . . You think there are no expressions in the New Testament that anticipate a general spread of the Gospel. Let us see. Christ teaches his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven;" which, to say the least, discloses a hope that his kingdom is to come in a very general, if not universal, spread. Else, why teach us to pray thus? Why encourage us to pray for a thing not to be hoped for? Then, again, he commanded his followers "to preach the Gospel to every creature," which looks as though he expected a general triumph of his cause in the earth. He compared the Gospel to a mustard-seed, and also to "leaven that should work till the whole was leavened." He declared that his angels (which means his ministers and missionaries) "should go forth with a great sound of a trumpet, and gather his elect from the uttermost parts of the earth." All of which is the high-wrought phraseology of prophecy to denote the spread of his Gospel. He declared that his coming should not be here or there, not visible, but, like the lightning, glancing from one end of the world to the other. You argue from the silence of Paul that he had no expectation of a general triumph of the Gospel. But Paul was not silent. He says that the Jews are finally to be brought back from their apostasy after the fulness of the Gentiles is come in. See the whole of Romans xi. He declares that "Christ must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet;" — that God has "purposed in the fulness of time to gather together in one all things in Christ." He quotes Isaiah, and says, "All shall know me, from the least to the greatest." The very passage to which you refer, in Second Thessalonians, proves against you, — "Whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming." The true idea is that the Man of Sin is to be destroyed, or have his empire demolished, by the power of Christian truth and by the glorious brightness

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and effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness. On the whole, I think you may cease to feel that the New Testament is silent in reference to the spread and universal victory of the Gospel.

Add to the above,—1. That the spirit of the Gospel is universal love, and that it seems in its very nature to reach after all nations; 2. That up to this time there has been a general progress, even from the beginning; and, 3. That things now indicate a great and blessed change: the world is just now laid open, the dark places just begin to see light; and the arts, and inventions, and political doctrines of liberty in the world, all coming to maturity in these last days, indicate a good day for the world. Things prophesy as truly as the Word, and we must put all God gives us together.

In February, 1842, he went on a little lecturing tour to Bridgeport, Brooklyn, New York, and Norwich. The next summer he was invited to deliver a Commencement address at the college in Hudson, Ohio, and gave for his piece, as he modestly calls it, an address on the "Stability of Change." It is with reluctance that we suppress, for want of space, selections from this yet unpublished address. The thought is fresh and stirring, the language fluent, brilliant, and eloquent in a very high degree. It is a little singular that this prose poem was never revised and given to the world. The two letters here given were written on the journey.

Hudson, Ohio, August 8, 1842.

My dear Wife,—You perceive by my superscription that I am safe at the end of my journey. I arrived here a little after twelve o'clock Saturday night, very uncomfortably dusted, long-bearded, and tired. I preached once yesterday; and this morning I am going to work to see if I can reconstruct some parts of my piece, first writing you a few words, in greater haste than I meant to suffer, that I may let you know of my safe arrival. . . . I am very much pleased with what I see in the institution here, and especially with the spirit and character of the professors. But the country! Only think

of a country that has no horizon, or one whose horizon is sunk, gone down out of sight, so that you seem to be living on a shelf that slopes down to an edge and there drops! No sweeping, rounding outline—no distant blue! It makes me think, almost every time I open my eyes, of that sweet back-window and of the eyes that may be looking out of it. Would I could be there too for an hour, enjoying both the sight and the seers,—my own sweet, blessed home! Never did I seem to see so feelingly that our own house and home is the place for us, and that God is specially to be thanked for its comfort and its sweet enjoyments. I hope the dear children are well and happy. Kiss them all for me over and over again, and kiss them, too, not only for their own but for their mother's sake. I wish my letter were a much better one. But you will make it good by your allowance, and by your wish to have me take my time for preparing to be your husband with honor.

Brockport, August 16, 1843.

I write you now from the public hotel of this place, somewhere between half-past eleven P.M. and two to three A.M. I am here waiting for the night line of canal-boat to Rochester. The secret of the matter is this: I learned on Lake Erie, when returning last Friday night, that the Auburn Theological Seminary holds its anniversary on Tuesday and Wednesday,—*i. e.*, to-morrow and the day after. Mr. Badger, of the Home Missionary Society, urged me to go on and be there, and I felt that it would be a great, though unexpected, pleasure. Accordingly, I hastened on, stayed with S—— over Sunday, came over here, and made a visit yesterday at father's, and am now laying my course for Auburn, in the best way at command, after spending the day here. . . . I had a very pleasant time, indeed, at Hudson, partly because I seem to have excited more interest than I anticipated. My address went off, I think, very well,—it was considerably improved by what I had done to it since leaving home. Then, the next day,—Commencement,—after the exercises, they invited me to give my "Life" lecture. It was a somewhat hazardous thing to comply, but I never spoke to a more eagerly atten-

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tive audience. Quite to my surprise, I am nearly convinced of one thing, viz., that my peculiarities of thinking and style, etc., would go down much better at the West than at the East, and partly because they are offended by nothing new, glued to no habits of thinking or not thinking, but ready to catch with eagerness at everything which seems to be true. In a word, they are all alive in this region. I found, too, at the Commencement, more Connecticut people than I should have seen at Yale,—more, at least, that I knew. The Western Reserve is, in fact, a kind of garden at the West, a most glorious exhibition of what it is to be born of a New England stock. When I saw the houses, farms, churches, school-houses, etc., it was a picture of New England over again. I was at home in all but the face of the country, and the perfect dissimilarity of that made the moral identity the more striking. It made the old poet's declaration true of society as well as of the individual,—"they who pass the sea do not change their mind." . . .

I should love, in this quiet, soft hour, to creep in upon the repose of the children, and go round from face to face as a night-elf, lighting softly on their lips and stealing the kisses. You should wake in the pleasant morning, and should not know what makes you all so happy,—the gentle half-dream I might stir in your heads,—stir, but not enough to make you recall it. Take care now, all of you,—L——, the little wheelbarrow gentleman, and the tiny-voiced lady that shouts "Papa" so musically,—one and all, take care, lest one of these nights there should be a thief among you. Cover your blessed faces, lest the night-bee should come without a buzz, feeling the flowers all over with his honey-tube, and robbing them when they do not know it. Stop the key-holes, bar the shutters, and burn a good strong light, for light, they tell us, is the greatest terror of thieves in the world.

I hope that I shall be able to return in good health and spirits, and I know that I shall return with a new opinion of my own sweet home, to embrace you all with a new fondness. There is something exceedingly sweet in these temporary absences. They renew the relish of our affections, and make us

conscious of them. Love is like music. Heard all the while, it becomes a mere noise; but when the noise ceases to be heard—when the ear listens for it in a distant land of strangers and cannot catch the sound,—then does it think the old noise music again. Kiss the children,—farewell.

Your husband, H. B.

During this absence his little boy, whose health had long been a source of anxiety, developed alarming symptoms of brain-disease, and after the father's return he faded rapidly, and died on the 9th of October. The child had been remarkably good and lovely, with a spiritual nature, doubtless prematurely developed under the approach of disease, but, not the less, of an angelic sweetness. On the only son the father had staked his manly hopes, and the loss and disappointment was one that sorely strained his heart, and thrilled with strong vibrations every chord of his spiritual being. It was a heavy blow, never to be forgotten,—one which influenced his whole future life and character. His thoughts began at once to push on eagerly into the unknown, and he wrote several sermons on the "Life of Heaven." When, a year or two after, he went into the country to preach for an old friend, the latter noticed an increased fervor in his preaching, and in intimate talk perhaps alluded to it, when he said, earnestly, "I have learned more of experimental religion since my little boy died than in all my life before."

We have a recent letter from the Rev. Dr. O. E. Daggett, who with words of consolation mingled these tender recollections: "My thoughts have run back over many years to intercourse and incidents that permitted me to know him as not many could,—to know him so personally that I read what he wrote with the accompaniment of his tones and movements, and in the light of his eye,—to know him in his insight, and magnanimity, and tenderness, and be familiar with his welcome. Young as I was in the ministry at Hartford, and younger than he, too, in years, I have often remembered his cordial encouragement, and the appreciation, which a stranger might not have expected him to give so readily. His

friendship has been one of the privileges of my life and ministry. . . . I remember that, in an evening sermon soon after the death of his little son, in speaking of heaven, he said, 'Have not I a harper there?' He has now himself enriched that world, to those who are left to think and speak of him as gone thither."

In the spring of 1843 he became interested in the "Protestant League," which afterwards took shape in the "Christian Alliance." To his wife, absent in New Haven, he wrote thus of the formation of the society:—

"Mr. Albinola, an Italian gentleman, whose name I think you have heard, came here on Saturday to move his Italian society. I think he is the finest-looking man I ever met, especially when excited in conversation. He has taken up a good deal of my time, and I now have it on hand to prepare a report, etc., for a public meeting of citizens, in which I am going to recommend, not a 'Philo-Italian Society' but a Protestant League, the object of which shall be, avowedly, to move on Rome itself, and to overthrow the Papacy. . . . My 'Connecticut' comes on poorly. I have done nothing to it. Between designing a communion table, and laying pavement, and preparing candidates for the church, etc., etc., the time has gone, and left me no minute to spare. I shall soon have my hands full in the garden. I told you that solitude had scarcely a chance to come at me. At the table I meet the gray sister, of course." A few days later he wrote again, —"Our Protestant League has not gone far. I drew up a report as long as a sermon, and costing me twice the labor of a sermon. But when the friends came together, timid counsels prevailed. They, however, requested me to transmit the Report to the Philo-Italian Society, as a suggestion to be weighed by them. I claim in the Report that Rome is weaker at Rome than at Cincinnati,—that we can unite Protestants in a movement to complete the Reformation in Italy, when they could not be united in a movement against Romanism in our own country. I also went into a consideration of ways and means for operating in Italy." The Philo-Italian Society had proposed to effect their object through the

agency of Italians themselves, not judging it wise or, indeed, practicable to employ foreigners in such work. "The Christian Alliance" became the title of the society, which excited a considerable interest throughout the country. Dr. Bushnell threw himself into this cause with his wonted enthusiasm, and, during a period of three or four years, spoke for it wherever he had opportunity,—in New York, at the May anniversaries, in '43; and in Boston, to a large and excited audience, in '46. He also carried it through Europe with him. With memories of the Reformation of Luther, freshened by a new Protestant Reformation then stirring in Germany, the prospects of a direct attack upon the Papacy seemed doubtless less shadowy and unsubstantial at that time than now, when the current of political tendencies has swept away the methods and spirit of Luther.

But he was not in danger of working obstructively or blindly. That his insight into the principles which underlie the history of human society was clear, is shown in an address on the "Growth of Law," given before the Alumni of Yale College in 1843, and now incorporated in the book, "Work and Play." This address is a wide and philosophic survey of the growth of the moral principle out of the purely physical elements of the primitive human life, and a hopeful Christian augury of the growth yet to be made in the world's progress. Enriched by abundant citations from history and by the analogies of natural law, and abounding in high strains of thoughtful eloquence, it is certainly a remarkable product of an education and experience so purely provincial as his had been. It must be remembered that our great philosophical writers of history had not then spoken, and that the study of human society had hardly as yet become a science. Although some of Dr. Bushnell's hearers and readers followed his train of thought with a degree of sympathy, there were not wanting many minds to whom it seemed a flight of reason too daring to be either safe or profitable. To this class belonged "Catholicus," an anonymous reviewer, who came out with a pamphlet, "Letter to Dr. Bushnell, on the Rationalistic, Socinian, and Infidel tendency of certain passages in his address

before the Alumni of Yale College." This quaint reviewer, whose catholicity appears only in his name, considers any theory of the primitive life of mankind not to be found in the book of Genesis as rank infidelity, and objects to all analysis of the Scripture narrative from an outside point of view. Writers like "Catholicus" make good mile-stones. They serve to show us how far we have travelled.

In June, 1843, he was in Boston with the great multitude who attended the Bunker Hill Celebration. He speaks of an evening spent with Theodore Parker, when they "went over the whole ground of theology together," and of Ripley, with whom he walked arm in arm in a small army of clergy, in the procession that moved to hear Webster. He stood near enough to Webster to see the working of his countenance, and heard the whole of the great oration; but of the oration he has nothing to say beyond sending a copy of it to his wife that she may judge for herself. He seems to have been more interested in the great orderly crowd than in the speaker, though he was at all times an admirer of Webster. On his return home he wrote of the same visit to his young daughter in New Haven:—

Hartford, July 28, 1843.

My dear Child,—I have been meaning for a long time to write you a letter, in return for the one you were so kind as to send me, but I have been so full of business since I came back that I have hardly been able to find time to sleep. I delight to hear of you often, as I do through your friends, and especially to hear that you are doing so well in every respect,—attending earnestly to your studies, employing your time carefully, and doing what you can to win the esteem of your good friends and companions. Which do you think makes parents happiest,—to hear that their children are happy, or that they make others so? to hear that they are praised, or that they are good? to hear that they excel others, or make friends of them? And what do you think they love to hear most of all?

My dear child, you are growing up into a woman very fast. I have a great desire that you should endeavor to make your-

self the best and loveliest of women, to have a wise character, a gentle heart, pure and simple manners, and, in a word, be such that everybody will be your friend.

I went, you know, to the great celebration at Bunker Hill, and there I saw a great many more people than you ever saw or thought of. It was a very noble sight to see so many people, and not see a bad-looking, wicked man among them. I saw a great many thousand little girl faces there too, from every window and balcony, and roof and door-stone, all glistening with delight, swinging their white kerchiefs, and saying right out, by their joyful looks, that they thought we had the best country in the world, and that that was the happiest day.

Your own father, HORACE BUSHNELL.

The year 1844 was marked by several publications. One was a review of a "Charge," by Bishop Brownell, on the "Errors of the Times," which Dr. Bushnell afterwards sincerely regretted, as too harsh in spirit and discourteous in manner. Other published articles were: "The Great Time-keeper," in the *National Preacher;* "Taste and Fashion," and "Growth, not Conquest, the true Method of Christian Progress," in the *New Englander;* and a sermon, entitled "Politics under the Law of God," which, as he has marked upon his printed copy, "made a breeze." Delivered as a Fast-day sermon, during the Presidential campaign when Henry Clay was a candidate, it had an influence so decidedly against him as to rouse the protests of the Whig hearers, who violently opposed its publication. The following sentence they considered especially offensive; and when the sermon was published by the author, who remained unshaken by the clamor, its omission was urged by some of his own people:—"The man who was foremost in that transaction (the Missouri Compromise), who therein took upon his soul the sorrows of untold millions of bondsmen, and the moral desolation of the fairest portion of the globe, the nation follows with its warmest plaudits and the promise of its highest honors." When published, the objectionable sentence was found accompanied by the following

note:—"It will be seen at a glance that I am not assailing Mr. Clay as a candidate. I only show my point, viz., that the moral wrong of the transaction is now virtually assented to and participated in, politically speaking, by the whole nation. In other words, it is a national sin. We are accustomed on Fast-days to speak of national sins, and deplore them freely. And if our nation ever was guilty of a sin, it was so in this transaction. I have a right to speak of it, and show how far we are conformed to it and contaminated by it. Furthermore, if my object had been to injure Mr. Clay as a candidate, *I should not have assailed the least vulnerable point in his character.*" Charles L. Brace, in a letter about Dr. Bushnell's early preaching, says:—

"Those who recall those years will remember that note, which pretended to be an apology, in his sermon, on voting for the best of two bad candidates, wherein he struck Mr. Clay such a blow as to cost him tens of thousands of votes for the Presidency."

The sermon was, in fact, reprinted, and freely circulated as a campaign document by the other party.

The writings noted as belonging to this time were all, it will be observed, somewhat related to outside matters, and were the outcome of a bold and aggressive spirit. It is, therefore, interesting to find that a sermon on the "Insight of Love," from the text, "She hath done what she could,"—one of the most tender and spiritual in its teachings of those contained in a volume published twenty years later,—was first written in this same year. There were years all through his life when a high tide seemed to set in to every mental inlet, and his work in all directions was great. This 1844 seems to have been one of the tide years.

Cabotville, January (Tuesday), 1844.

My dearest Wife,—I arrived here from Boston at one o'clock to-day. . . . Towne is safe. He began on the Sabbath his undertaking to build up a new church, with his room filled to overflowing. *The Puritan* of last week had an article from some ninny of Connecticut endorsing Catholicus, complaining, too, that I answered C. in so tart a manner. *The*

Christian Register (Unitarian) had also a column and a half extracted from Catholicus, to intimate, I suppose, that I might be leaning towards Unitarianism, though connected with some remarks that evinced a sense of the absurdity of such criticism. So you see that I met myself in Boston in diverse shapes.

Thus much for the news, which I will give you more in particular when I return home on Friday. I have had no little enjoyment of my dear wife and children this afternoon. Sitting here over my fire alone, with nothing to do and my mind at ease, my heart has once more discovered itself, as it were, anew. Oh, this rest, this unoccupied day, — how I do long, for my heart's sake, to have rest! It sweetens my family, makes my love conscious, makes it an enjoyment, and I really seem to live. Never did I realize so convincingly the great power you have over me, and how necessary you are to my well-being. I am sure, too, that there is nothing more beautiful, and more to be envied by the poets, than this same charm of power by which a good wife detains her husband. It is not an ambitious, noisy power; it is silent, calm, persuasive, and often so deep as to have its hold deeper than consciousness itself. She does not take him away from the rough world and its drudgeries — does not make him less than a man, but still he will, in all he does, be *her* man; and if the rough calls of duty which worry him give way for a time, then he discovers that she is still presiding over his happiness and, as a very small helm, guiding his way. He is proud of her without knowing it, loves her when he is too weary or too much bent on his objects to be conscious of his love, deposits his soul in hers, and thinks it still his own. She ministers, and yet is seldom ministered unto. She makes his future and ascribes it to himself.

My dear wife, you wives have much to bear; but is it no compensation to you that you bear it so well,—that you fulfil an office so disinterested, so beautiful? We hear a great deal of maids who are angels, but to me the truest angels on earth are the good wives. I hope you are all well, and that the dear children are as affectionate and good as you desire

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them to be. Kiss them for me, over and over—even as many times as will satisfy L——.

Your own husband forever, H. Bushnell.

In a letter from Washington, April 18, 1844, he says:—"This is a most wretched and contemptible place. How sad that anything which bears the name of Washington should be contemptible! and especially the capital of his country! Every man, woman, and child here is a dependent somehow on the Government,—an office-holder or suitor for office, an ejected officer pining for a change of administration, a boarding-house keeper, a keeper of the public grounds and buildings, a page, a runner, a driver:—the whole concern, buildings and all, have the shiftless, half-made look of servility and dependence. I have been very busy here, ever since I came, at work at my statistics and listening to the debates in the two Houses. I heard a furious debate yesterday, in which I was not a little pleased to see that there is, or appears to be, a tendency growing up among Northern men to coalesce and turn a front against slavery, or, at least, against Southern domination. I find, too, privately, that there is a feeling of stubbornness taking possession of Northern minds, and a determination to be ridden over no longer. I am getting acquainted very fast with men, and faces, and affairs. I should be quite a politician if I remained here long."

In February, 1845, the break-down in health, threatened for so many years, actually came. He was prostrated by a fever, which was followed by soreness of the lungs and other bad symptoms. As the spring advanced he gained by degrees, and speaks in a letter of working in his garden and planning to preach. At this time his salary was raised by his church to $1500. His wife, also in very poor health, had gone away, in March, for a little rest, and he writes cheerfully of the children, begging her to remain away until she is better. "Anything," he says, "is well enough if it is temporary; and if our light is withdrawn only to be rekindled, why, the darkness even will answer for light." In April, however, not mending as fast as he had hoped, he

went, with his friend Dr. Skinner, of New York, to North Carolina.

Edenton, North Carolina, April 17, 1845.

My dearest Wife,—You will get this a day later than I supposed, for it takes a day longer to make the journey to this place. We arrived here last evening about nine o'clock. And it is a new world indeed, new to me in every respect,—a country extending hundreds of miles like a great pancake, without rising in any place more than twenty-five feet above the level of the sea, and most of the way not ten feet; rivers flowing hundreds of miles without flowing at all (as in true Irish, I may say),—a country where slavery unmakes the attractiveness of the great swamp of nature; a country where there is no time, or sense of it, or measure of it; where railroads and steamboats set down for eight o'clock find the hour anywhere between eight and noon. However, it is something to find a warmer sun and a sweeter climate, to hear the birds filling the woods and trees with their music, and notice the flowers loading the air of April with the fragrance of June. I rejoice to say that the heat agrees with me right well; my pain is almost wholly gone. I am sensible of it only in the morning before rising, and then but slightly. I think I shall return quite well. At any rate, a great many sad sentimentalisms or gloomy forecastings about my dear wife and children are quite chased away. Often, very often, in the course of my journey hither, though Dr. S—— was very agreeable, was my heart oppressed, sometimes almost to bursting, by the thought of my dear family,—how little I had done for them which possibly I might, what must be their condition if my health was indeed finally broken, how I could leave them if I must leave the world. Such thoughts haunted me all the way, I may say, till I began to have some superstitious feeling about them, some apprehensions that they were connected with some accident or fate that was about to end me. I sighed, I prayed mentally, I felt my heart rising to pour out its tenderness. In short, I never travelled in such a mood before,—realizing at once my weakness, my shattered state, as never in my whole sickness; and

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the deep tenderness of my love to you, its strong necessity, its inextinguishable power, as never before in my life. I look back now, and see how far a strong man may be reduced towards a state of childhood. I probably shall return to New York the latter part of week after next. It is now a time of dreadful drought here,—no rain for seven weeks. But a shower begins to sprinkle as I write. The whole Dismal Swamp region—thousands of square miles—has just been overrun by a terrible fire. Love to all inquiring friends. A kiss to our dear children.

Your husband, H. B.

On his returning, still far from well, his affectionate people determined to send him to Europe for a year, continuing his salary and paying his expenses. All arrangements completed, he sailed on the ship *Victoria* on the first of July, 1845.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY IN EUROPE.

A voluminous journal, faithfully but hastily written in the midst of his wayfarings, is the record of this foreign journey. The following extracts from this and from his letters are given, not with the purpose of leading the reader in a continuous line of travel over paths since then too well worn, but for the sake of showing what the thronging impressions of such a journey were to the traveller whose mental growth had been hitherto of necessity much from within.

On one of the Sundays of his voyage he preached a sermon written on board ship,—a hasty production, but one so full of life and beauty that it is said to have excited the greatest interest among the passengers.

The friendship with Captain Morgan, then begun, was one of the chief pleasures of the voyage. Dr. Bushnell shared with many men of letters the kindly hospitalities on sea and shore which Captain Morgan delighted to bestow, and which have caused his name to be associated with the literature of his time. Among the passengers was Bayard Taylor, then a young writer unknown to fame, in whose evident, though undeclared, abilities Horace Bushnell took a quick interest. The pleasant acquaintance of the voyage was afterwards kept alive by Mr. Taylor's occasional visits.

In his first letter, written on shipboard, to his wife, he says:—

We have a very pleasant company of passengers, and the captain is as fine a fellow as I ever expect to see anywhere. I wish I could give you any impression of the sea, but I despair. Put down this first of all, that you can never see the water more than four miles distant. The heavens make a great bowl over you, and you go on, on, on under the bowl. In the night, if you go on deck and it is cloudy, you can see nothing save the ship and the foam around it. The motion seems more rapid by far than it is. On one occasion the ship

seemed like a spirit rushing through outer darkness and dashing the brimstone fires about along its path. In a bright sunshine nothing can exceed the life and brilliant animation of the scene, when the waves are tossing into crests of foam, a whole liquid acre in each, the ship throwing up her head into the air, then plunging down the other side of a billow; the water colored by reflection of the deep unearthly blue of the sky, the surface gleaming joyfully, and dancing like a lively girl; and a solemn, stately roar filling the whole circumference of nature, like an anthem rising to God from a new-created world. If, having your direction across the waves, you cast your eye forward over the bow of the ship and hold it there, so as not to bring the side-waters into view, you see, of course, only the side of the waves that is sliding down towards you, and you seem to be rushing up a tremendous river that is pouring down like the rapids of Niagara upon you. The impression is awful and sublime beyond conception, and not the less so that you seem to be still victorious, pressing up and up with an undiscouraged power, breasting the everlasting river and braving its tumult.

Well, here I am, separated by three fourths the width of an ocean from all that is dear to me on earth—alone, alone. I go out at the sunsetting and early evening, and hang my legs over the stern of the vessel, and sit with my face to my country and my dear wife and children, with how many and strange thoughts contesting in me. What are they doing? Their conversation? Do they look upon this moon with me? Are they sad or happy? O God, all is known to Thee! Thou art our common bond of love, our preserver, the author of all we have enjoyed in our earthly union. Keep her, keep them all!

To the Same.

Bristol, July 24, 1845.

. . . On the afternoon of the 19th we had a splendid and exciting scene. I was in my berth, just falling into a sleep, when they came rattling at the door to say that some great ships were at hand. While I was debating whether to get up, they came again, crying out, "A fleet of war!" I went on

deck, and it was indeed a splendid sight, as the ships were rising up like mountains of canvas, the sunlight on the side towards us, and rushing down before the wind upon us. Within half an hour we were in the very midst of them, sailing through their line. The fleet consisted of ten line-of-battle ships of the largest class, including a steam-frigate. To me it was peculiarly impressive, because it was the first demonstration of England. Drawing near her coast and looking for the shore, here she pours the volume of thunder and power by which she has ruled the sea and made herself great in renown. I felt the scene more as a symbol than as a mere fact. Its import was its sublimity. On Monday, the 21st, we were boarded by a pilot off Lizard Point. Considering that the east wind at this season is likely to hold, I, with eight other passengers, went on board the pilot-boat, and reached land at Falmouth at seven o'clock, about nineteen days and three quarters from Sandy Hook. As we neared the shore and coasted along it, I was impressed with a new feeling by the shore itself—a bold, perpendicular rock, sometimes rising into a turret as high as the land adjacent, but generally meeting and supporting a very steep declivity of land, one fourth or half the way up, the land in full and high cultivation down to definite lines of meeting with the rock, green with pasture (where the herds must needs look out, or they will slip off the wall of England into the sea) or waving with wheat and barley—all of which, again, was a fine symbol of England, an old country, cultivated to the last inch of land, and walled about like a fortification or military post in the sea. . . .

Next day, rode on the royal mail-coach, in less than ten hours, more than a hundred miles on the gallop and the run, up and down long, steep hills of macadamized road to Exeter. Here I saw cultivation contending with the moors that cover the high hills, vast landscapes of rolling field in high production, where it is so bleak that not a tree grows; the mines of tin, iron, and copper tearing out the bowels of the earth and building mountains of rubbish; the tall ventilators and chimneys crowning the hills and rising in the valleys; yonder a rock rising in front of a church and overtopping it, when in

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all the rolling landscape not a rock or stone can elsewhere be seen; and there, on a conical pile shooting up into the clouds, a church built by a mariner as the fulfilment of his vow. Here, in Exeter, I spent the morning of yesterday in Rougemont Castle and the Cathedral. The Cathedral is a grand old structure of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It has the grandest organ in England. I was there at the morning service, and the music, rolling over the screen and through those long sweeps of arch, was enough to make an American feel all over. The service was music throughout, the architecture was music. I came away, and brought on here a cathedral with me. But somehow I lost it in the night, and do not find myself any better Christian this morning than I was yesterday. I attended this morning the Cathedral service in Bristol. I looked into the choir, and saw there an old negro, only, to be edified, and he rolled up his eyes at me with a kind of official look, as if all the religion belonged to him. Doubtless it was his standing business to be the worshipper. In marched a troop of boys in white, two priests, vergers, etc., and the service began. I then took a peep through the glass of the door, and behold the boys, who were chanting away at the Lord's Prayer, were grinning at each other as if it was all a joke.

On the first of August he left London for a trip through Oxford and other places of note to Chester. Of Kenilworth and Coventry he wrote as follows to his wife's mother, whose Davenport ancestors had lived in Coventry:

Birmingham, August 4, 1845.

. . . The ruins of Kenilworth I will not undertake to describe. They cannot be described so as to give you the feeling which is all in all. What tournaments have here been celebrated! Here was the tilt-yard, here the prison, here the painted Gothic window of the great banqueting-hall. There hung the clock whose hands were set at two, the banqueting-hour when Queen Bess came here as a guest, to say that all the time was banquet. Here were siege, and war, and wassail, and treachery, and treason. Now all is silent but the swallows chattering in the ivy-clad towers, and the rain-storm beat-

ing and dripping on a stranger from a new world. I stopped at Coventry on my return,—old, old, old! I entered two grand old churches to look for the Davenports, but questioned the sexton's wife in vain. Two strangers advised me to go into an old hall adjacent to the church. I found it was the Town-hall, called St. Mary's. The windows are of ancient stained glass, with the names of old mayors wrought in, in black letters. In the end of the hall was a fresco, vastly older than the art of painting. Some workmen who were fitting up this place for a court showed me a door opening into the Justices' room. I entered, found it hung with portraits, and there, behold, between Queen Elizabeth on one side and James I. on the other, was Davenport—a fine, sober, stately-looking man in a scarlet robe, with a sash, a ruff, a cap, and gloves in hand. His face is longer than old John's,* with a great deal more of sentiment.

We must not tarry over his descriptions of Oxford, Warwick, and Chester, though he deeply felt their ancient charm. At Liverpool he took steamer for Glasgow, and thus had a glimpse of the Scotch coast. At Glasgow, "sick at heart of being forever a stranger," he presented letters, but was singularly unfortunate in finding every one absent or indifferent. He was therefore glad to push on in his solitude to the Lakes, where he found Nature's hospitalities and a free and simple society awaiting him.

Inversnaid, Scotland, August 10, 1845.

My dear Wife,—It will require a little of geographical detail to tell you where I am. Take your map, follow up Loch Lomond northward till you come to a point against the upper extremity of Loch Long, a salt-water bay connected with the Clyde. I am on the right hand of Loch Lomond, at a point about four miles farther up than the one just named, where tourists cross over to Loch Katrine. I am in a snug little house, the only one in sight on this shore—a house of one story, in a little seven-by-nine room under the roof, having one scuttle-window, through which I look out on the lake and the beautiful scenery of

* The ancestor of the American branch of the family.

glen and mountain on the opposite shore. Close by the house, a cataract leaps down among the rocks from one shelf to another till it is lost in the lake. This, I suppose, once turned a mill, for the place is called Inversnaid Mill,—the scene is that of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl." A mile distant is the cave of Rob Roy. I pass to-morrow climbing over the rocks on my Shetland pony, five miles to Loch Katrine, the original residence of Rob Roy, and the hut where Helen Macgregor was born. Read the "Gathering of Clan Gregor" and the song of Roderic Dhu, call up the old days of black-mail, the scenes of feud and blood, and you will have the historical geography of the place at least. Nothing can possibly exceed the beauty, the natural romance, if I may so speak, of this same Loch Lomond. The bare, green, rock-ribbed hills piercing the sky and almost tearing it, one might fancy, with their sharp, jagged outline; the glens opening between the peaks, and showing one platoon of mountains behind another; the cloud-shadows floating across them, and on the lake, in which they are reflected; the light streaming down aslant the irregular face of one hill, while another is under a deep, murky shade, bringing out the golden yellow from the greens wherever it strikes, and showing the very line of the pencil, as you sometimes see it in the clouds; the eternal rock played with and upon by the changing hours,—if this be not beauty, I know not what can be. Yes, my dear wife, and it is society too! . . .

I came up the lake, of course in a rain, for it rains every day. But this morning the weather seemed more clear than usual; and there has been no time since I landed when I seemed to have so much feeling of society as when I looked out of my little scuttle-window on the gorgeous scene of light and grandeur before me. I expected to spend the day here, and to enjoy it too. Indeed, though nobody stops here longer than for a night, I have been half tempted to go into winter-quarters. Knowing that there was no church in the region, I designed to worship in the templed hills, as Jacob did. But I noticed, passing down before the door after breakfast, three rustic Highlanders,—two men and a woman,—dressed in

their Sunday clothes, manifestly; and I went out and accosted them. "Well, my good friends, are you going to church?" "Yes," said the old lady (for such I will call her); "an it may be ye wull go wi' us." "And where are you going?" "To the Free Church at Tarbet." "But that is a great way off, is it not?" "Och," said the old lady, "it is not too far: we go over in a boat, and then it is only about three miles and a half; and a gude, nice road it is." I recollected that it had generally rained in the afternoon, and said, "But it will rain, I fear, and I shall get wet." The old lady was evidently fearful that I was going to profane the day of God by travel, as everybody does here. I saw it in her countenance. She immediately said, in the most respectful manner possible, and with a voice full of softness and persuasion, which made even the rough, hard Scotch a sound of music (what tongue is there that a woman's voice cannot sweeten?), "Yes, sir, but ye maun trust Providence for that." A tear came into my eyes; I could not keep it back. Other words had passed, for the men were forward to urge me to go with them; and as the last Sabbath was their communion, they thought their minister would have something good for me to-day. I determined at once to go with them. I found, too, that they were shepherds, and recollected that the shepherds were a race honored by the first annunciation of the Redeemer and the visit of angels. I felt, too, the sweetness of this Christian love. Here was society, and my impulse was to see what would come of it. I took my seat with them in the boat; found a beautiful, grand road along the other shore, neat enough to grace the entrance to a castle. I talked with the old lady, going on while the men fastened the boat, and learned that she was the mother of twelve children. I told her about America, and found her, as to all matters of religious character, exceedingly correct in her judgments,—wise in the true sense of the term. By-and-by a cart overtook us, and she was invited to ride. I threw in my overcoat, which she brought me after we came to the church, as if she had undertaken to make me comfortable. When the men fell in with others, something was said, I perceived,

about me, and I fell into conversation with them. By-and-by one of my old comrades overtook two very genteelly dressed ladies, who were walking their two miles to church. They shook hands with him very cordially. I joined them, and went into conversation with them. The whole scene was so primitive and picturesque, and withal so beautifully Christian, that my heart overflowed with delight. The church was a little snug building, and in a style of simplicity suited to the people. Nothing could exceed the reverent manner of the worshippers. They sang from their old version of the Psalms, the lyrical merit of which you know. A plain homespun fellow, sitting in a little desk under the pulpit, led the singing in an old, nasal, tremulous manner,—Dundee, of course! Then followed a prayer, very laborious and fervent, three quarters of an hour long. A chapter of sixty or seventy verses was read. Then came the sermon, about an hour and a half long, correct in language as could be expected of an educated Highlander, rank limited-atonement, Scotch orthodox, and yet all divine love to a guilty world. The Bible was beaten severely, as if the scourging of Christ was represented in action; and yet it was no pantomime. It reminded me all the way of that old prince of preachers, the Rev. Mr. Mucklewrath. I was carried straight back to the times of the Covenanters, and saw, as I never expected to see, that Sir Walter's pictures are no caricatures. I had, of course, a certain kind of historical interest in the worship; yet I could but think that the old shepherdess would have made a better service. Another singing followed, then a long prayer, which closed the English service. Then, after a dismission, was to follow immediately the Gaelic service, making in all a continuous pull for the stout Highland preacher of about five hours! I retired, and found my way back to my little Scotch chamber, to think of my own dear people and dear wife and children. It was a good day—the best and sweetest I have spent since leaving home. On Monday I passed down Loch Katrine in a row-boat, ten miles, the only passenger. The lower end of the lake is closed in among the Trossachs, wild, broken hills, whose bases are covered with

birch, the greenest and most graceful of trees—sterility and rock made graceful and verdant. As soon as you reach the Lowlands cultivation begins, the very highest cultivation I have seen. . . . I met in the Highlands, and on my way down to Edinburgh, all England going up to the shooting season, which began day before yesterday—dukes, and footmen, and dogs, of course. If they find as many birds as I have seen dogs, they will have a splendid season of it.

To the Same.

London, August 16, 1845.

You perceive that I am now at my old centre of motion. I returned to London last Saturday morning, having swept a path from Newcastle, about three hundred miles, in a single day, and stopped two hours in York to see the old Minster. A most noble structure it is, the finest by far I have seen in England. At Edinburgh I was not fortunate in my letters, though less desperately unfortunate than in Glasgow; Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, Candlish, and Alexander were all out of town. I called on Mrs. G——, and was very kindly received. She invited me to stay to a family dinner, which I could not do; and as she was likely to be compelled to ask me to a formal dinner, which is a somewhat formidable affair, I asked myself to breakfast. I was a little troubled lest I had not done the politest thing possible; but I concluded, on mature deliberation, that it was, on the whole, the best hit in that way that I ever made. At any rate, I thought I could see that I gave a pleasant relief, and was welcomed in a manner that was exceedingly agreeable. Scotland, as you know, is all theology just now, and they have just been trying Dr. Brown for the heresy of a general atonement. Mr. G—— pushed, very naturally, into theology; and I was not reluctant, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing what is the tenor of thinking here. Mrs. G——, too, was quite as deep in these subjects as her husband.

I left Edinburgh on Friday, and stayed for the night at Melrose, close by the old Abbey, which you know is considered one of the most beautiful ruins in the realm. It could

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not well be more so. The Abbey itself is gone; nothing but the church remains, and that only in fragments. I went immediately to view it, in the dusk of evening; ascended a spiral staircase of stone in one of the turrets, and came out upon the arch, once covered with a stone roof, but now loaded, externally, with earth and waving grass,—Sir Walter Scott having had the earth placed on this and one of the other gables to protect it from the weather. I heard a ticking near me, and, while I was listening to find whence it came, the clock struck the hour, in a little bastard turret that had been stuck up in the ruins to serve the purpose,—the only remnant of use in a temple once vocal with chants, and vespers, and matins, and masses for the dead. Time sits upon the ruin, counts the hours, and says, Behold my work!

On the 20th of August, in haste to reach Switzerland before the season should be too far advanced, he left London for the Continent, feeling very solitary. On the boat for Ostend he was accosted by a stranger, who proved to be a young American; and as it was the plan of both to follow the Rhine to Switzerland, they fell into company.

Extract from a published Letter.

The two most striking objects in Belgium,—two that are seen in perpetual proximity and hideous contrast,—are the magnificent churches or cathedrals and the profligate-looking priests. It is not the religious traveller only, looking at objects through the medium of a refined spiritual perception, who makes the observation. The contrast meets the eye like that of light and darkness. One is scarcely ever out of sight of some grand cathedral, never out of sight of the priesthood, who meet him by the roadside, in the rail-cars, at every crossing of the streets, revealing by a certain sensual air and greasy look the loss of that virtue which it is their office to maintain. Never shall I forget the soul-sickness that I suffered, for example, in the great cathedral at Antwerp, watching the confessors' boxes:—on one side an ingenuous-looking boy, or simple, conscientious-looking woman; on the other, a red-faced, sensual son of Eli, in his dirty habiliments, receiving the whisper of a guilty mind, and the simple story, per-

haps, of its struggles with evil,—those struggles which to the mind of God are the purest incense that ever rises from the world of mortals. I was present, too, on the Sabbath, when the vast area of that magnificent edifice was filled with worshippers. I saw the gorgeous rites transacted before the images. I saw the multitude famishing for lack of knowledge in the service of an unknown tongue; and I was able still,—in the grandeur of the place and the assemblage, the magnificence of the rites, the cadence of the response, and the swell of the anthem,—to extract, by a little spiritual alchemy, the food of worship, to bring into play some great, and powerful, and, I trust, good emotions. But when I saw, near the close of the service, the ghostly procession winding through the crowd by my side, the central figure of which was as bloated, sin-worn, sorry-looking a miscreant as I ever beheld, walking in a cloud of incense, and trying to draw an air of sanctimony upon features that refused to be sanctified, my heart sank within me; feeling was gone, worship was ended. I had no alchemy left that could distil another drop of dew or raise another flame of emotion.

I have taken some pains to inquire into the real merits and ascertain the prospects of the new Reformation that is going on, under the first impulse of Ronge and Czerski, in Germany. The secession comprises already a hundred and thirty churches, and, it is computed, about thirty thousand people. At Frankfort they worship at present, I was told, in the German Reformed Church, after morning service of that church is ended; and so great is the crowd that only a fraction of those who come can find a place within the doors. Their worship is in the vernacular tongue, without images, or candles, or incense, and is closely resembled in its form to that of the Lutherans. Preaching is an important part of the service. The controversy is warm and active on both sides, as might be expected. But while the movement has rushed onward thus far with so great power and celerity, many are apprehensive that it will come to its limit and spend itself very soon. Ronge, it is said, is a rationalist; whether justly, or because of the strong antagonistic expressions he would nat-

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urally use in his conflict with the mystical and ghostly doctrines of church authority and the church legends of Romanism, I cannot say. Certain it is that many persons distinguished for evangelical piety want confidence in him. Czerski is supposed to be a true believer, but is still under a cloud of delusions, from which he has only half emerged. He is generally acknowledged, however, to be a truly pious and godly man; but it is a common opinion that neither he nor Ronge is equal to the task of guiding the new Reformation. The common remark is that a Luther is wanting. The accession of Theiner, who is a much stronger man than either, and who, it is supposed, will be called to the charge in Berlin, is thought to be important. He will be able, it is thought, to mould the rather incongruous elements into some shape of uniformity. Otherwise, it is predicted that the followers of Ronge and Czerski, who have hitherto acted with a degree of concert, will not long be held together. A convention was held recently at Leipsic, which was called Council I., to devise some platform of order and doctrine. But it has been represented, I know not with what truth, as a meeting for good eating and drinking, rather than a council of Church fathers. They were able to agree, it is said, only in a single Article, affirming the supreme authority of the Scriptures, leaving it to each congregation to work out its own way, for the present, in all but this, and hoping that time will prepare the way for some more general agreement.

In his journal, side by side with his impressions of the Cathedral of Cologne, — which, he says, "made everything else he had seen appear a mere toy," — occurs this notice of one of the minor churches:—

Cologne, August 27.

I sallied out early for a random tramp through the town. Saw many of the churches. St. Martin's, with many of this region, has what I think is a Byzantine stamp, probably brought from the East by the crusaders. By-the-way, this kind of structure, which is very fine, might, with suitable modifications, take a mould well adapted to Puritan churches in America. It is simple and severe, with sharp roof, tall,

naked spire; windows with rounded tops and cut up by broad mullions, some of them having the parts taller towards the centre; also circular windows, square towers, cornice plain, with pendants in relief on the wall. Generally the end of the choir is a half-circle, with a gallery cut for monks or nuns under the eaves, to show them going to worship.

Heidelberg, September 2.

Rose in the morning and opened my window upon the ruins overhanging my hotel, but with no relish for the prospect. Possibly I am a little nervous from a low diet yesterday. I raised once or twice, as it seemed, from my lungs; fancied I had a bad sensation there, and associated the sign with the lassitude and thinness of flesh which I have suffered for months. Is it possible, I said for the first time, that I am to be the victim of consumption? The question made a struggle in my heart, brought up my family, my people, my sins, my distance from home in a strange land. But I found rest in God, at least some degree of rest. How great a comfort that I can never pass out of his hands in life or death!

This last note, so significant of the future, is immediately followed by a minute description of the castle, which he visited, it seems, as soon as he had breakfasted, showing how little he gave way to feelings of illness and depression.

To his Wife.

Zurich (Sabbath evening), September 7.

I have seen, since I last wrote you, a great many things full of interest and power. I have never been out of sight of a castle, sometimes in full sight of half a dozen at once. Generally they are in ruins; and I could not but thank God, in passing them, that we have now a better day. The Hanseatic League combined to destroy them, and joy be to their ruins! Let them stand for all coming ages as a monument of a day when there was no law.

Frankfort is a very fresh-looking, prosperous town. They have torn down the ramparts, and made them a public walk, or garden, quite round the city. The core of the city is old,

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of course, and crowded, as it must be when walls were wanted for defence. Again I say, God be thanked that a day has come when laws are better than walls.

At Frankfort I had a very curious set of adventures one afternoon, both amusing and touching. I had two letters, one from Mrs. B——, and another from Mr. Weld, which I took a cab to deliver, hoping in that way to find the places. My German cabman knew the Englishman, Dr. Pinkerton, but he took me to another Englishman, as it would happen. While I was stammering with the porter at the door, the gentleman overheard me, and came down. I showed him the address of my letter. He said that Dr. Pinkerton was not in town,—had been absent for some days. He saw that I was a stranger, and felt somewhat lost in my strange language, as, indeed, I did. I never felt my solitude among men so oppressive, and was yet more oppressed by my dreadful cold. As he went to the gate to direct me,—for I concluded to leave my letter with the daughter of Dr. P.,—he said, "And will you not come, sir, and take tea with me to-morrow evening, since Dr. Pinkerton is out of town?" I was never so touched by any act of kindness in my life, and I replied, "You have offered a hospitality so gratuitous and spontaneous that I shall certainly come." After delivering my letter, where I found reason to suspect who my new friend was, I set off to deliver the other. It was to a German who could speak English; but my driver had got it in his head that this also was an Englishman. The name Kosel we read Rosel, also; so he began to inquire of ladies here and there for an Englisher, Rosel, first at one window, then at another. "No, no," said I; "not Englisher — German!" But it did no good. Last of all, he inquired again, the fourth or fifth time, of a young lady in a bower by the garden-fence. My gloom was broken by the hospitality just received, and I fell into a state of glee. I laughed, and the good ladies laughed too. After driving about and about long enough, the fun became exhausted. I stopped the driver, and delivered my letter into the hands of a gentleman by the roadside, who read the name right, and immediately directed the driver to the place. We passed by

the young lady's bower the third time, and stopped at the very next gate, some thirty feet off. The servant showed me up-stairs, and, instead of producing Mr. Kosel, produced his wife. I asked, "Can you speak English?" "No." She asked, "Can you speak French?" "No." Then we went on; she, to tell me, I suppose, that her husband was dead, or beyond sea, or gone to market; I, to tell her who Mr. Weld was. We stammered and stuck in thick darkness, and finally burst out into a loud laugh in our mutual perplexity. She showed me to a seat. Bless me! what could I do by sitting? I took her hand and bid her good-bye, and she bid me *guten* something. I went off laughing, and she stayed, laughing — one echoing the other.

From the Journal.

September 10.

On the way back to Lachen by canal, near Lake Zurich, we came in sight of a bridge which we saw crowded with people. We came to it, and found the whole hamlet of peasants out to witness the departure of emigrants for America. Their faces were full of animation, and some of feeling. It sounded sweetly to me to hear America blended with the strange words that were unintelligible. It brought my country home to me, as dear above all others, to see these people, living in the most beautiful scenery of the world, turning their eyes and their longing footsteps towards America; but sweeter than all, to distinguish among the parting words — *Jesus Christ;* for that bespoke a better country for all. Little do these men, who are lugging their silver on board the boat so earnestly and forsaking their homes, know what awaits them in the fevers, and chills, and toils of a new life in the wilderness. I was deeply moved by this scene, as deeply as by the grandest scenes of nature that I have looked upon. We climbed over the hills, by diligence, to Schwytz, which we reached in the evening. We passed by Einsiedeln, the famous old Abbey whither so many thousand pilgrims go every year. In climbing the hills on foot, I passed by four pilgrims, old and poor, who, I found, were on their way thither.

They were counting their beads and singing their Swiss hymns as they went. Which is actuated by the best and truest piety,—one of these pilgrims, infatuated as they certainly are, in a sense; or I, roving far and near to look on the scenes of nature and the works of man,—all, alas! with so little of earnest, pure devotion? Judge not, that ye be not judged. The descent to Schwytz was by an older road, down, down, down, as if never to stop. The town, pitched together pell-mell, is a queer-looking cup of a place, environed by all that is lovely and sublime. It is situated in one of the most beautiful valleys conceivable: two sharp peaks piercing the sky behind it; opposite, an irregular sweep of mountains, backed by higher summits covered with snow; and in a gap that opens to the north-west, a slip of the Lake of Lucerne, sleeping between the mountains. It was the brave men of this deep, grassy dell who, on the field of Morgarten, gave a name and liberty to their country.

September 11.

About four in the morning the matin bells began to ring, and kept it up at intervals till eight. Unable to sleep, I rose at length, and went across the street to the old church where the mass was performing. The priests' work was mummery, but the people made responses or went through a litany in German, all with loud, full voices, and with a manner of profound devotion. At the close, the priests led forth a procession, with the cross and tall wax-candles, followed by women,—perhaps nuns,—with tapers, into the church-yard. There all, including children, by turns dipped a brush into a vessel of water and sprinkled it with the greatest solemnity on a grave. This is done on the seventh day after interment, on the same day of the next month, and the same of the next year; the burial-service, therefore, is a year long. Can it be less than a merit of the Catholic religion, with all its attendant superstitions, that it keeps up so close and intimate a relation between the living and the dead?

September 20.

I arrived at the top of the Scheideck, about seven thousand feet above the sea, close under the magnificent peak of Wet-

terhorn. . . . It greatly aided the impression here that clouds were lying against the mountain and folding themselves about it as a veil, just opening occasionally to reveal the summit hung in mid-heaven, as it were, over us. We descended a little way, but lingered near the pass till almost sundown. As in a deep dell, far down below us, lay the green valley of Grindelwald, sprinkled all the way up to the highest line of pasture on both sides with the summer huts of the cheese-makers. Above was the peak of Wetterhorn, and Mettenberg and Eiger on the east, heading off the valley.

We found a boy with a loaded blunderbuss ready to give us an echo, which rattled and pealed and cracked with reduplicated noises like thunder, far up and away among the veiled tops of the Oberland, drawing a response from each. Then we fell to trying our voices through a flaring wooden trumpet that was offered us. I found that my loudest bass shout produced an effect almost superhuman, and I was tempted and urged to continue it, till I was quite hoarse. Up rolled the sound into the unknown, misty world, prolonging itself in swells and pulsations so seraphic that it seemed as if the choirs of heaven had replied. I never could have thought it possible for any single note to have such a depth and ravishing power. Not all the notes I ever heard had so much music in them.

Presently the veil began to grow thin. Looking up, we saw far up in the sky a pure white terrace, like a battlement of the upper world, shining faintly through; and while we were gazing and wondering at the stupendous height, we saw breaking forth, still far above on the right, a tall granite pinnacle, and suddenly again on the left another, yet a thousand feet higher.

September 21 (Sunday).

A most beautiful day, passed at Grindelwald. Our hotel is close under the mountains which terminate the valley on the east. Wetterhorn and Eiger overhang it, and a glacier lies close under it on the east. The garden seems to smile with flowers, close upon it. Went to church in the morning to see worship, *i. e.*, Protestant worship,—I had seen Romish

before. The old church was crowded with men and women, all in their Sunday dresses of homespun,—hard, brawny faces, dark with toil, and sharp also. A man was reading Scripture to them from the choir. When the minister entered they all rose. The most perfect order and stillness prevailed. They stood in prayer without exception, the men with their faces in their hats. I understood not, yet I felt the worship, that there is "neither Greek nor Jew." Howbeit, there are walls of language. The beautiful smiling valley, the grandeur of the overhanging Alps, the snows, fit emblems hung out in heaven to incite to purity of heart,—all made it a pleasant day

September 22.

Started early for the Wengern. . . . Nothing can exceed the beauty of these Alpine views, when from high ground we look down into some deep gulf of green, and across to a snow-crowned region of peaks, only now and then displaying their outline, and sometimes making a landscape above the clouds and under them at the same time. The light is so magical, blue and white, shade and sun, depth and height, all blended into one picture, and that varying its forms and colors every moment. The Jungfrau, which is the finest of the range, was under a veil of cloud as we rounded the Wengern and descended under it. The clouds, we hoped, would blow away; but I know not what we should have gained in impression, for the incessant rock and thunder of the avalanches in the top, far beyond our sight, indicated below only by torrents of powdered ice, made an impression of sublimity and awe that was but the deeper for the clouds. The very clouds themselves seemed to be ice-powder smoking in the air; indeed they were so, in fact. The mountain smoked and thundered in the midst; only the wrath was cold, not hot; but it was even the more terrible on that account—for when is Jehovah's throne so dreadful as when it quakes with cold? The sound of an avalanche is itself more sublime than thunder, but it is terrestrial, not aërial. It is overhead, but near; the very sound reports of ruin. We know that the bolt has struck; we hear it crack with a hollow peal in the smoking

tops among the clouds. Then comes the plunge, the contusion, the bounding fragments, as if a broken-down castle were sliding down the hill and rattling its stones from cliff to cliff, till all is ground to powder too fine to make a noise; then the white dust-river, pouring off some lower cliff, showing to the eye what the ear has heard going on. One is not fairly still before another comes; the ice thunder is never over, and the sense of eternity is added to the sense of power. Far up in the cloud-region, yet on earth, we hear the tumult of the frost-giants waging perpetual battle; or, rather say, Jehovah himself, whose tremendous attributes, without battle, roll down the witness of their power unspent to mortals in every age.

To his Wife.

Berne, September 25, 1845.

How can I make you see the desolation of these mountain solitudes? The cataracts leaping down every mile or two out of the clouds; the giant forms of rock and snow piercing the sky; the lakes overhung with alps in their brilliant green, and reflecting the snow-capped mountains; the smiling valleys bosomed in ramparts of ice; the glaciers glittering in their beds between the ribs of the mountains; the avalanches thundering above unseen in the clouds, and rolling their powdered ice down the cliffs at your side; the granite peaks that have toppled down but yesterday in acres of ruin; the slides that have buried in a moment whole villages, filled up lakes, and rolled a wave over churches; the changes of light and shade, cloud and sun, distance and proximity,—how shall I ever make you see these with me? Could I but give you a glance at the sunset scene of this very evening from the city of Berne, I should open a new world of glory and grandeur on your eyes. From a terrace rounding out above that of the cathedral I watched for it. Berne must be forty-five or fifty miles from the Oberland Alps, in a country of hill and valley, as verdant and luxuriant as can be conceived. Across this, lighted up by the slanting sun, your eye passes to a high, and still another higher, range of mountains sinking away into a blue, dim color. Then, above all these, rise the white,

sky-piercing peaks of the Oberland, filling up about one eighth of the circle of the horizon. Between three and four o'clock you see only two or three of these; and having their shaded side towards you, their profile alone is lighted; and they rise so high above the common floating clouds that they seem themselves to be only a higher cloud, anchored in the sky. By five o'clock the tops of the whole range are out, clear and white, above a long, dark stratum of cloud that lies stretched between them and the lower mountains. The sun pours into the interstices below, revealing patches of white, interspersed with rock, and the summits are seen floating on the dusky cloud-region above, a realm of icebergs. But just at the setting the clouds rise up and fade away; then stand out, first in a pale, sickly white, as if the cloud had only become invisible, without being removed; and finally, in a few minutes more (and by a change perfectly perceptible, as if life were returning to the pallid face of the dead), yellowed in the rays of the sun, swung round so as to pour his full tide into their faces,—Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finster-Aarhorn, Eiger, Mönch, Jungfrau, Blumlis,—a wall of glittering ingots piled up to the sky.

I have had, thus far, as fine weather for Switzerland as I could desire, and I have never enjoyed so much in so short a time; my cup has been full to the brim of wonder, joy, and delight in every shape. And yet I am frank to say that none of these things move me unless when I connect the visible with the invisible, and see in the forms of grandeur around me types of that tremendous Being who inhabits and glorifies all. Oftentimes, when jaded and flagging in interest, have I found that a simple exercise of the imagination which never tires, connecting what I see with some spiritual import, has roused me at once and restored the freshness of my relish.

To the Same.

Geneva, October 7, 1845.

I left Berne, the day after I wrote you, for Freyburg and Lausanne. The charm of Freyburg is its two suspension-bridges. You approach it in the air, like those spiders who

sail the air upon the web they spin. This place is the Swiss metropolis of Jesuitry. You meet them, in single file and in platoons, everywhere in and about the town. Merciful Heaven, what a Christianity is this! You need to see it and smell it before you can know it. But it makes a most loyal people—holds the populace, Mr. Woods would say, under such excellent control and government. Poor abject creatures! They are governed in Christ's name out of their property, their wits, their manhood. They are not under law but below it; there is no more danger of rebellion among them than among the horses. The only insurgency they will ever be guilty of is in begging, spite of denial. And yet they seem to be industrious. Their lot is to dig and not to be ashamed to beg beside. The Catholic and Protestant cantons are sprinkled over the map like squares in a patchwork, and you can tell to a certainty when you enter a Catholic canton, for the beggars will run to give you the sign.*

I spent the Sunday at Vevay. It was a quiet, beautiful, Sabbath-like day, with a soft blue atmosphere, and clouds breaking apart to let the softened light fall upon the hills and mountains. Nature worshipped at her altars, and the cloud of incense smoked about them all. On Monday went to Martigny. Next morning set out once more on foot, in high spirits, for Chamouni, across the Col de Balme. We came upon the top in a driving wind, which we could hardly force our way into, and a cloud so thick that we could scarcely see five rods, much less see Mt. Blanc, which here, according to the books, is to burst on the eye with full grandeur in an instant. I arrived before the others, and went into the stone hut or lodge that is erected to *take in* travellers. A shabby, long-bearded fellow, who I thought was just the man to cut my throat, sat by the fire swallowing the last of what was meant for a dinner. I tried to make my French host understand who were coming, but in vain. He went out, when lo!

* The liberal constitution adopted in 1848 has doubtless made great changes in the canton of Freyburg.

the ragamuffin spoke out in the finest English I thought I had ever heard. I saw at once that he was a gentleman in disguise. He entertained us afterwards for two or three hours with a most lively account of his adventures among the mountains, and of the Swiss Water-Cure, of which he had been a patient. I have all the while been getting up the spirit of adventure, wanting to scale the mountains by new and untried paths, and get up somewhere above the world, but my companions were of a tamer mould, content with the horse-paths and the books. Perhaps it is well that I have been anchored by more sluggish dispositions, but it has all along been the greatest subtraction from my happiness that our exploits were the exploits of the books, our adventures in the travelled road of adventure.

But we must see Mt. Blanc from the Col de Balme; so we all decided to stay overnight. But after awhile the clouds, which had lifted once or twice, suddenly drew back. I was looking out of the port-hole or window, and, behold, Mt. Blanc! I gave the word, and we rushed out in a heap to take our joy. Here it was, indeed, without a cloud, in full view from the bottom to the top. But I was disappointed. There was no such impression of grandeur and height as I expected. The reason was twofold. The slope of the sides of the mountain is too gradual. It is not top-heavy. It sleeps on its base; and, secondly, we saw it from a position that was high and somewhat distant, so that the angle or parallax of the summit was too small. And, I might add, there was no intervening mountain to hide the base, and call upon the imagination to supply the unknown, or give a scale by which to assist the actual measurement. I have observed a hundred times that the sublime requires the unknown as an element. A cathedral should never be finished. A mountain should be partially hidden by others or enveloped in clouds. The principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico* has a broader application than the shallow and the book-gossips suspect.

After gazing about fifteen minutes, I said to my two com-

panions, "Now for Chamouni!" We set off in good earnest, and arrived about nine o'clock in the evening. . . .

On October 2d we left Chamouni for Geneva. A few miles down the valley the road began to wind round the gulf, on a shelf three or four hundred feet above the roaring Arve. One or two slopes or promontories began to intervene and cut off the base of Mt. Blanc, so as to assist the measurement, laying open scenes in the foreground of surpassing wildness, and lifting the mountains in the background into their true grandeur. Hence onward to a point fifteen miles below Sallenches, the valley is romantic in the highest degree, winding round, under and between, walls of eternal rock, sometimes hanging their projecting masses over the road three or four thousand feet high. Here a water-fall drops down from the sky, leaping out into the sun so far that we see it without the profile of the mountain for three miles or more, glittering like a stream of jewels. Here the valley is shut in so that you seem fairly caught, like Joseph when he was dropped into the pit. Here it opens into a broad expanse of meadow. Here the mountain draws back, revealing the most beautiful farms and orchards sleeping on some high shelf or promontory. This is truly a fit adytum to the grand monarch of the mountains, and no one ought ever to go to Mt. Blanc except this way. The traveller goes on through gates of rock, opening to let him through; he climbs and climbs again, with the roaring gulfs around him; he sees here and there, as he approaches Chamouni, more and more distinctly the mountain itself, piercing heaven with its snowy top; and, last of all, the very snows themselves drifting round the summit and glittering as a frost-cloud in the sun. Thus he comes out upon the entire view with a measurement prepared in his mind. . . . Geneva is a very pleasant town, finely built on both sides of the Rhone, just as it leaves the lake. I went first to the Cathedral. Here Calvin reigned. This was the pulpit where he gave law to Geneva, and Puritanized England, and peopled America, and prepared a wave of liberty, to roll back as a wave of frenzy on France, and thus on Geneva itself.

Geneva, October 4.

I called upon Dr. Malan, outside the town. He is a most venerable-looking old man, with long, curled locks of gray falling on his shoulders. His look is benignant, but firm. He is a truly pious man, not wanting in point and brilliancy, but withal a little over-rigid or narrow in his views. "So, then, you are from dear America?" he said. I conversed with him about the Christian Alliance. He agreed as regards the value of the object, but did not seem at first to see how it could do any good. "Mt. Blanc (*i. e.*, Rome) will stand after all the public speeches and resolutions." He was jealous, too, of having Christians mix up with worldly principles,—of talking about the progress of society. And as to entering into union with the Unitarians and Rationalists,—"they are not Protestants; I would have nothing to do with them. Better to be two with God alone than many without him. If I could speak to the churches in America I would tell them that their speeches are too worldly,—too much worldly policy, too little of Christ."

October 8.

I met Dr. Merle, with several others, at Professor Gaussen's, where I spent the evening very pleasantly. I had some conversation with Dr. M—— before tea, and to-day am to have an interview. I see that his mind is affected by English views of our country, as it naturally would be. He has not been favorably impressed with the Christian Alliance,—looks on it as interrupting the silent attempts of the Evangelical Society in Italy.

October 9.

Called on Dr. Merle, and had a long and free conversation with him about the condition of Switzerland and the Christian Alliance. He heard me most cordially, and seemed to kindle into a degree of sympathy. He gave me a report of his speech at Liverpool last summer, in which he asked for a society to be established in England for precisely the same object. He also described to me the society called the Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, whose meeting he attended last summer, finding there delegates from Hungary, Bavaria, and

many parts of the Continent. It was got up to assist Protestants to rebuild decayed churches, supply ministers, and be a bond of unity among Protestants. He gave me the name of the president. . . .

October 11 (Sunday).

Went to the Cathedral to attend morning service. A large, fat man ascended the pulpit in his gown, setting down his hat on the rim of the pulpit. In his sermon he was animated, and his voice deep and full; but it seemed to be animation without unction, and better fitted for a lecture than a sermon. In the middle of his sermon he stopped, turned round, took his red-and-yellow handkerchief out of his hat, and blew his nose. The audience blew a response; then all sounds of the like nature were over till the close. A very good practice! Many of the gentlemen wore their hats through the sermon. The audience was scarcely more than half as large as my own at Hartford,—for this great Cathedral, in which they were so thinly sprinkled! Spirit of Calvin, where art thou? Is not this falling-off the penalty of Calvin's intolerant spirit, and, in Germany, of the violent spirit of Luther? Doubtless both embraced errors; but if they had breathed only the spirit of love and meekness, would the following ages have become thus weaned from them?

To his Daughter.

Geneva, October 6, 1845.

My dear Child,—Your mother has said to me once or twice that you were preparing a letter for me. I should be most happy to receive one as good as you can write,—partly because I love you, and partly because it will do you good to compose it. I have thought many times of the possibility that I may never see you again; in which case I should wish very much to have left you a father's message and counsel; and it is this, in part, which moves me to write to you now. I expect, of course, to see you again after a few months are past; but you know, my dear child, that we are certain of nothing in this world. How much I long to see you I cannot tell. No earthly prospect is so bright to me as to be once

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more in our pleasant, happy home, where I may hear the voices of my dear children, and see them gathered at our simple table, saying Father and Mother as before I left them. I think of you at night; every child and family calls you to mind by day. I tell the French people and the German people by signs, — for I cannot speak their language, — that I have three daughters at home,—one *so* long, another *so* long, and another *so* long. The fathers and mothers, I find, will understand me; for they know how fathers and mothers feel, and they show, by their smile of sympathy, how quick they are to catch my meaning. Your dear mother tells me that you are now at your studies at home, and are doing well in them. This I rejoice to hear. I want to have you get a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, and then of French and German. The very first day that I went out in Geneva to call on a gentleman, two lovely daughters were interpreters between me and their mother. They spoke English very well indeed; and it gave me so much happiness, as a lonely stranger unable to speak their language, that I could not but wish that my dear daughter might be able hereafter to make somebody else as happy as they made me, and thus repay my obligations. You are now precisely of the age to study, and there is nothing I so much desire for you on earth as that you may have a truly accomplished mind and character. I do not wish to excite in you any wrong or bad ambition, and yet I wish you to feel, as you grow up, that you are not doomed to any low or vain calling because you are a woman. I have no son upon whom I can lean, or in whose character and success I can find pleasure. God, you know, has taken away the one that was so dear to us all. Therefore I desire the more to have daughters whom I can respect, and in whose beautiful and high accomplishments I can find a father's comfort. You cannot be a soldier or a preacher; but I wish, in the best and truest sense, to have you become a woman. This you cannot be without great and patient cultivation of your mind; for neither man nor woman has any basis of character without intelligence. You must be able to maintain intelligent conversation; and this requires a great deal of intelli-

gence of every sort, and the more in a woman, because she must not seem to be book-wise and scientific, as men may do, but to have her fund in herself, and speak on all subjects as if she had the flavor of all knowledge in herself naturally.

But if intelligence is necessary to make a fine woman, other things are quite as necessary. Her mind and heart must be perfectly pure, as that of infancy. She must be the very expression of modesty, and without the least affectation in her manners. Here the best rule is always to feel beautifully, and she will act beautifully, of course; whereas if she undertakes to fashion her manners by rule or to copy others, she will as surely be stiff and affected. As to her looks, she will look best if she is never conscious that she has any looks at all, provided only that she has enough beauty and refinement of feeling to clothe her person out of it; for dress itself is never happy or becoming if it is not the natural clothing of a lovely spirit. As to temper, a woman should never seem to have any. A sharp temper pricks through the garment of softness, and it seems to be only a covering of thorns,—of which the observer will be duly cautious. She ought never to vent or entertain a harsh judgment of others, but to cast a mantle of sweetness and charity over all she looks upon; for harsh judgments savor of passion, and imply a kind of grossness which is unbecoming to a woman. Study contentment, look on nothing with envy; for it is half the merit of a fine woman that she can bear so much with so beautiful a spirit. The bright side of life is in her; therefore she is to make adversity and loss smile by her patience. The angel who comes down to cry peace and good-will to mortals must not fret himself because there are clouds in his way; and if his locks are wet by the rain or singed by the thunder, he will not justify the beauty of his message if he is not able still to smile and to sing.

Do nothing to excite admiration, for that is the way to excite contempt, and, what is more, to deserve it. The woman who flatters, and fawns, and studies her methods to attract the admiration of others seems to ask for it, and, in asking, to confess that it can be gotten only by means that are without

the scale of merit. The humblest flower is never so unwise. It gives out its colors and sheds its fragrance in the air because it has the secret stores of color and fragrance in its sap, and not to please some casual observer. Above all, the fine woman must be unselfish. We demand that she shall seem to have alighted here for the world's comfort and blessing, and all the ways of selfishness are specially at variance with her beautiful errand.

I have said nothing thus far, my child, of what is the first and radical ground of security for all that I commend; viz., that a woman should be a Christian. Her character should be the very blossom and flavor of piety. No goodness or beauty is truly natural which is not the flower of this germ in the soul. Most men agree that a *woman* ought to be religious, in which they say more than they think, both for woman and for religion. What is that without which the most perfect loveliness cannot be made to subsist? And what is she whose character can be finished only by assimilation to God? To be conscientious in duty, to go on errands of charity to the poor, to have the passions laid and the tempers sweetened by a habit of prayer, to draw from the fountain of truth that truthful habit which expels all affectation and makes a creature at once confiding and worthy of confidence, — this is the soul of all that enters into a woman's accomplishments; and without this her accomplishments must want a soul, which is the most grievous of conceivable wants. Therefore I am anxious, my dear daughter, that you should begin the Christian life now and grow up in it. If I have proposed to you something angelic in the model of a woman, I am far enough from believing that any mere self-cultivation will enable you to reach it. Such is man and woman, such all human nature, that only grace can raise it into beauty and true goodness. Man is not so good or susceptible to good that he can fill out the ideal of goodness without proximity to God, or drawing himself up to his mark by the assimilating power of God's love and communion. Besides, I do not see that there is anything angelic in the earthly lot of either man or woman, unless

that, in the midst of much deformity and sorrow, he may aspire to be an angel.

In a few years, my child, I shall probably leave you and the world together. I know not what roughness may be in your lot after I am gone, or what wrongs and sorrows may fall upon you. And you must bear them as a woman. Your victory, too, will be a woman's only—the victory of patience, purity, and goodness. God only can be your sufficient defender and upholder. And if, when all these earthly trials are over, I am ever to greet you in a better world, it will be only because we are sanctified by the spirit of God, and forgiven through his Son. Be it, then, your first thought to be religious. Let your childhood be religious; your girlhood, and thus your womanhood,—your whole life, and thus your death and all beyond.

I took up my pen, not knowing that I was going to write you such a letter, but I had nearly finished before my candle burnt out. The language and the sentiments, I am aware, are often beyond your age. But your mother will interpret them. In the mean time, as you grow older and more cultivated, you will be able to see their meaning more perfectly, and, I hope, to respect them and value them more highly. I wish you to keep this letter as a father's counsel. It is written partly for the future. Perhaps, when I am gone, it will be the dearest remembrance I leave you. To God, my dear child, I commend you; with him I leave you. Farewell. Your loving, but not your best nor only Father,

HORACE BUSHNELL.

October 15.

Started from Brieg, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, to cross the Simplon. I walked on in advance of the coach, alone, to get warm, and was so much delighted with the solitude and the scenery that I preferred to keep on. It was a most beautiful moonlight morning, and as I wound round the long sweep and circled the promontories, and saw the valley sleeping and softening under me, I felt that rising of emotion which is the greatest luxury of being to enjoy.

Coming round a high promontory, in a gully cut into the face of the rock a thousand feet above the roaring gulf below, and two thousand above the valley, with a snow-covered pinnacle in front just across the gulf, I said, "Let this be my temple." And I think I had some of that high and unearthly joy which a solitary traveller of old had when he said, "How dreadful is this place!" Here I remembered, too, the dear objects of my love in a distant land, and the distance vanished. I had them with me before God. A little after, the sun began to tip the mountains with gold. Crossing a high bridge, I climbed up a steep pasture across the zigzag of the road, saving distance, and at a solitary hospice took my breakfast. This was about ten miles of climbing. I then walked on to the top of the Simplon, making about eighteen miles on foot. Here I waited for the diligence to come up. It seemed to the eye that we were still closed in by an elevation of two or three hundred feet, to be crossed somewhere between the peaks; but we began immediately to descend, and found a narrow opening that was concealed. For about a mile the descent was rapid, then more gradual for a space, till, coming upon a steeper brow, we looked directly into the centre of a vast pit, as into a funnel, to which there certainly could be no outlet. But at the bottom we found the waters had forced open a tremendous gorge, and were rushing out through it. Napoleon had forced another on their bank, by tunnelling through a promontory of rock, and we and the roaring waters took possession of the foaming, awful gulf, to go through together. The impression of grandeur was such as I never felt; it was so near terrible that one was looking for it, all the way, to end. Nor was it nature alone that made this scene of grandeur. The mind adverted constantly to that man who, coming into the throne of a decrepit and worn-out kingdom, gave it energy to shake the world by its arms, and to construct, in such a region as this, works of art so magnificent, — works so necessary to the wealth and civil progress of man.

Coming out on a platform some three hundred feet high, I cast my eye down the gulf at a turn of the road, and saw

out through it an open gate into the valley below. In a few minutes, winding down the face of the hill, we bade farewell, as it were, to Switzerland. In the valley, lighted up by the sun back of us, we looked upon a new and distinct kind of scenery,—a country of vineyards spreading up the opposite hills, and dotted with white villas, villages, and churches; all the foliage of a darker and more luxuriant hue; the trees mostly oak and elm, festooned with vines; and the vines of the fields not cut and tied up to a bean-pole, as on the Rhine, but unpruned, and spread out in whole acres of arbor. The neatness and economical exactness of Switzerland disappear, succeeded by a kind of slovenly luxuriance, a profusion of liberty.

At Domo d'Ossola, a few miles below, I stayed for the night. There I met at the table a Russian colonel, with his wife and daughters. I was the first American he had ever seen, he the first Russian I had ever seen, both left home on the first of July; and he was so happy in these coincidences that he poured out his heart like a river, and his words too. I must take a cigar with him, I must walk out with him after tea; he must give me his name, and I should not know him if he did not give me his title,—Colonel Somebody, of the Engineers of His Imperial Majesty of Russia. I gave him my card, and we shook hands, at parting, most profusely.

October 17.

Took a boat alone for Porlezza, to cross over to Lake Como, leaving Lugano and its miserable, dirty hotels without regret. Lugano is far more picturesque than Maggiore. Its shores are more beautifully turned, more indented with bays. The sides of the hills covered with the dark olives and the bright mulberries and vines, the high rocks crowned with chapels, bell answering to bell, and the chimes ringing the anthem round and round, make it a charming lake.

The Mount St. Salvador, south of Lugano, with the road winding round its sides, and the chapel crowning its dark green summit, and standing in relief on the sky, makes one of the finest objects for the background of a picture that can

be conceived. Conversing with the boatmen, I found that many of their Italian words were Latin. A round pinnacle or turret of rock, rising out of the water, they said was a castle *di natura;* and when I said, "There is no *bateau-à-vapeur* on Lugano," they replied, very wittily, that Como had its *bateau-à-vapeur*, and Lugano its *bateau-a-sudore*. At Porlezza I took a voiture for Menaggio, on Lake Como. The distance is only seven or eight miles, but this short ride comprised more of natural scenery than I ever saw in a day. Between Lugano and Como is the little Lago di Piano, about a mile long, around which the road winds, rising gradually to a much higher ground than the lake. On the roadside were vineyards hanging purple under their load of grapes,—a sight so rich that, for mere sight's sake, one would regard the Temperance Societies as a barbarism. On the south of the lake rises a high mountain, down which the noonday sun was streaming, brushing the colors out of its face and marking its way down in pencils of light. I said that I had never seen so beautiful a spot in my life; but in half an hour I was to take back my say and apply it over. I came upon Como from the top of a high hill, three hundred or four hundred feet above the lake. The hills stretched up and up, on my right, in green pinnacles, fading away in brilliancy, till they coalesced with the mountain-top south of Piano. On one or two of these pinnacles were large circles of elms run together by vines and squared at the top, creating a fantastic show as the sun shone through them. The grass was of the freshest color, and all the foliage of the vines and trees was so light and feathery that the shadows fell on the grass like the trip of fairy feet. Underneath, bowered in foliage, lay a village church, and a few houses sprinkled round it. This I supposed to be Menaggio, on the shore of the lake; but I found that was under it, a long way down, and out of sight. This mistake gave to the whole aspect of the little church-platform a kind of magical effect; it was high in the air, yet on the shore, every leaf glittering joyfully in the sun. No words can describe the wondrous beauty of the scene.

Como is the royal lake of the world. It is occupied with

villas and palaces all the way, I might say, from Como to Menaggio. The green of the turf is peculiar, a bluer, softer green than I ever saw; and that of the vines and mulberries, when contrasted with the gray sage-colored olive and the now rusty chestnut, is exceedingly brilliant. Vineyards are here no deformity, though if there were more of the sweet, soft turf that drinks your soul up, I think the scene might be more picturesque. Still, in the vines, and the light, airy foliage of the trees, there is a waving luxury of limb, a most peculiar and fascinating drapery. There climbs a road winding round the ribs of the rocky heights. Below lie villas and vineyards basking in the sun; high up, a green patch of turf lies naked between the trees. On every top stands projected on the sky some chalet or belvedere. Everything looks gay and graceful, as if this were the finest of all places for sin and passion and splendor to terminate in. But finer souls would sing and worship.

Milan, October 18.

The first place to visit was, of course, the Cathedral,—this *is* Milan. The external view, as it bursts on the eye, is one of surpassing richness and magnificence. It is a marble mountain hewn into a forest of spires and statues. The interior of the Cathedral is far more august than the exterior. The great breadth of the front, and the single gable, and the general straightness of the line, make the latter seem low; but when you enter, the five aisles so divide the platform and diminish the space as to give it an air of extreme loftiness. Standing at the entrance, and looking down to where the purple light streams in laterally into the back part of the choir above the altar, you seem to be in some grand scene of divine creation, rather than in a temple of human building. The mind sinks into a kind of conscious littleness, as if it were only human,—this more; or, if not the work of angels, yet of some creatures of another age and a higher world.

You are not willing to look away from the whole to scan the parts. You do not wish to take notes and catalogue the particulars of any kind; and yet, if you can bring yourself to do it, you are still more amazed and bewildered. So many

statues, all in the highest style of art; so many bass-reliefs; such richness of coloring and skill of distribution in the vault, which hangs like a third heaven above; the windows so richly colored, and deepening their tints of light from yellow to purple as you pass towards the altar; and, if you can descend to this, the massive candelabra of bronze made up, high as the eye can reach, of heads and living forms; the two bronze pulpits, winding round their columns, each as perfect in its historic beauty as the shield of Achilles; every pillar crowned with a fillet, containing in the richest canopies, all dissimilar, rows of full-length or even colossal statues; the choir surrounded with caryatides, interspaced with panels of bass-reliefs, each of which is a study; and, if you gaze up the central tower, the whole peopled with majestic forms, like a council of gods in the upper world;—this, if you can do, you will shrink back again, confused and lost, now in the detail as before in the sublime whole. As to criticism, you can try it, and find abundance of faults. Owing to the breadth of the fillets just named, the arch of the central aisle does not set gracefully on the pillars. Some of the windows are Gothic, some Doric and Roman. The doors, majestic and magnificent in themselves, are out of place,—only massive forms of the square or Grecian character. And, more than all, if you will proceed to what is higher, you may ask what relation such a structure has to the simple doctrine of Jesus and the uses of a Christian assembly. Still, the effect is so great that criticism, too, is overpowered, and you prefer to feel. The skin itself creeps with emotion, and you cannot hold yourself back from the luxury of bewilderment. The little chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, underneath the central tower, is a different kind of wonder. It is octagonal; the walls are covered with silk embroidered with gold. Surrounding it, as a kind of panelled cornice, is a representation, all wrought in solid silver, of the acts of St. Charles. In a long case of gold glazed with crystal, his bones lie clothed in a cloth of gold, only the bones of the face appearing. By him lies a crosier of gold and precious gems. I asked the sacristan if he carried that crosier when alive, to which he replied,

"No;" and I added, "This would be *non humilitas*,"* to which he assented by a good-natured smile. What homage to virtue does all this expense and labor express! Methinks the bones of so good a saint would be more comfortably lodged, after all, in the low and not fictitious humilities of the grave.

How strange that Napoleon, the Mars of Europe, the leveller of the Alps, the framer of a civil code, should also, as a principal agent, have set forward the compilation of this grand work of art and, nominally at least, of religion! What is not, where is not, the monument of Napoleon?

We visited also St. Nazaro, which has some beautiful frescoes by Sala, a young artist, who, as his health was going down, had himself carried twice to the church, that he might look upon the work he was about to leave; and he was able to say, "That will do!" Oh that I, that every man, when life is waning, may be able to look back on the works of life and say, that will do! Here, too, is the monument of Trivulzio, the restless soldier, notable for the epitaph written by himself: "Johannes Trivultius, who never rested, rests,—hush!" How true of all—*nunquam quievit!*—shall it be of all—*quiescit?*

On the first of November he reached Florence. Here he had a touch of malarial fever, and was very ill for some days. It was the saddest and loneliest time he had during his absence. As he began to recover, he tried to do a little sight-seeing, but said of himself that he "saw nothing so as to describe it."

November 8.

After the rain of last night, a most radiant, sweet summer's day. Rejoiced too in the feeling of health once more. Wishing to see something of the country and the natural scenery of Florence, I strolled out of the Roman gate, followed up a long avenue opening between dense double rows of cypress and evergreen oaks, then turned off to the left from a palace fronting the Arno, and wound up and up the hill, between high walls, till I reached the summit of the highest land in the region. Here I found an old convent

* *Humilitas* was the motto left by St. Charles for the crest of the Borromean family.

turned into a granary, and surmounted by a tower, which I got an old woman to open to me. At the top, above stone walls and trees, burst upon the eye the full glory of an Italian landscape. I had glimpses before in ascending,—here I took in the whole for a circuit of at least one hundred and fifty miles: so beautiful a landscape without grass it would seem impossible to make. The olives are interspersed everywhere with grapes which have a very different color, and are generally run upon the mulberry, also a lively green. Here and there, near some great palace, will be seen the dark spires of cypress and dark hedges of oak. The whole landscape is sprinkled with houses, all, or nearly all, white, with churches and convents the same. Around these, and back in all the south, is a country tossed up into hills; below is the great valley of the Arno, and Florence sleeping in it as a queen. The whole field is a swarm of life. Not a patch of grass, but the gray olive waving its graceful leaves of silver, which the sun may settle on but cannot penetrate; then intermixed, the other thin-leaved, verdant vines and trees, which the sun shines through and lights up into a smile,—a compound nosegay-landscape, a sea of combined colors and shadows, such as we never see in grass-growing countries. . . .

This evening is bright on the Arno, and the moon shines joyfully from her noon into my window. I feel composed, tranquil, and, in a certain sense, happy,—the more happy for the love which throbs in my heart, and sends me off on wings to the other side of the world. Would that I could see those dear little images, signs of a love more dear, bathed in their soft natural sleep!

November 11.

Spent the morning in the Pitti gallery. I go away from the place all in a glow; I seem to have breathed a finer atmosphere; and all my good feelings, if I have any, are invigorated. I feel conscious that my eye is forming or perfecting, and I know that it must be a benefit to me, as regards writing and the conduct of life, to have dwelt in such an atmosphere and received such an influence. . . .

It is a most interesting fact that the painters and sculptors

derived their arts from the trades, in which they were gradually cultivated, till each became an art by itself. The painter painted panels and furniture; the sculptors were trained in metals, etc. This, I apprehend, is the law of all healthful growth in the fine arts, and it augurs well for America. It is no ill that we are a busy people. That is the only way to become a most truly cultivated people.

I find I derive a benefit from continuing thus in Florence, which is of a peculiar kind. I get more initiated into the historic movements and characteristics of the place. I begin now, by a few books and considerable study, to understand the history of the arts and artists, and the schools of art, which enables me to see their relations to each other and their intrinsic merits. I am conscious, too, of an intellectual and moral benefit from the study of art, which gives me the greatest pleasure in it. I never come out of either of the two great galleries here without a sense of refined and elevated feeling. I seem to have been in the best society in the world, and feel that I can better act my part in any society in which I may be cast.

The Church of San Marco, which is the chapel of the Dominican Convent, is remarkable as containing the resting-place of that prodigy, Prince Giovanni Pico della Mirandola; and the convent still more so, as that of the school and fraternity of the stern old Puritan, Girolamo Savonarola, he who ruled the State so long and so absolutely by his preaching, riding over the Medici themselves. He was withal a republican, as every man who takes the unadulterated gospel clear of human leaven will be like to be. However, he seems to have been a little fanatical,—though not because he called the Pope to reformation and the Church to repentance. I went into his cell, a little chamber with one window, having on the wall a fresco which a no less remarkable character, Fra Angelico, painted there. This man is regarded now as standing at the head of catholic art. He breathed holiness and divine beauty into colors. He is said to have been inspired, or at least to fall into ecstatic states,—a simple-minded saint of a creature, who used the pencil only in prayer to embody his emotions. And yet modern art, the art of An-

gelo and Raphael, took its spring from him as much or more than from any one.

I have traced his hand in many places. In the sacristy of the old church, Santa Maria, I was shown the panels of miniature figures painted by him, all religious, expressing more of heavenly beauty and sanctified feeling than I ever saw before. Other churches are rich in interest; but I will only add that, in the Church of San Spirito, where I went last Sunday,—for I have now become a Catholic,—I heard, for the first time in my life, an organ and organ-playing. I never knew before what this instrument is capable of. This organ united a variety of stops; the bass had a swell that made every note lift you up like the articulation of a colossal voice, and a chime of bells came in at passages with thrilling effect.

November 18.

Visited the interior of the Palazzo Vecchio. In the second story is the grand *salon*, formerly called the hall of the people. . . . Rows of statues are set on pedestals and placed in niches round the room. And these are, some of them, the grandest works I have seen; more than all, one group by Michael Angelo,—Victory and Captivity. A figure of tremendous volume and muscle grasping another, scarcely less muscular, round the middle, with the heels up, and about to sling him into the sea. This latter has a crown still upon his head. Every muscle of the other shows the effect of weight and of effort, as if he had the moon in his arms. The whole effect is such as none but Michael Angelo could possibly attain to. Other groups in the room of a like nature would be considered prodigies of power, but this has the grandeur of an earthquake.

November 20.

I walked to take a look at the old Palazzo Riccardi. There the famous Academia della Crusca had their sittings. Their doctrine was, if I understand it, that a certain number of writers in Italian should be selected as classic in their language, and that no word should go into a dictionary of their tongue not found in their writings in that precise significa-

tion. Miserable! As if there could never be another classic writer using words at his liberty as the former ones did! . . .

The most melancholy thing about Florence is that it is a city of dead art. There are painters enough and sculptors, but there is no fire in their souls. They are overawed by the laws and rules of more ancient schools. The Della Cruscа doctrine, so contemptible in literature, is the doctrine of the palette and the chisel; and, according to this, the days of creation have gone by. The rule of art is to create by old rules and examples,—in other words, to copy; and the modern school springs up as a fungus out of the dead body of the men of old. When has the human soul done anything after it has lost its liberty?

Rome, December 8.

. . . We entered by the gate of St. John; and here we were,—the old, fantastic-looking walls behind us, and the splendid façade of the Church of St. John before. Old Rome and New, Pagan and Christian, a sign of all we are to see in the city, which has its interest in offering to the eyes, at one view and blended in every street, the days mythological and of Christian splendor. Here sat the mistress of the world amid her temples, conscious of her power. To her the eyes of the world are turned. What giant men have trod these streets, what factions have here brewed, what scenes of blood been enacted! How have the legions and chariots of war poured out of these gates, what pomps of victory been here celebrated! Here, too, came the first emissaries of the cross. Paul trod these streets, and, by virtue of a message not his own, gave law at length to the mistress of the world herself.

December 10.

Ascended the Quirinal Hill, coming out on the Piazza di Cavallo, in front of the Palace. The most interesting and impressive objects here are the horses of Castor and Pollux. They stand over a fountain, with a tall obelisk between them. I was never so profoundly impressed with the superiority of the Greek sculpture to the modern. These horses are the very horses of Job. Such an idea of sublimity in action I

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never conceived; and yet there is nothing overacted. By each horse stands the colossal figure of Castor or Pollux, seventeen feet high. The horse is held by no reins; but the hand of the figure being extended, as it were, to seize the head of the animal, he is thrown back upon his haunches, his forefeet in the air, his head erected, the nostrils expanded; every muscle and vein, nay, the whole mettle of the animal, is brought out. I stood riveted to the place by delight, and thrilling with sublimity. Here I felt, as by a revelation, the certain grandeur of the Greek chisel.

December 11.

Visited the Vatican, spending my time mostly among the marbles. There could hardly be a greater show of magnificence than such a vast collection of art; even the old Roman triumph, though it might have more of the tragic in it, could hardly be more magnificent. This is, in fact, a kind of Roman triumph,—as you pass through it and see a grander procession of spoils than any conqueror ever brought back from the East. There is scarcely a great name in Roman or Grecian history whose bust is not found here—not a god, or goddess, or nymph, or triton, or bacchante, who does not figure here. History, mythology, the dead and the living, are all represented. It would be an interesting study of history simply to examine the busts of this collection, and would greatly assist, both in the apprehension and distinct and full conception of character. On how many monuments are the Roman husband and matron represented in bass-relief, hand-in-hand, in evidence of the old domestic fondness and fidelity by which the Romans were distinguished above all other pagans!

I was touched as my eye fell upon an old inscription in the wall, telling its short, simple story of love and affliction,—

"Beatissimæ dulcissimæ conjugi quæ vixit tantum," etc.

To see that man of old could thus love and weep and be afflicted as now, brought me nearer to the men of old time than ever before. They were brothers, said I, in the common afflictions and virtuous sorrows of humanity! At the same

time, it did not very well agree with this mood, into which I was surprised by the simple tale above recited, to notice that many of the sarcophagi were sculptured over with trains of bacchanals and their lewd revels, or with other groups of racing, or boxing, or merriment, equally remote from seriousness and affliction. Why was this? Was it to signify that only the cup could drown a sorrow so deep? I should be glad to think even that.

The famous torso of Hercules, by Michael Angelo, is good in its way—good, doubtless, in all for which he prized it. But I must confess that my admiration for Michael Angelo, and my sympathy with his taste, rather abates than strengthens by what I see. He adored muscles, and seemed to riot in the display of muscular energy. This is very well, but muscles are not all there is of man, or even any very considerable part of him. The proportions of his architecture are colossal, that is, muscular, and not often graceful. In the sharp, worn look of his Three Fates he succeeded admirably; but the only woman I have seen of his, a painting copied from his drawing of Venus, was also a kind of destiny, a sort of female Hercules. I cannot but think that he was a man of a hard, rough-hewn temperament, and wanting in that delicate sensibility necessary to a complete and universal sense of beauty.

December 15.

We returned to the Capitol to inspect the gallery of antique statuary. . . . There are three children (in marble): one trying to put on a mask; another playing with a swan; and a third, better than either, startled by a snake climbing up his dress, not running, not screaming, but drawing his hip away from the snake sideways, and looking over still at what he fears, unable to withdraw his eyes. This is the manner of the artless, helpless creature, the true picture of the innocent, guileless age which knows not to fight nor to fly.

On the way home, saw a little piper-boy sitting on the curb-stone, with a conical hat, and with his pipe in his pocket, nodding with sleep. His auburn hair fell in ringlets round his face. We roused him and called for a tune, at which he

rubbed up and put in his reed and began. He was, I think, one of the most beautiful children I ever saw. His dark skin with the rose shining through, his sweet, dark face, and his condition, made him a perfect picture, as good as any I have seen to-day.

December 18.

Arriving at the Vatican, went directly to the halls of painting. I have seen collections much larger, but none so perfectly choice. The two most noted pictures are the Transfiguration, by Raphael, and the Last Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, which stand confronting each other as rivals. The latter is by far the most faultless picture, and the most perfect in coloring. The design is one and simple. It has a centre of interest, and everything belongs to that centre,—every look, and position, and emotion. The drapery, too, and the colors are perfect. The Transfiguration wants unity. It is really two pictures between which there is no bond of union or centre of interest. The upper scene, which is the most difficult a painter could undertake, is executed with a spirit and power almost superhuman. The supernatural is here clothed in the natural, the spiritual in the terms of physics. On the whole, Raphael has done the thing most difficult, Domenichino the thing most perfect. Next, I passed into the chambers of Raphael, which are covered with his frescoes. These are all badly faded, but a little study makes them look attractive. The charm is the beauty and grace of the figures, that action without overaction, that perfect naturalness which shows them to live and have a soul. The beauty of Raphael is that he keeps nature to herself, and only expresses what nature wants expressed, without the least exaggeration. The most delicate sentiment has its language. Here is a lesson in writing which I wish I could receive.

December 24.

In the Church of St. Peter in Chains, I found the famous statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. It is a sitting statue, and was designed as part of the monument of Julius II. The statue has a most marvellous beard, reaching down to

the hips; the arms and legs show tremendous muscles, and the eyes stare with a very imperial and determined look. If Moses were Pluto, it would, on the whole, be a very good Moses. But the look of faith and spiritual empire, the look derived from communion with God, the divine expression, I did not see. I should call it an eminently unreligious statue.

December 25.

The great day, Christmas! Taking an early breakfast, we arrived at St. Peter's, to wait two hours for the beginning of the service. [Here follows a minute description of the ceremonies.] The music sounded better than in the Sistine, because of the distance and the size of the building. The pauses, and the sublime Amen swelling through the arches and holding the air for at least a minute, were grand and impressive. At the moment when the host was consecrated, the commander of the military, standing in front of the lines with his sword in his hands, waved them down upon their knees, and a great part of the assembly went down in an instant, to adore the body and blood. The long pause of silence, itself audible, was solemn, if one forgot the wretched mummery at the bottom. Then, to stand on the steps and see the cardinals and all the splendid liveries of the nobles moving off, completed the pageant. The whole vast area was a sea of life and splendor. Taken altogether, I suppose it is possible for no such splendid pageant as this to be seen in any part of the world. As I looked upon it, at the close, considering how a simple life of goodness and humility in the flesh, as distinct from all this as thought can conceive, had yet power to set it all in motion, I felt a stronger sense of the sublimity of the cross than they who adored the host. But, alas! how sad a compliment, after all, will the exalted Saviour regard it! I looked round upon the vast assemblage, asking what is the real power of this? I may be prejudiced; how do the believers themselves regard it? And I saw them chatting, and smiling, and staring in thoughtless admiration on every side,—no one look of feeling and solemnity seen at the moment when they fell down to worship.

December 26.

As we were passing round the south of the Palatine to the Forum, we saw a multitude ascending a narrow lane up the Cœlian Hill. We followed, till we came to the Church of St. Stephen the Round. It was St. Stephen's Day, and the multitudes were passing thither. The church was full, and mass was performing at one of the altars. This is an old structure refitted and consecrated among a mass of ruins, supposed to have been a temple of Bacchus. Most of the people were passing round to inspect the frescoes on the walls. These are representations of martyrdoms and persecutions, wrought with effect, and showing all the forms of martyrdom with hideous particularity.

Returning the same way, we descended to the Coliseum. We heard a chant within, and found, on entering, that a company of priests or monks, hooded and veiled, were passing round, making a circle and stopping before each of the shrines, bearing a crucifix and lamps, and chanting a round for each. The chant was really beautiful; and the scene, comprising a multitude mostly of women shifting their places every few minutes, was quite picturesque. How strange a scene for this place! What a contrast between the imbecility of religious superstition and the ferocity of the old time! Passing over by the Capitol, we found another multitude climbing up and down the steps of the Ara Cœli. This church is supposed to stand on the site of the old Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Another tradition makes out that Augustus, at the very time of our Saviour's birth, was erecting here an altar bearing the inscription *Ara Primo-geniti Dei*. There, accordingly, is the place for the bambino! We entered, and found, on the left of the door, the bambino exhibiting with all the stage effect possible. In the front, near the opening of the recess, stood the Virgin, dressed in robes of gold, over the bambino, which lay in state, as it were, arrayed in gold and jewels. Near by stood Joseph. Overhead hung a whole heaven of divinity,—God and the angels,—a kind of semi-transparency lighted by lamps from behind; and underneath opened a deep vista of landscape with men

and women, so lighted as to make a scene of Paradisaic beauty. The thing was really managed with exquisite skill, and the crowd of gazers was great and eager, of course. Here again, what work for the site of Jupiter Capitolinus!

On the whole, if I were to set forth the real character of Rome to-day as compared with ancient Rome, I know not how I could do it more vigorously than by what I have seen in these three places or ceremonies. In the Hall of Bacchus, the pictures of the martyrs; in the Coliseum, a roundelay of monkish chants before the shrines; on the site of Jupiter the Thunderer's temple, a bambino.

The following extract is from a letter written to his wife shortly before leaving Rome. The note which accompanies it was to his little daughter, and evidently evoked by some message from her:—

But you will say, give me something of Rome. Well, what shall I give? What is there you have not seen described a hundred times better than I can describe it, or a simple engraving of which would not more adequately present it to you? I have seen enough, but what to give you that will answer to your expectations, considering that I am at Rome, I really do not know. Besides, after all, it is not single objects that make the interest of Rome, but the whole,—that which shows her to have been the mistress of the world for so many ages and in ways so different. The kingdom, the republic, the haughty, victorious empire, the declining empire, the empire of the Church, ruins decayed and perfect ruins stripped and plundered to build palaces and temples, the temples and palaces built, what time has devastated, what the barbarians, what superstition and avarice, the arts of all ages and climes, the known and unknown, associations drawn from all history tinged by associations of no definite color and which cannot be traced,—all this it is which makes up Rome; not the Pantheon, not St. Peter's, not any one object or many objects, in their simple import. A traveller might put himself to work to describe St. Peter's or the Capitol, and feel when it was done that he had set off the wonder called Rome; but I feel an utter disinclination to this. It

seems much like showing a brick for Babylon. You will judge from this that I have been greatly interested in what I have seen here. I shall go away as from the focus of all human history, with a new zest, I trust, for everything that pertains to history, a new sense of the possible grandeur of human power, and, at the same time, of its certain vanity.

My dear little M——,—You say that you, too, want a letter from papa; and a little one will do, will it not?

And what do you think are the sweetest violets, those that grow in the garden, or those that blossom in the heart and face of a good, little, loving child? When your dear father hears that you talk of him and remember him in your prayers, asking God to keep him and bring him safely back, there is no flower so bright or sweet as that.

God bless you, my dear one, and keep you from all that is wrong, that you may always be the violet to your father.

From the Journal.

Paris, January 8.

Went out to Galignani's after breakfast, and spent the whole day in reading the American news, particularly what pertained to the Oregon question. I was anxious lest my country, which I love more dearly every day, might be doing dishonor to itself by unjust demands, and precipitating itself into unnecessary war. And I am sorry that the proposition of Great Britain to go to arbitration was so peremptorily rejected. I am forced, however, to confess that our President has gone the whole length of justice in his proposition,—further, indeed, than anything but a desire of peace could require. The argument, taken as a whole, is so conclusive that really I am half indignant at the effrontery shown by the British claim. They have no title at all to Oregon worthy of being named, and I do not care if they get pay for their rapacity. I only do not wish to have my country first in a war of any kind.

January 15.

Entered one or two of the courts, in one of which an argument before judges was in progress. The judges were a fine-

looking bench of men, truly; and I will add that I have never seen a body of lawyers whose look was so healthful and intelligent. Almost every face was brilliant; and if they were dissipated, as doubtless some of them are, their vices are never of that class which marks the countenance. Indeed, almost everything I have seen of the French is better than I had expected, save the dirt of their churches. Their shops are neat, their persons are neat. I am very seldom accosted by a beggar; there appears to be a state of general comfort among the lower classes, and almost no examples appear of squalid misery. You meet more beggars, more bloated faces, more of rags and dirt, in London in one day than here in ten. I have seen but one intoxicated person since I entered Paris, and he could walk; and, what is more strange to me than all, I see nothing of that light and fickle disposition which I expected. The volatile Frenchman, always a proverb, I have not seen. When I came out of Italy, on the contrary, I seemed to be entering among a grave-minded, thinking people. All the street-scold, so perpetual among the Italians, disappears. I see a look of care and business on most men, as in the United States. In short, it is clear to me that the French character is undergoing a thorough change. Every department of life and society is improving. Property is now in a better state of distribution in France than in any other country in Europe. The masses are more, the aristocracy less,—thanks to the Revolution and all the tremendous experiences through which France has been carried in the last fifty years. But she wants a religion; and nothing is more manifest to me than that she can never humble herself to contentment under the shams and mummeries of an unintellectual religion. She is outgrowing that; and the religion must either change or she will be clear of it.

January 21.

By the politeness of Mr. Walsh, received a ticket for the Chamber of Deputies, to hear the reply of M. Guizot to M. Thiers, who had attacked his policy of uniting with England to hold a balance of power against the United States. . . . M. Thiers came in, a short, dapper-looking man, with a round,

flat head, and a lively countenance,—full of talk, quick, all mercury. By-and-by Marshal Soult took his seat, a rather short, honest-looking, not very striking octogenarian. Guizot came in, wringing his hands and twirling his fingers, showing that his mind was in labor and with difficulty composed. He is a thin-faced and rather long-haired man, but tall and slender. He does not, by his looks, impress one with a sense of extraordinary talent. He mounted the tribune. The president rang, and the members clattered on their desks and hissed, in which the galleries helped, till by-and-by the moving and talking lulled away, and the speaker began, leaning on the tribune with both elbows. He grew more animated and lively, rose up, grappled his handkerchief as one not quite at ease, set both hands going in gesture, and thickened his words. Now and then a growl of applause or negation broke out, and all was confusion till the same old process restored silence. On his undertaking to state the sentiments of M. Thiers, the latter rose to explain or correct him, and spoke about two minutes, with a husky but shrill treble, John Randolph-wise, full of fire and enthusiasm, gesturing up and down with both hands as fast as he could. Then Guizot resumed, more impassioned than ever, and went on to his conclusion, occupying in all a little less than an hour. The house was full, and the audience keenly alive to the discussion. What a proud thing for the American, standing here as a stranger, to see his new country rising in its greatness before the world! Here he stands to hear the debate which begins to reveal the jealousy of power and to show that thrones are quaking lest the great republic should overshadow monarchy and legitimacy.

Would that I could have understood the words of the speakers! One thing, however, I account certain on physiological principles, that so much of short, rapid gesture from the elbow cannot be connected with great depth of sentiment or the highest dignity of matter.

He reached London, for the second time, on the first of February. Here he remained for two months, lengthening out his stay, week by week, as he became more and more interested in his life there. A whole

volume of his journal is given to this sojourn. He completed and recorded most thoroughly all the sight-seeing of the great city; but a greater gratification to him was the fulfilment of his wish "to come into acquaintance with men." He attended many gatherings, religious and political, and was received socially in a way very kindly, and very agreeable to him, making many acquaintances and some friends. Yet this alone would, perhaps, hardly have contented him, so accustomed was he to put his own stamp on all he saw, and thought, and did; but here, in a land akin to his own and speaking his own tongue, he found a vent for all that vivid mental activity that had been so long repressed and dumb in lands foreign in thought and speech. He led as busy a life of his own, there in old London, as he could have done in Hartford, and won, towards the close of his stay, a larger recognition than might have been expected for a man then comparatively unknown. His "Letter to the Pope" was published in England. He also wrote and published there an article on the "Oregon Question," which excited a good deal of interest. Besides this, he preached a good many times, and his sermon on *Unconscious Influence*, afterwards one of the best known of the "Sermons for the New Life," was delivered in London, in the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Morris, and was, by request, first published there.

To his Wife.

London, February 1, 1846.

I give you here a little appendix, to say that I arrived in London yesterday, stopping at Rouen and Havre on my way. It really seems like getting home, to be where I can once more have the liberty of speech. I had thought of going over to Ireland, but I am tired of running after sights, and it seems a little anti-climactic, after seeing the greatest wonders of the civilized world, to finish off with a peep at Irishmen. I think I shall wait, therefore, and let Pat come and see me, which you know he is like enough to do; and if he does not bring *swate Erin* with him, he is very likely to bring his fine art, *i. e.*, his shovel. To-day is Sunday. I have been out to the Temple church. The service in this church is remarkable on account of the music; all the responses are made by the choir. I have heard no music anywhere, of a sacred order, so moving. There was a certain holy pathos, a breathing of sanctified antiquity, in the litany and some of the chants, which it was hard to resist. It was delightful, in passing through the streets, to see the shops all closed

and the business stopped, the streets quiet and clear of idlers and loafers, and the people going forth with their families to church. I seem to have found a people, once more, who have a sense of religion. Both London and the people impress me more favorably on returning from the Continent. There is a good deal of feeling, both here and in France, in reference to the Oregon question. I think that the English never looked upon our country with so much hostility. Still, I hope that two such nations will not be permitted to exhibit their folly by years of strife and blood, for the sake of a territory so worthless. If I should be taken prisoner here, I beg you will send over my trunk of sermons and some pumpkin seed; for I must try to set up as a Yankee parson. And I don't know, in such a case, how I shall get on without you, —you in the double capacity of a critic for the sermons and a director of the pies. But nonsense apart, I have now begun to stretch my thoughts homewards. I seem to have reached the western shore, and to be standing there ready to embark.

February 11.

I tried yesterday to get into the House of Commons. Went to-day, at half-past one o'clock, and took my seat in the lobby, where many had been waiting for an hour, to wait till I might take my turn to get into the House. About half-past three o'clock we were graciously allowed to go in by pairs and take our seats, where we must wait till five, before the House would be through with petitions and ready to go on with the debate; and we must not read, because it would be a disrespect to the House! There was the House running out and in, lounging on the benches, with hats on, talking, laughing, reading at their pleasure. Above is a little gallery, where a hundred men are penned like sheep, with four watch-dogs set to take care of them, to cry, "Sit down, sir!" if one raised himself two inches to look over the breastwork; to cry, "Shut up that book!" if a luckless fellow tried to relieve the tedium of the place. My soul boiled under a sense of insult. I had a ticket; and as three times as many tickets are given as there are places, the holders must wait for a seat,

and the most patient will get it, exhausted, however, by that time,—all, when the right number of tickets might just as well be given. And now to be thus meddled with and insulted finished my patience. The debate was very dull, save that there was a little gentle fire in the first speech. Then came one flat after another, till I could bear it no longer. A neighbor asked, as I rose to go,—"Do you expect to return, sir?"—"No, *never!*"

British Museum, February 19.

Noticed two portraits of Oliver Cromwell, one a very good painting,—a fine, intellectual-looking fellow, with a look of integrity and single-mindedness which is striking. Compare his face with those of all the kings in the room, and they look like mere animals. I observed also the portrait of Harry Vane the younger,—a modest, accomplished-looking man. Also, Baxter, and Locke, and Newton. But the grandest form of all, both in moral and intellectual power, was old Oliver, —the hypocrite, liar, tyrant!

February 28.

I called and took breakfast with Mr. Hamilton, of the Scotch Free Church. He called to give me the invitation, days before, at the request of Chalmers. I liked him very much. He is full Scotch, and talked at first in such a flow of Scotticism, before he got into possession of his more artificial tongue, that I could hardly understand him. He is very modest, not a little awkward, but has a depth of pathos and humor, and withal such a fund of fine imagery, that he makes the impression of genius more than any man I have met here —good genius.

March 2.

The community here has been a good deal stirred by the American question. But this has rather given way, just now, to the great corn question and the news from India. The Corn-Laws will be repealed. The Commons have already given their vote to this effect, with ninety-seven majority. Peel made a most splendid speech on the subject. England has, in this step, taken the lead of free-trade legislation before all the world; strange as it may seem, this matter-of-fact,

slave-to-precedent people have really embarked on a principle, a theory! To my mind, no nation would have been less likely to do it, and yet it is done,—all honor to the doer. The East India affair is terrible. No battle so disastrous to officers has been fought since the great day of Waterloo.

I have been trying to get hold of the spirit and prospects of the Evangelical Alliance movement, but I find it exceedingly difficult. It is not difficult, however, to see that they have no sympathy with us at present. Their minds are preoccupied with the idea of union as an object in itself, and they do not seem as yet to have fixed on the ways and means of attaining it at all. I think their scheme is visionary and unpractical. They build on a creed. They mean to keep out all but the saints,—Unitarians, Quakers, slave-holders, etc., etc. How they are going to work they do not know. One hopes they will revise the Scriptures; another that they will have good meetings every year; and all have a lurking feeling that this new body will make such a sea of good feeling that all sects will cast overboard their peculiarities, and run themselves into the same mould. Bishop Whately has required his clergy to stand clear. The Free-Church members of the committee have been compelled to withdraw for a time. The prodigious wave they have raised seems to be lulling away. There are a great many good men in this movement, and they have gone into it with good feeling, but really it seems to me they have undertaken a thing too high for the wit of man. I am just about taking hold of a letter to the Pope, which, if I can get it up in a way to suit me, I shall publish.

March 10.

Was invited to meet with the Congregational Board, or Society of Ministers, comprising all those of London and vicinity. About seventy were present. Dr. Carlyle introduced me to the meeting, and I answered in a word. A communication was read from Dr. John Pye Smith, recommending, among other things, that they should open a correspondence with their brethren in America, and remonstrate with them in regard to the horrible and abominable conduct of their President. [In regard to the Oregon difficulty.] There

was a great burst of laughter, and all eyes were upon me. I got up and told them that my brethren would be most happy to receive their communication, and would expect, of course, to reciprocate their good-will.

I have found more intellectual sympathy with Morris than with any Englishman I have met. His mind is on the move. He is not hide-bound. His views of truth are fresh, and smell of thought. But he has for this reason to run the gauntlet—he is a most dangerous animal! He is a beautiful man, has an exquisite delivery, and a good deal of sharpness and invention.

March 22.

Went to vespers at Westminster Abbey, and heard some fine music. I have come to the firm conclusion that if I were to be an Episcopalian I would certainly have the liturgy sung or chanted. There is power in it; when read or mumbled there is none.

April 8.

Attended, in the evening, the House of Commons, where I heard O'Connell speak for Ireland, against the Coercion Bill. He spoke in a very low tone, an almost mournful tone, except in two or three places, where he kindled and flamed out a little. And yet it was a very powerful speech. It had an effect perhaps better than he ever made before. Whether his manner was set by design, or his fire is burnt low, I do not know,—probably the latter. Sidney Herbert made a smooth, elegant, almost super-elegant speech in reply. He is a sensible man, but wants the masculine manner. Lord John Russell made a speech. He is a slow, rather plain-looking man, short, honest, and Yankee-like in his way. Speaks very slowly, and is not fluent or easy; and yet he showed a good deal of power. He says "havin'," "walkin'," etc.

To his Wife.

London, April 10, 1846.

. . . I preached twice last Sabbath, and am engaged to preach on Sunday evening next. On Monday I attended a meeting of the ministers and theological students of London

and its vicinity, and heard a sermon, the subject of which was discussed afterwards; and being called upon to speak, I dared to controvert a little something that had been said. I trembled like a fool when I got up, but succeeded, I believe, very well.* I have been requested to publish my sermon on Unconscious Influence, and am now preparing it for the press. My "Letter to the Pope" has been kept back, but it is just now published. I hear well of it. It is a little too long, and perhaps a little too hard on the old gentleman. . . .

I am learning here how to estimate myself with more modesty. I had lived in a sphere where I was everything, had never gone out of my sphere to see how the broad world looked. Here I am in London, and who am I here? It is good for me—I feel it to be good; in one view, just the thing I wanted. It does not crush me or anything like that; but it shows me what a speck I am. Anything that makes us know the world better, and our relations to it, the ways of reaching mankind, what popularity is worth, how large the world is, and how many things it takes to fill it with an influence;—anything which sets a man practically in his place, is a mental good, a good of manners, of feeling,—dignity itself. . . . I attended another party last Tuesday evening. I am also engaged to dinner on Thursday, as well as Wednesday,—yes, and, as I just remember, on Monday too. I want exceedingly to stay through the Anniversaries, but shall be off just as they begin. Oh my dear, dear home! I am sure that when I reach it I shall know something of what it is to have found that rest, for which our mortal hearts so often sigh, on the heavenly shore. To be thus a pilgrim, to go roving round the world among strangers, far from home, separated for so many months from all that is dear on earth,—what so much like the rest of the soul when its pilgrimage is over, as to return and clasp those we love, and then rest again? Have patience, my dearest; have patience, my children. If time

* It appeared that this little speech delighted the students present by its freshness, and perhaps by its antagonism to certain teachings which needed the ventilation of some breeze of new thought. They crowded about him after the meeting was over, and expressed their pleasure.

loiters, yet he goes, and may God keep us all under his loving smile till the day shall come. Give my best love to my people, and tell them that I want to see both them and my work.

April 28.

Morris came down in the morning, and went to the station of the railroad and out to Woking. I parted at last from my dear friend with the greatest tenderness and regret. Would that I might see him again in the United States! I feel that I have made a contact with England, at least, and a warm one. My mind was occupied on the way to Portsmouth with a certain high enjoyment, which I have rarely experienced, at the certainty of a living sympathy, so fresh and delightful, and which time, I trust, will not remove; and not the less at the thought that now I was off again towards the dear objects with whom the fibres of my feeling are so deeply entwined. What a blessedness it is to have one's soul full and bounding with conscious exaltation! Living unto God and filled with God, as here with this world, it might ever be so with me, and ever ought to be.

April 29.

Between four and five P.M. embarked. Farewell, old England, probably forever! A magnificent nation, great in power and character, and strong as the bulwark of Christian truth, in all past ages. So may it ever be. But it has great weakness and prejudices, as well as great wealth and power.

May 9.

Up to this time we have had only about six hours of wind that would suffer us to lie on our course, all head-winds and calm save six hours of gentle favor. To-day we had ten hours of good wind, but about noon it began to veer towards the head again. Immediately after dinner Captain Morgan began to haul down sail, and made lively work of it, for the wind was waxing strong not slowly. Within two hours it blew a gale, and continued to do so for nearly three days—a gale of wind dead ahead. Next morning we passed a wreck, a dismal sight enough. Two masts were standing, the rigging all stripped away save a single rope. Every wave was

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rolling over the deck, and torrents of water poured out of the stern windows every time the ship lifted. Where are the poor crew, who were they, what was their fate? Did they quit the ship before the gale, or was she swept clean in it? And we were staggering on amid the howling storm, to go we knew not where, and come out we knew not how. The rigging moaned and groaned as if partaking of the gloom and melancholy of the hour. Thus we went on, rushing towards the pole, struggling not to lose our longitude. In the night of the third day the storm blew out in a tremendous explosion of two hours, and then stopped as suddenly as if cut off with an axe. I noticed it, lying in my berth, and said, "Now for a roll." And immediately it came; and really it seemed as if the ship would roll quite over, first one way and then the other, and everything movable on the decks went with it, pitching from side to side and thundering in frightful confusion. It was enough to shake the nerves of the strongest. The waves came toppling down upon the windward side of the ship as if they would bury it, and we seemed, most of the time, to be coasting under a cliff of water and along a deep valley. When we rose upon the waves and pitched downward, staggering into the gulf, the ship seemed mad with fury, like a plunging bull. And when the wind was strongest, the water was blown so fine as to fill the air and make it impossible to see more than a few rods at a time. Two impressions crowding on the mind at once make the sublimity and grandeur of the scene. First, what a straw is man in the hands of this dread power! Second, what a wonder is man, that he can still hew out a few planks and frame himself a frail habitation, and commit himself to this dreadful power and master it, in the very act of submission to its laws! I never enjoyed any scene more in my life. I felt scarcely willing to leave the deck night or day, whether in the rain, or the sun, or the moonlight, for we had them all. This was a new mood for moonlight to exhibit its charms in. To walk the deck was impossible, save by a run across it as the ship was caught in the roll. We found, after the storm, we had gained about twenty miles in three days by running up to 51° latitude.

CHAPTER IX.

1846-1848.

COMING HOME.—LETTER TO THE POPE.—CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE.—CORRESPONDENCE.—CHRISTIAN NURTURE, AND ARGUMENT FOR THE SAME.—DR. BACON'S CRITICISM.—HARTFORD WATER-WORKS.—BARBARISM THE FIRST DANGER.—SKETCH OF DR. BUSHNELL, BY DR. BARTOL.—LETTER TO A CHILD.

The arrival of the *Victoria* was not announced in the newspapers, and the children, who had for days been watching at the window for their father's coming, returned from a walk with their mother, one bright June day, to find him sitting alone in the house, waiting for the joyful meeting. A year's absence had made him to their short memories almost a stranger, and the impression of him which dates back to that day is therefore a vivid recollection. One of those children remembers, as in a picture, the spare sinewy figure, tense yet easy in its motions; the face, then smoothly shaven, showing delicate outlines about the cordial, sweet-tempered mouth; the high, broad forehead, straight to the line where it was swept by the careless hair, just streaked with gray; the kindling gray eyes, deep-set under beetling black eyebrows; and, above all, the abrupt yet kindly manner, indicating in its unaffected simplicity a fund of conscious power.

There were many glad greetings that day between pastor and people, as well as in the household. A short space was given to talk and joyful interchange of experiences, and then came the plunge back into work.

The "Letter to the Pope," written and published in London, had preceded him across the Atlantic, and was exciting much remark among Romanists and Protestants on both sides of the water. It was translated into Italian, and widely

circulated in Italy, and was there recorded in the "Index Expurgatorius," and specified by proclamation as one of the seditious publications to be suppressed by the police. By a large part of the reading world it was stigmatized as a useless piece of American audacity. But it had been written under the pressure of sympathies so powerfully stirred by the wrongs of an oppressed people, that the author may be pardoned for having forgotten or ignored the dignity of a potentate who recognized no rights but those of the Church of Rome. The "Letter" is not wanting in such courtesy as is due to old age; yet it is pungent, keen, and unsparing of the truth to a degree that makes even the Protestant reader wince in sympathy. Its very audacity gave it wings, and carried it where speech of a more commonplace order could never have penetrated. It is useless to try to estimate the impression which it made in Italy; but it may have been one among the many outside influences which have helped to liberate the thought of the Italian people. Taking it altogether, we may call the writing of this letter to the Pope one of the most characteristic things which Horace Bushnell ever did.

It seems a little strange that the publication of the "Letter" did not excite enmity to his person among the Romanists in this country; but, far from this being the case, he was on good terms with some even of their priests, and especially with Father Brady, an honest, paternal priest of the old sort, then living in Hartford—a man who had in his composition so much of kindliness and Irish mother-wit as to make his rather autocratic rule over his flock a really beneficent influence. Meeting him one day in the street, shortly after the death of the Pope, Dr. Bushnell stopped and introduced himself to him, when Father Brady exclaimed, "Are you the man who killed His Holiness, Pope Gregory the Sixteenth?"

During the year 1846, Dr. Bushnell went to Boston more than once to meet with and speak for the Christian Alliance, having still a deep interest in the purpose of that society to rally the united action of the Christian world in a demand for religious liberty in Italy and other papal countries. Prot-

estantism was to work not for her own aggrandizement, but for freedom of religious thought and action, the world over. This was their idea. But when, in the same year, the Evangelical Alliance took form in England, superseding the Alliance already formed in America, and replacing its practical objects by great demonstrations of unity among the churches of all Protestant sects, taking care, however, to guard that unity by a well-defined and practically exclusive creed, to which all alike must subscribe, Dr. Bushnell felt that the best hopes and objects of the Christian Alliance had been abandoned.

In a cogent article written for the *New Englander* for January, 1847, he tried to show that some practical object of world-wide interest was essential to the enduring life and growth of so great an Alliance. "Unity in itself, especially unity conditioned upon a common catechism, is not an object. Neither is it a thing to be compassed by any direct effort. It is an incident, not a principal, or a good by itself. It has its value in the valuable activities it unites, and the conjoining of beneficent powers. The more we seek it, the less we have *it*. Besides, most of what we call division in the Church of God is only distribution. The distribution of the Church, like that of human society, is one of the great problems of divine wisdom; and the more we study it, observing how the personal tastes, wants, and capacities of men in all ages and climes are provided for, and how the parts are made to act as stimulants to each other, the less disposed shall we be to think that the work of distribution is done badly. It is not the same thing with Christian unity, either to be huddled into a small enclosure, or to show the world how small a plat of ground we can all stand on. Unity is a grace broad as the universe, embracing in its ample bosom all right minds that live, and outreaching the narrow contents of all words and dogmas." The object which he proposes as worthy of a great society is to "act in behalf of man as man, and demand for him everywhere full religious freedom—to grapple calmly with this great question in all its applications, and hold it up before mankind as *the* question of the age and of the world." Dr. Chalmers had already spoken in England

with his accustomed strength and earnestness, urging that the impulse of unity already given by the Evangelical Alliance must come to a head in some broad, practical movement, or be utterly wasted. He also felt that it should be a Protestant movement for the moral enfranchisement of all peoples. He would cast away the doctrinal basis of unity, and substitute unity in action. He would vindicate private judgment, try the press, awaken the pulpits, act on Parliament, and, above all, promote the education of the poor. Thus in different strains, but with a like spirit, two manly voices on opposite sides of the Atlantic struck the key-note of a broad and enduring progress. But the sound died into silence. The Evangelical Alliance remained what it had been constituted, and the Christian Alliance of America was absorbed into the larger society.

In October, 1846, Dr. Bushnell delivered before the Hartford County Agricultural Society an address on "Agriculture at the East," which appears in "Work and Play." The subject was one with which his brightest, freshest memories were associated, and with whose practical aspects he was thoroughly conversant. The direct object which he had in view was to lead our farmers, then indiscriminately flocking westward, to estimate more correctly the advantages of their surroundings in New England, and the latent possibilities in our soil to be developed by judicious and enlightened tillage. He saw with deep regret the gradual disappearance of the best class of old-time farmers, and the abandonment of once thrifty estates to a renewal of the forest primeval. His closing words are these:—

"Science and society are the great wants of agriculture. Men grow up in the retirement of the fields with grand native capacities, but they want some quickening stimulus to keep their minds alive, something to awaken curiosity, set them on inquiry and speculation, and bring their rivalries and sensibilities into active play. Having this, and being men of independence in their station, they will develop a proportionate dignity and power of character. Without it, they sink into the most deplorable dulness, and become a backward, rude-minded class. Therefore, I say, look to your schools, cultivate society. The soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul."

The letters of this year are all of a domestic character. Mrs. Bushnell, who had felt the strain of her husband's absence in Europe, broke down in health after his return, and was away for a time in New Haven, and afterwards in New York under a physician's care. Dr. Bushnell wrote to her constantly, in as cheerful a tone as he could, praising the two children at home, boasting of his success as a house-keeper and a nurse, and urging her to stay till recovery was assured. From the nursing expedients to which he resorted, in slight cases of illness, with the children, such as the foot-bath, the hot brick, the low diet, and curtailed lessons, we judge that he was a sensible doctor, as well as a kind and watchful father. In his preaching we shall see that his mind was striking out on a fresh line of thought, which developed, in later years, into his book on the "Moral Uses of Dark Things."

To his Wife.

Hartford, Sunday, November, 1846.

My dear Mary,—I got your letter from the office last evening, and now I occupy a space between my morning and afternoon service to get a few words ready for the mail of the morning. I have just been preaching what I think is a pretty good sermon for me, certainly a long one, prepared since my return,—subject, the moral uses of want. I reached home Thursday morning, having missed the morning cars of Wednesday, by some false reading of the advertisement. The children were glad to see me, of course, little D—— crying from the top of the stairs, as I came in, "Oh, father, is that you!" as loud as she could, and almost tumbling down the stairs to get her kiss. I was deeply touched by the affectionate hunger of her little soul, as you would be often could you see her little face droop and darken with the inquiry, "When will mother come back?"

Nothing important was done at the meeting of the Christian Alliance in Boston, though there was much of interesting discussion, and some work prepared for the next annual meeting. I am sorry to hear that you have been put back by

your unfortunate illness. Hold on to your physician like a good Christian, and try him out. As to coming home, give yourself no uneasiness. You shall hear the first moment you are wanted. And to show how frankly I will deal with you, we want you now,—only we want you to stay more than to return. And if you cannot manage to gratify us in both, gratify us in the want that is strongest. My text this morning was, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." I a little doubted whether it applied to husbands—certainly not when their wives are absent. I desire, if I can, to produce a sermon this week on the very interesting subject of deformity, or the uses of it. If you have anything to suggest that will help me, let me have it by mail or telegraph. Seriously, I do feel a very great and peculiar interest in this subject. I wish I had you here to talk out the matter, as I hope to have you soon, in such health and patience that you can hear.

Hartford, November 23, 1846.

I am sorry that my letters are so reluctant to reach you in season, and still more that they are so worthless when you get them. I do not write in the latter part of the week, because I have so much to do beside; I cannot in the beginning, because there is so little left of me. This, you will see, is Monday; or if the date does not show you, the substance will. I gave yesterday what I consider the best sermon I ever produced, on the moral uses of danger. To-day I think I could write one poor enough to match it. But to-morrow I begin again for Thursday, Thanksgiving,—and what shall it be? I think I am gaining in health and strength rather than losing; suffering, in fact, from nothing—only from a want of power to realize many things of which my mind is full. It really seems that I am only beginning to be, and yet I begin also to think of not being, at least not here. What a grand possession had those antediluvians, in their thousand years of breathing! We must breathe short and quick, else we do not get time to breathe at all. I have had one or two invitations to dine out on Thanksgiving-day, but I have declined them.

I prefer to be at home, with what of home is left me, and I shall try to make it a good day out of what material I have. I suppose you will wonder at my determination. But it is my taste. And though you are absent, which is saying much, still I am moved in part by this fact; for if I go out, I lose you wholly; whereas, if I stay at home, I can manage to get a little of you. The dear children will represent you, and a little imagination instigated by a little love will help. Besides, I was absent the last year, and have got hungry for a taste of this domestic day, so that I shall be able to make a feast on a half table. . . .

Hartford, Monday, November 30, 1846.

. . . We had, on the whole, a very good Thanksgiving,—talked of home and God's blessings to us, adding now and then a sigh, not painful enough to take off the smile from our faces, for the two dear ones missing, for we were determined to be happy at any rate. We had, also, how many causes to be thankful on your account. Calling on Mrs. B—— the next day, and hearing her say that she went out to dine to escape home, I could not but feel how different a day it was with you absent, from what it would be if there were no hope of your return. I preached on Roads,—make what of that you can. I am getting weary of work, and wish I could go clear for a time. I have an article on my hands for the *New Englander*, on the Alliance; when I get that off, I will swing my hat, and go—somewhere. I have now a meeting of the Consociation before me this afternoon, and it will probably take up to-day and to-morrow. I am stealing time from it to write you this, as I shall have no other time. I have just heard of the terrible wreck of the *Atlantic*. What a scene! It casts a gloom upon one sometimes to see what a wrathful world it is that we live in. Fierce, unpitying, remorseless powers are everywhere armed against us, and to live is to run a kind of gauntlet. Well, God knows us best; and it is, after all, a grand exercise that he gives us, in confronting his terrors and strengthening our hearts against them. To fall at last heroically is about honor enough. . . .

Yours ever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

The important work of this year, 1846, both as regards its ultimate usefulness, and with respect to the discussion and controversy which followed its publication, was his little book on "Christian Nurture." Its spirit and general tenor are so well known that it is unnecessary here to repeat its affectionate plea, that the religious life of childhood should be fostered by and adopted into the great household of faith, the organic Christian family of the Church. So much progress has been made in this direction that it is difficult for us now to realize the prevalence at that day of very different teachings. The Church of New England recognized no gradual growth into Christianity. None could be admitted to Christian fellowship save those who had been technically converted, passing through the prescribed stages of "conviction of sin and acceptance of salvation." Hence children had no participation in the religious life of their parents, and no rights in the Church as a home. The philosophy which underlies "Christian Nurture" is likely to be lost sight of in the greater attraction of its practical lessons. It is opposed to the *individualism* of the then prevalent theology, and recognizes and emphasizes the *organic* life of the family, the Church and society at large, wherein no soul lives or acts alone as a unit, but all as parts of a living organism, interdependent and mutually helpful.

The history of the origin and publication of this treatise is briefly this: When Dr. Bushnell returned from Europe, he found that certain paragraphs of an article which he had published in the *New Englander* had provoked some dissent in the ministerial association to which he belonged, and he was invited by its members to discuss before them the subject of Christian training. He produced two discourses on the question for his own pulpit, and read the argument before the association. The discussion which followed among those present revealed no objection to the view given, and he was unanimously requested to print the discourses. They were not written for that purpose, but his conviction that the subject was an important one led him to comply. While he was engaged in preparing them for the press, his friend, Mr. Jo-

seph H. Towne, who was a member of the committee of the Massachusetts Sabbath-School Society, requested that he might be allowed to offer them to that society for publication. This was done. Mr. Towne described, in a graphic letter to Dr. Bushnell, the manner in which the committee received and discussed the anonymous manuscript. Each member of the committee, as he read and reported upon it, agreed to it as true, and praised it as "valuable," "no common production," "highly suggestive." "But," the qualification was, "it is new; it will make a stir; some persons will be startled by it,—such is the novelty of the thing that it will inevitably draw attention to itself whenever it appears in print. Would it be prudent to publish it?" After reserving their decision for several months, during which time the propriety of publishing it was thoroughly considered, and after sending the manuscript back twice to the author for the modification of phrases, in which, as it cost him no change of opinion, he was willing to gratify the committee, the "Discourses on Christian Nurture" were finally published.

The treatise was noticed in a Calvinistic and an Episcopal paper with favor, and seemed likely to find audience before a limited public, without exciting any alarm whatever. But a "Letter" appeared, having the sanction of the North Association of Hartford County, addressed to Dr. Bushnell, and charging that the "Discourses" were full of "dangerous tendencies." This letter was industriously circulated, and seems to have met with a more ready hearing in Massachusetts than in Connecticut, where its origin was better understood. When, shortly after, Dr. Bushnell attended a meeting of the General Association of Massachusetts at Worcester, he was surprised to find himself enveloped in an atmosphere of sensibility which went to the length of personal and public discourtesy. Perceiving from such indications that he had "touched the quick of theologic odium," he was less surprised at the announcement, shortly made, that the Sabbath-School Society had suppressed the book. He saw that this would but give him an opportunity to obtain a wider hearing, and at once decided to republish it himself. His repub-

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lication was accompanied by an "Argument," addressed to the committee of the Massachusetts Sabbath-School Society, in which he rehearsed the history of the case, and then proceeded to fortify his former statements by showing, through various quotations, that they were but a return to an older and more genuine form of orthodoxy.

From this argument, now out of print, we select the following extracts:—

"I made some references in the 'Discourses' to what had been the views of Christian teachers in past ages. If I erred in not being more full on that subject, I will now supply the deficiency, not without some confidence that this panic, before which you have yielded, will be discovered, like many others which have troubled the world, to have had its birth in ignorance.

"If I give you reason to believe that the same doctrine of Christian nurture was held by the church of the apostolic age, in connection with infant baptism, after which the rite fell into long ages of abuse, where its proper meaning was lost out of mind; if I show you, moreover, that the very type of religion which has produced this extraordinary sensitiveness to my book is in fact a novelty, itself just a hundred years old, being that which was derisively called 'New Light' in its day, and which now is really taken to be synonymous with antiquity and all orthodoxy; a type of religion which approaches strict individualism, which practically hangs all power and progress on adult conversions, which flowered in the brilliant era of Burchard and Knapp, and is now dying under mildew or passing into seed;—showing you this, I think your committee will at least find some confirmation of their judgment, and the subjects of this panic, some solution of the very peculiar courtesy and intellectual dignity that has attended their demonstrations. . . .

"I observe that a certain school at least of Unitarians have somewhat warmly espoused my little book since its publication was suspended; and this, I perceive, is to many a note of appalling import against me; for nothing surely can be less than a pestilent error which any Unitarian will approve! Meantime, it is my felicity that, while your committee are deploring probably the stigma suffered in publishing a book that Unitarians can accept, I am congratulating myself in the fact that I have been able to present a great practical subject, involving so many difficult and contested points in theology, in a manner so comprehensive as to carry at least the qualified assent of many Christian denominations. I should even be false to my own aims and principles not to hail the result with unfeigned joy. Neither let the public be too easily frightened by the success of a catholic effort. And if the bats and beetles, scared by so strange a sign, begin to flutter wildly, as if the elemental darkness they

inhabit were in danger, it is not best to be alarmed on that account; for it is not they who rule the world, any more than they who understand it. . . .

"You have a religious newspaper that has long been exerting a most baleful effect upon your churches, restraining the breadth of Christian character and opinions, undignifying the feelings and perverting the Christian manners of your people. To say that this paper is behind the age is nothing,—it is behind all ages. It is as ignorant of the past as it is opposite to the future. It exhibits that uncomfortable spirit which properly belongs to a brute conservatism held by the will, separated from all intelligent views of the past, and, even further still, from the dignified and courtly sentiments that are commonly connected with a veneration for ancient names and opinions. The one virtue for which it is sometimes praised, viz., its consistency, is but another name for the fact that its opinions, and manners, and spirit are all equally bad, and that it holds to them all with equal tenacity. This paper aggravates every mischief you suffer; indeed, I sometimes think it is the author of whatever is undesirable in your present state. For it is not the guiding reins of wisdom that it applies, turning your chariot, by gentle retractions on this side and on that, into the path of safety and progress; but it is more fitly represented by that thong in the harness which falls across the haunches of the animal, and upon which, throwing back his weight, he sometimes stubbornly refuses to move. And so often has this unilluminated conservatism backed its bulk upon every genial and hopeful motion, that many appear to shrink from encountering its violence, preferring to save their quiet, and possibly their dignity, from the ill manners in which it finds impunity.

"There is no instrument of power in this age, as we are just beginning to discover, that can be compared with a newspaper. What now we want in New England, above everything else, is a great religious newspaper, edited with such a degree of ability, such firmness and breadth of understanding, as shall make it an instrument worthy of our churches and worthy of the age.

"Brethren, whether you will believe it, or not, a new day has come. If we will, we can make it a better day; but it demands a furniture of thought and feeling such as we must stretch ourselves in a degree to realize. We must be firm for the truth, and, for that very reason, ready to detect our own errors. We must accept the legacy left us by our manly fathers—a legacy of labor, and duty, and progress; and taking our stand for sound doctrine, we must refuse to think any doctrine sound which does not help us to grow, or any growth a reality which does not include a growth in wisdom, and breadth, and Christian dignity."

One must travel back thirty years to realize the boldness and force of these words. The independent position thus

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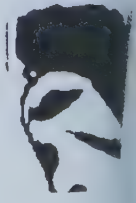

taken was a solitary one, separate from and in advance of the body to which Horace Bushnell belonged. As a part of the history of his case they are reprinted here, and not from a wish to revive any of the painful feelings associated with them. In his final revised and complete edition of Christian Nurture, withdrawing from none of his positions, he omitted all merely controversial matter, and supplied its place with teachings so practical and so tender that they have found their way into many a household where their orthodoxy has been never a matter of question, and where, indeed, no one cares whether they are orthodox, every one feeling them to be true. Nevertheless, the early pungent edition had its value in its day, and was at least vividly characteristic of the writer at that period.

Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, in a valuable review of Dr. Bushnell's earlier theological work, lately published in the *New Englander*, says:—

"Certain metaphysico-theological questions, which were thought to be intelligible and important, but which can hardly be so stated as to be intelligible now to anybody, were sharply and contentiously debated forty years ago. To these questions, Dr. Bushnell seemed comparatively indifferent. The 'New Haven divines,' Drs. Taylor, Fitch, and Goodrich, were doing what I regarded, and still regard, as a great work for the liberation of New England Calvinism from certain traditional encumbrances. Earnestly, and in the face of obloquy, they were working to establish definitions and discriminations, by which the Divine call to repentance and the offer of reconciliation to God might be more effectively commended to every man's conscience. We all felt that the theology of the North Church pulpit in Hartford was not the New Haven theology; but, at the same time, everybody knew that it was not that which called itself Old School. There was, in various quarters, a measure of anxiety about Dr. Bushnell's doctrinal sympathies and tendencies. Let me confess that, with all my confidence in him and my affectionate admiration of him, I had some share in the anxiety.

"His book on 'Christian Nurture' gave occasion for an outbreak of the anxiety concerning his mysterious idiosyncrasies. I refer to that controversy, because it was in some sort introductory to the later and more protracted one. The main doctrine of the 'Christian Nurture' was essentially old-school; though to many who thought themselves orthodox it was a startling novelty. It agreed with the theories and the practice of a Calvinism older than the traditions of our New England

theology, and was commended accordingly by the most authentic organ of Presbyterian orthodoxy; but the book which proclaimed it was remarkably new-school in tone and spirit. The author had ventured to discuss the relation of parental influence and training to the formation of Christian character in children, without taking pains to expound those formulas of doctrine about the nature and method of regeneration, which were shaped by the hammers of many an ancient controversy. Of the controversy which ensued, I may be allowed to say that, while the main doctrine of the 'Christian Nurture' made its way against all opposition, the reputation of its author, as a champion of acceptable dogmas against all new views, was not established. Those who are always looking out for 'dangerous tendencies' in every new examination of the old truth were effectually alarmed. Nor were they reassured by the author's vindication of himself, when he undertook to show them that their side of the question was really the new-school side, as compared with his."

Absorbing as we know this first experience of controversy to have been, we do not find Dr. Bushnell too much preoccupied for thought on, and attention to, public affairs. In January, 1847, apropos of the project of bringing the water-power of the Connecticut from Windsor to Hartford, he preached a sermon, afterwards printed and circulated in pamphlet form, entitled "Prosperity our Duty." Not wishing in his pulpit to discuss the matter in question on its own merits, and knowing how much leverage of influence on the public mind may be obtained by an indirect prepossession and a large rather than special view of a case, he chose for his subject the connection between a growth in prosperity and a growth in virtue in large communities, and urged the importance to the prosperous growth of Hartford of a public-spirited, prompt, united action for the public good. He was a little artful, however, in selecting for his text this verse from Second Chronicles,—"This same Hezekiah also stopped the upper water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David." When, in 1853, a supply of city water, but without power, was finally obtained, it was commonly spoken of in Hartford as "Gihon."

Another address which won public attention was that on "Barbarism the First Danger." It was delivered in New York, Boston, and other places, in May and June, in behalf of the American Home Missionary Society, by whom it was

afterwards printed. It was never republished by the author, although one of the best known and most striking of his public addresses. The following letter to the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, the first of a long correspondence, contains an allusion to it. From this time we are to date the progress, by quiet advances, of a friendship which became one of the most valued of his life, and a source of untold refreshment in the desert of controversy through which he was about to pass. There may be no more fitting place than this for giving, also, an interesting paper of recollections from Dr. Bartol himself, which goes back to the same time.

Hartford, July 19, 1847.

Rev. C. A. Bartol:

Dear Sir,—I ought sooner to have answered your kind letter, but I am just now so deep in heresy, or the repute of it thrown upon me from Massachusetts, that I can hardly get time for the reciprocation of decencies. It gives me the sincerest pleasure to know that you have been interested in anything which I have written, and I shall be most happy if I am permitted to have your personal acquaintance. I think you will find that I am able to appreciate some of the feelings and intellectual struggles of Unitarianism, and to look upon them with such a degree of sympathy as one who has suffered the like may be expected to feel. I consider myself to be an orthodox man, and yet I think I can state my orthodox faith in such a way that no serious Unitarian will conflict with me, or feel that I am beyond the terms of reason. Is there not coming a day, my dear sir, when the life will mean as much as the opinion,—important as opinions certainly are? With great respect, I am yours,

Horace Bushnell.

Dear Mrs. Bushnell,—No images and recollections of more delight could return to me than are suggested by your note. The first I saw of Dr. Bushnell was in the pulpit of Park Street Church, as he delivered his sermon on "Barbarism the First Danger;" and I think he was the earliest to make a picture of what America showed of *barbarity*, al-

though his canvas was copied, and this feature of our society and institutions became a brand more conspicuous, especially in the matter of slavery, as Sumner described it in after-time. The preacher seemed a real divine and diviner, applying great principles to actual things with matchless sagacity, and a force too great for Satan himself to ward. Such was the revelation in him of power, both to see and to say, that this Boston community, which then so moved all together it could carry but one rider at a time, was eager as one man for his voice, and willing to travel at his touch. Accordingly, he was sought with repeated invitations from Liberal quarters to expound Orthodox views. The Divinity School in Harvard University, and the college proper, begged him to fill special anniversary occasions in their service; and certainly his Phi Beta Kappa oration in Cambridge, for originality, simplicity and splendor, either as spoken or on the printed page, has scarce, if ever, been surpassed in the land. I soon found, in the close personal acquaintance which grew between us, that all his public ability had its roots in as rare a private worth. Never were honesty and ingenuity in any intellect more singularly blended, and, as it were, chemically combined. Born as he was to a creed, he could take nothing on trust. Outward authority, for a mind so active and penetrating, could never suffice. Necessity was laid on his nature to rationalize every doctrine or form. What he could not make acceptable to sound judgment and conscience he would either waive or drop. He told me he had many questions hanging on pegs, to take down in turn as their time should come. He laid out his best theological strength to prove that no fit objection could arise to the old articles of Trinity and Atonement, rightly understood. I found him never a Calvinist. He revolted from the notion, now so much discussed, of everlasting punishment. The great humanity of his heart could in no sectarian stress be made a sacrifice on the altar of a cruel God, which was no God to him. His various essays on "Christian Nurture," perhaps his most important contribution to the Church, have the true relish of that paternal goodness which is the richest common property of God and man.

But his keen discrimination in defence of opinions he would retain as essential to Christian faith, is, since the days of Jonathan Edwards, without a parallel. Possibly his explanations sometimes, like the subtilties of German metaphysics, escape the perception of the general reader, diverge from the track of the common sense, and are acute to excess. As we differed on points of dogma, it is natural for me to suppose that where I could not be persuaded, he failed. But his piety was profounder than even his dialectic skill. When he was my guest, it was some book of mystic devotion he chose, for recreation, to take up. It was no weak votary that religion had in this man. He had it in him to be an artist, architect, road-builder, and city-builder, as well as scholar; and well is your Hartford park called by his name. I have never known faculties so manifold in better order and under discipline more strict, or in evolution more effective and exact. They were the Lord's armory, in mighty and unwearied use for his cause. In our many walks, nothing, in streets or buildings, Common or Public Garden, but was caught by his eye and had improvements suggested from his thought. In conversation, never was wit so sharp and more kind. In hours of weakness and ill-health, with his chronic cough, there was wondrous content, always good cheer and to spare. An ill-tempered or envious word never fell from his lips on my ear; and that eye was so piercing and benign, I feel its admonition and blessing on me still! The countenance, in its inward expressiveness, strongly resembled that of Channing. It had a play and vivacity all its own.

[Playfulness I should call one of Dr. Bushnell's marked traits, seldom, if ever, exploding aloud. A native refinement kept him from public shouting or private noise. But some ghost of a smile seemed ever to haunt his face,—never hard or biting, but like the gracious beginning of a kiss. If the remark was incisive which he was about to make, the wreath of good-humor was always the more protective and soft. The geniality began in his mind, and went through the expression of his features into his unconscious manner and slightest gesture.] Indeed, it was his very atmosphere. The boy never

quite left the man. Something even of the look of the babe was in the virile glance and tone. We threw stones off the shore, to see which of us could send them farthest or skip them best. He took me, one day, from his own house to Talcott mountain; and no lad of fifteen was ever more decidedly out on an excursion, and to have, innocently, a good time. A wild nature in him, so sweet and good it would have been a loss wholly to overcome it with any grace, leaped like a fountain and ran like a roe. On our return he pleased himself to drive part of the way with one chaise-wheel in the gutter, over the slope of the road, as he held the reins with firm hand, archly looking round to see if I started or shrank. But no engineer was surer of his track, or, in the swift traject, more safe. What a worker he was, yet how persuaded that work was but a means on the way, and play the end!

[Riding with him one day in the cars on the way to Nahant, he left me awhile with a clergyman, rather of his own way of thinking, who very pleasantly tried to convert me. When Bushnell came back he inquired of the reverend minister, "What have you been doing with my friend Bartol?" "I have not been doing anything but laying out the Presbyterian creed to him," was the reply. "You mean that you have been putting a shroud on it, I suppose; for that's what they do when they lay things out," rejoined Bushnell, with that laugh which always began in the gray eyes, and only left its last audible ripple, like a wave striking the shore, in his mouth] "Can a Calvinist be a Christian?" one evening in company in my parlor, Father Taylor, the Bethel pastor, asked him. "Of course he can, and is," very soberly he answered. "But," said Taylor, "what if the Lord some day should come round to these saints in heaven, put there by arbitrary election and no merit of their own, and propose to *turn that end of the stick round*, by his own equally pure will, *into the other place*, would they be just as good Christians then?" Bushnell responded, with that flash of sympathy and twinkling glance, which showed that no denominational considerations hindered his appreciation of a fair hit, at whomsoever's

cost the jest might be. His tenderness of heart blended and was wrought into his strong sense, for a lightning-rod to carry harmless to the ground what might else become a crashing and destructive bolt of wrath. During the controversy, starting at Hartford because he had brought the ordinary construction of Total Depravity, Election, and Regeneration into doubt, which dates the truly *romantic* period of his history, I admired the pungency, turned by love into utter gentleness,—as of soft steel by rapid whirlings a cutting-tool is sometimes made,—with which he said he desired to put his opponent into "an attitude of comprehensive repugnance," meaning that in the strife was no personal hate. I think he had no capacity, with all his eminent powers, for enmity. Goodness and wisdom were the elements that amounted to genius in him, by both being so great. He preached in my pulpit on "Unconscious Influence." He exemplifies his own doctrine, at least for his and your friend, C. A. Bartol.

To his Daughter.

Hartford, January 17, 1848.

My dear Child,—You can hardly guess how much we miss you. When our little circle is gathered round the parlor fire at evening, we all take turns in saying,—perhaps breaking silence to say,—I wish now dear L—— was here. And the children ask, moreover, how long, how many months, will it be before she comes home? And then I see how their souls are stretching and working after the measures of time, contriving in themselves how long a month is, and how long these months will be. Well, it is a blessed thing for them to know the measures of time through their affections,—how much better than to learn its measures through expectations of pleasure, appetite, or any selfish good. If we all had our clock in our hearts, measuring off our days by the love we exercise to friends, to mankind, and to God, we should make a friend of time also. We should live, in fact, a great while longer in a much shorter time.

I have been greatly pleased, my dear daughter, by the spirit of your letters, because I think I see that you are earnestly

desirous of improvement. I hope, meantime, that you will be turning your thoughts to religion and to God, as well as to your studies. You have been religiously educated, and you are come now to an age when you must begin to be more responsible to yourself. Our prayer for you is, every day, that God would impart his grace to you and draw you on to a full choice of himself, and perform the good work which we trust he has begun in you. This would complete our happiness in you. I would recommend to you now that you set before you, as a distinct object, the preparing yourself to make a profession of the Saviour. Make this a distinct object of thought and of prayer every day. And do not inquire so much what you are, whether truly a Christian in heart or not, as how you may come into the full Christian spirit, to become unselfish, to have a distinct and abiding love to Christ. Unite yourself to Christ for life, and try to receive his beautiful and loving spirit. You will find much darkness in you, but Christ will give you light. Your sins will trouble you, but Christ will take away your sins and give you peace. Pray God, also, to give you his spirit, and do not doubt that his spirit will help you through all difficulties. In all your duties and studies, endeavor to do them for God and so as to please him. Make this, too, your pleasure, for assuredly it will be the highest pleasure. It may not so appear at first, but it will be so very soon. Nothing, you will see in a moment, can yield so sweet a pleasure as the love and pursuit of excellence, especially that excellence which consists in a good and right heart before God. And you will be more likely to love this work and have success in it, if you set before you some fixed object, such as I have proposed.

We gave you to God in your childhood, and now it belongs to you to thank God for the good we have sought to do for you, and try to fulfil our kindness by assuming for yourself what we promised for you. We feel very tenderly towards you, and we know that you love us; and Christ loves us all more than we can love each other. We are a very happy family, and if we are all one together in Christ, it will secure our happiness in all future time. No pleasure will be

marred, and no blight will ever come upon the satisfaction we have in each other. May the good spirit of God, my dear child, guide you in your absence from us, be with you daily, and assist you to be wise. May every day be a happy day, because it is passed under the smile of your heavenly Father.

Your loving father, HORACE BUSHNELL.

CHAPTER X.

1848–1849.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.—ADDRESS AT CAMBRIDGE DIVINITY SCHOOL.—ADDRESS AT HARVARD.—ADDRESS AT YALE.—ADDRESS AT ANDOVER.—THE BOOK, "GOD IN CHRIST."—DISSERTATION ON LANGUAGE.—EFFECTS OF HIS VIEWS OF LANGUAGE UPON HIS WRITTEN STYLE.

The private experience which opened the following year in Dr. Bushnell's life was, at the time, known and understood only by his wife. She supplies this account of it:—

"The year 1848 was the central point in the life of Horace Bushnell. It was a year of great experiences, great thoughts, great labors. At its beginning he had reached one of those headlands where new discoveries open to the sight. He had approached it through mental struggles, trials, and practical endeavor, keeping his steadfast way amid all the side-attractions of his ceaseless mental activity. Five years before, God had spoken personally to him in the death of his beloved little boy, drawing his thoughts and affections to the spiritual and unseen, until, by slow advances, the heavenly vision burst upon him. He might well have said, what Edward Irving said of a like sorrow:—'Glorious exchange! He took my son to his own more fatherly bosom, and revealed in my bosom the sure expectation and faith of his own eternal Son.'

"This more personal direction of his thoughts had interested him in a new kind of reading, especially in Upham's 'Life of Madame Guyon,' and the 'Interior Life,' and the writings of Fenelon, which attracted his feeling by their devout fervor and unworldly standards.

"'I believed,' he afterwards said, 'from reading, especially the New Testament, and from other testimony, that there is

a higher, fuller life that can be lived, and set myself to attain it. I swung, for a time, towards quietism, but soon passed out into a broader, more positive state.' This phase of feeling, so foreign to his self-reliant, positive nature, served its uses on that very account; but it could not long detain him from the more vigorous faith by which he apprehended Christ as the 'power of an endless life.'

"In these studies, and in the devout application by which he sought to realize, in his own experience, the great possibilities unfolding to his conception, the New Year came in. On an early morning of February, his wife awoke, to hear that the light they had waited for, more than they that watch for the morning, had risen indeed. She asked, 'What have you seen?' He replied, 'The gospel.' It came to him at last, after all his thought and study, not as something reasoned out, but as an inspiration,—a revelation from the mind of God himself.

"The full meaning of his answer he embodied at once in a sermon on 'Christ the Form of the Soul,' from the text, 'Until Christ be formed in you.' The very title of this sermon expresses his spiritually illuminated conception of Christ, as the indwelling, formative life of the soul,—the new-creating power of righteousness for humanity. And this conception was, soon after, more adequately set forth in his book, 'God in Christ.'

"That he regarded this as a crisis in his spiritual life is evident from his not infrequent reference to it among his Christian friends. Even as late as 1871, when we were alone one evening, the conversation led back to this familiar subject. In answer to a question, he said,—'I seemed to pass a boundary. I had never been very legal in my Christian life, but now I passed from those partial seeings, glimpses and doubts, into a clearer knowledge of God and into his inspirations, which I have never wholly lost. The change was into faith,—a sense of the freeness of God and the ease of approach to him.'

"His own statement, made elsewhere, of the nature of faith, gives a deeper insight into his meaning. 'Christian faith,'

as he says, 'is the faith of a transaction. It is not the committing of one's thought in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to *a being*, there to be rested, kept, guided, moulded, governed, and possessed forever.' . . . 'It gives you God, fills you with God in immediate, experimental knowledge, puts you in possession of all there is in him, and allows you to be invested with his character itself.'

"This, then, was what faith brought to him. Referring, in a letter, to the nature of this divine experience, he wrote, 'I was set on by the personal discovery of Christ, and of God as represented in him.' This discovery brought him into closer relations to God as his personal friend,—the relations of confidence and reciprocity, with the warmth and glow of personal friendship. Such an opening of his whole being to the light had, of course, a marked effect upon his preaching. Speaking now from experimental knowledge and perception, it was the special work of his philosophic mind to set the inner experiences of the Christian life in rational forms, to show 'the reason of faith,' and the orderly and 'fixed laws by which God's most distinctly supernatural works are determined.'

"The greatness of this change and its profound reality made him a new man, or rather the same man with a heavenly investiture. In this divine panoply, he was sent into the conflict which immediately followed the publication of 'God in Christ,' written the same year; and he was able to meet it with the courage, the poise, and the consciousness of divine support and guidance that at length gave him his victory."

Prepared by this private experience, which, as regards his thought, was not less than an inspiration and revelation, enabling him to "spiritually discern spiritual things," he was about to make ready for an expression of his vision to the world, when unusual opportunities for such expression presented themselves. The subjects on which he had obtained fresh light were largely matters in dispute between the Orthodox and Unitarian bodies, then drawn up in battle array against each other. The ground on which he stood was sin-

gularly separated from the positions of the two hostile camps. He stood alone, not more alone in Connecticut than he would have done in Massachusetts; no indifferent spectator, and yet no sharer with either party in the strife. He saw through the smoke a vision, and heard in the din a music, to his thought far transcending in import all for which his brethren on either side were contending, and waited only for the moment when he might hope to obtain a hearing, and speak in calmness his interpretation of what had been revealed. Strangely enough, the opportunity came at once on both sides, and he received invitations from Harvard, and Yale, and Andover to make addresses on important public occasions. The invitation from Harvard, to address their Divinity School in July, was received in March, and was accepted without hesitation, or that fear of misconstruction which would have restrained most men then in the orthodox ranks. He felt the occasion to be a very important one, not so much for its influence upon his own position as for the opportunity which it gave him to become a mediator between thinkers then so widely separated. That others shared this feeling, rating his power of influence higher far than he would have done, and, at the same time, fearing many things which he did not fear, is well illustrated by the following letter from his old friend, Bishop Burgess:—

Gardiner, Maine, March 20, 1848.

Reverend and dear Sir,—You may be surprised to see a letter from me, and still more surprised to discover its contents. I should not venture it, indeed, were I not fully assured that, after so long an association on the same spot, you will do justice to my intentions, and regard the words of an old friend with some indulgence.

I look with deep interest and sympathy on all which concerns the state of religion among the strongest body of Christians in New England; and in common with many others, I view the position which you occupy as one of immense moment. It is having its effect on the religion of a generation, and, through that generation, on the future progress of the

kingdom of God in our country. Without meaning to push the comparison very far, I may say that no man, since the first appearance of Dr. Channing, appears to me to have had so much the power of becoming a kind of mediating agent between different tendencies in religion. But oh, what a task is this for the conscience! What a responsibility before God! How appalling the results of mistake in the performance! How glorious the fruits of true success!

The report that you have been invited to address the graduating class at the Cambridge Divinity School comes from a source to which, in such matters, we are accustomed to attach credit. Whether you will accept the appointment is, of course, a question too weighty to be decided anywhere except where it has been submitted to all the lights of your own most conscientious judgment. But let me say that, whether you accept or reject it, the attitude in which you are placed by the very offer is one, as it strikes me, so commanding in its influence as to create the most intense solicitude for the issue. To maintain the theological character which you have held; to speak the truth as it is written, and in the spirit of all the true, earnest faith of all ages; and yet to satisfy, or gratify, or guide, or not offend and repel those with whom no doctrine, no authority, no revelation has been held sacred; to associate with them without sanctioning their errors; to commune with them by teaching them without communing with them in every way, to attempt to reconcile them to the truth without sacrificing the truth to them;—this is a work from which, I am sure, many of the wisest and holiest of men would have recoiled, and in which no one could rightly engage, without the purest and highest motives, the coolest and yet most anxious deliberation, and an incessant watchfulness of prayer.

Whatever you do, my dear sir, at this time or at any other, with your pen or otherwise, it is my hearty prayer that you may disappoint every unkind prediction, alike of the bigoted and the unbelieving, and ever continue to fulfil the good work of drawing together those whose hearts are really one in Christ, and of distinguishing between essential truth and

all corruptions and perversions; so that, by your means, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit may ever be acknowledged and glorified. With constant respect, yours very faithfully, GEORGE BURGESS.

On the 9th of July, he delivered, in Cambridge, his "Discourse on the Atonement," the first of the series afterwards incorporated in a different order in "God in Christ." In the opening of the address, he speaks as follows of the circumstances under which he came to them:—

"You have called me to occupy, this evening, a singular, and, in the same view, difficult and responsible office; which office, however, I most readily undertake, because I seem to have a subject and a duty appointed me also. It cannot be improper, in the circumstances, to say that when your letter came inviting me to perform this exercise, I had just emerged from a state of protracted suspense, or mental conflict, in reference to what is called, theologically, the doctrine of Atonement; that is, of the life and death of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world. The practical moment of Christ's work had been sufficiently plain, but the difficulty had been to bring its elements into one theologic view. The subject had for many years been hung up before me, and I had been perusing it on all sides, trying it by manifold experiments, and refusing to decide by the will what could only be cleared by light, till now, at last, the question had seemed to open itself and display its reasons. And when your letter was laid upon my table, I was at that moment projecting a discourse that should embody what I dared, somewhat enthusiastically, to hope might prove a true solution of this momentous but very difficult subject. Instigated by the same incautious warmth, I accepted the occasion offered, as offered not to me, but to my subject, and forthwith set apart one to the uses of the other.

"If, now, a short interval of time and a formal preparation of the subject have somewhat sobered my confidence, if I no longer dream of the possibility that I may solve so great a question to the satisfaction of any one, I do yet cherish a

hope that the view I may offer will lead to a reinvestigation of the whole question, and thus, at length, towards a reconstruction of our present theological affinities; or, if this be too much, towards a reduction of our present theological antipathies. Or, again, if this be too much, it will at least be something if I am able to go directly down into the arena and take up, in manful earnest, the old first question over which our fathers panted in the dust of controversy, discussing it anew by your permission, and without offence to your Christian hospitalities; for it would be a public shame, even to Christianity itself, if I were to come before you on such an occasion as this, and in such a theologic relation, here to speak as one that is cautiously imprisoned within the limits of some neutral subject, neither trusting you, nor daring for myself, to hazard the mention of any point in litigation between us. I consider it, also, to be only a just compliment, in return for the very unexampled courtesy I am accepting, to assume that your spirit is as broad as your invitation; that you have called me to speak because you desired to hear me speak my own sentiments, and not to see how well I can accommodate any favorite opinion held by yourselves."

It would be impossible to preserve in an abstract the identity of his peculiar twofold view of the atonement as given in this address. The difficulty of comprehension lies, not in getting the meaning of any one passage, but in grasping and blending into one the two opposing views of the subject. His subjective and objective views were to him only complementary aspects of the same thought, not diverse or contradictory in their natures, but essentially one, and each as necessary to the full-orbed truth as the two pictures painted on the retina are necessary to the one rounded image in the sensorium of the brain. The subjective view is sufficiently simple and comprehensible. To many minds it is all-sufficient, and needs no supplement. Stating it most briefly, "Christ is a manifestation in humanity of the Eternal Life of the Father,—entering into a prison-world to set its soul-captives free; by his incarnate charities and sufferings, to re-engage the world's love and reunite it to the Father; in one con-

densed, luminous utterance, every word of which is power, God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself." In the objective or ritualistic view, which he is fond of calling the "Altar Form," he attempts to revivify the ancient and Scriptural types or figures of speech applied to the sacrifice and atonement of Christ, interpreting these figures not in the literal manner of orthodoxy, but by a more poetic and vital method of appropriating their inner spiritual significance. This method of interpretation is in harmony with his theory of the use of language, and is one which he applied in his treatment of all kindred subjects.

On the 15th of August, he gave, as *Concio ad Clerum*, at Yale College, a "Discourse on the Divinity of Christ." He says, in beginning,—"It is laid upon me by the General Association of Connecticut to discuss before you this evening the Divinity of Christ,—a duty which I most willingly undertake, because I think the time has now come when a reinvestigation of the subject will be more likely than at any former period to issue in a practical settlement, or approach to settlement, of the questions involved."

The argument on this most difficult of subjects is made as simple as possible by the method of approach. Avoiding all technicalities and speculations *about* the subject, he is content to gaze at it as an astronomer gazes at the heavenly bodies, to learn, by looking, the profoundest wonders they can reveal.

In striking contrast with these addresses was his Phi-Beta-Kappa oration on "Work and Play," given on the 24th of August, the day after Commencement at Harvard. These widely different expressions of himself, showing two so different sides of the man, sprung, in perfect harmony and consistency, from one source,—his abundantly living, working, playing heart. The profounder thought of the year, embodied in his three theological addresses, found a delicious overflow in the sparkling play of the oration. They are all the outcome of one strong inward impulse, a hidden fire which burst into flame wherever it found vent. It was one most notable characteristic of his manhood that it moved solidly and totally under an inspiration, and that a religious ex-

perience expressed itself in him as naturally through a sportive exuberance as through the fervors of devotion.*

Dr. Bartol, whose genial hospitality he received, for the first time, on the occasion of these visits to Cambridge, has said of him, with reference to this time: "Dr. Bushnell, though probing or plunging into the subtlest questions, was an artist, a singer, soaring on wings as he sung; and probably no oration at Cambridge had ever resounded more sweetly afar than his, in 1848, on 'Work and Play.' In his writing and speaking, was transcendent and consummate, though unconscious, art. He was cast in the rarest mould of the great Sculptor's fashion and design; but his unblemished deportment was his wedding garment, and his transport of devotion his daily assumption into the skies."

In a letter to Dr. Bartol, written in the interval between his two visits to Cambridge, in reply to an invitation to preach, he says:—

"I find now that, under my feeble health and my many loads of labor, I shall be obliged to take all the time I can. I shall not leave here, therefore, till the last moment, and shall go directly to Cambridge. If I can manage, on return-

* President Porter, in his address on Dr. Bushnell, given at Yale, eloquently expresses a kindred thought:—"It was certainly true of Dr. Bushnell, that the more of a Christian he became, the more individual he was. Everything that was characteristic of him flourished in the sunshine of his faith. If Christ was his, everything was his, and, most of all, his living self. His faith also increased his energy. It stimulated his imagination. It gave it form and power. Before his new life of faith, the poet in him was scarcely known to himself. But after his eye was opened to those inspiring realities that engird and penetrate this world of sense, he found himself possessed of a poet's imagery and a poet's fervor. His literary resources were enlarged a hundred-fold by the elevating power of his faith. His faith also increased his joy in nature. It softened his heart towards man. It kindled and sustained his public spirit. It justified his ardent hopefulness in human progress by his faith in the resources that are provided for man in Christ. It stimulated his inventive activity, as it warranted the hopefulness in which his sanguine nature rejoiced. It increased his sympathy with men, and therefore made him more brilliant in conversation and more genial in society."

ing from a little excursion, to spend a Sunday in Boston, I will certainly preach for you. I don't know but I am to be burnt out or smoked out of orthodoxy on account of my heresies; if I do, I shall want a place somewhere,—perhaps Dr. Lowell will take a second colleague!

"I have thought over, a great many times, the very pleasant and refreshing talks I have had with you, on subjects so dear to us both; and it will be one of my most valued pleasures to renew these interviews hereafter,—in the great Hereafter itself."

The interesting events of this summer,—the hearing of the *Concio ad Clerum* in company with an expectant and excited audience, the brilliant day of the Harvard oration, the kind hospitalities of Dr. Bartol, a day's excursion to Nahant, a journey to the White Mountains and Maine, and finally the hearing of the culminating address at Andover in September —were pleasures shared and valued to the full by Mrs. Bushnell. In this third and last address, just mentioned, entitled "Dogma and Spirit," he applies practically his everywhere pervasive idea of Christ as a manifestation of God, to the subject of a true Reviving of Religion, in distinction from sporadic manifestations of the Spirit, or *revivals*. His ideal is "an era of renovated faith, spreading from circle to circle through the whole Church of God on earth; the removal of divisions, the smoothing away of asperities, the realization of love as a bond of perfectness in all the saints." Opinion, resolving itself by the sanction of authority into Dogma, he conceives to have been most hostile to the spirit and life of Christianity. "What is loftiest and most transcendent in the character of God—his purity, goodness, beauty, and gentleness —can never be sufficiently apprehended by mere intellect. It requires a heart, a good, right-feeling heart, to receive so much of heart as God opens to us in the gospel of Christ. Indeed, the gospel is, in one view, a magnificent work of art, a manifestation of God, which is to find the world and move it and change it, through the medium of expression. Hence it requires for an inlet, not reason, or logic, or a scientific power, so much as a right sensibility. The true and only sufficient

interpreter of it is an æsthetic talent, viz., the talent of love, or a sensibility exalted and purified by love. . . . In this matter of head and heart, you may figure the head or understanding, it seems to me, as being that little plate of wood hung upon the stern of the vessel, that very small helm, by which the ship is turned about whithersoever the governor listeth. But the heart is the full, deep body of the ship itself, with its sails lifted to the breath of a divine inspiration, containing in itself the wealth, the joy, and all the adventuring passions, wants, and fears of the soul. . . . And when the great heart of faith is not parting the waves before it, and rushing on to its haven, the busy understanding is but a vain and idle thing, swinging round and round with an addled motion, whose actions and reactions are equal, and which, therefore, profit nothing.

"Oh, what momentum, and power, and grandeur will Christianity reveal when a true Pauline devotion to God is kindled in the whole Church, when the opinions of the head cease to be supreme, when the petty tyranny of formulas and dogmas falls back, dethroned, and the full, living heart of the Church is offered, without subtraction, to the occupancy of Christ and the power of his cross!"

Of these Discourses the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon says:—

"In 1848, it became the duty of the Association of Pastors, in which Dr. Bushnell was a member, to nominate one from among themselves as preacher of the *Concio ad Clerum*, at the annual Commencement in New Haven. The General Association, representing the entire body of the Congregational clergy in Connecticut, had previously designated the subject, 'the Divinity of Christ.' I think I may say that Dr. Bushnell was appointed to that service, not only because of his recognized ability, but no less because of the certainty that he would readily accept so fair an opportunity of declaring his judgment on that cardinal question between the Evangelical system and the Unitarian. It was, therefore, with much more than ordinary interest that a large assembly of clergy and intelligent laity listened to the *Concio* in 1848. Those who had most admired and honored the preacher, rejoiced to hear from him so powerful an argument for the doctrine of 'God manifest in the flesh.' Their confidence in him was strengthened. At the same time, the characteristic independence of his thinking on that high theme, and his fearless rejection of ancient phraseology, more metaphysical than Scriptural,

were sufficiently startling. Nobody who heard that sermon could say that the preacher was a Unitarian. Yet there was room to ask: Is he orthodox? Is he not chargeable with dangerous tendencies? Will he not, after all, become a Unitarian? Probably none were conscious of asking: Can we not drive him into the Unitarian ranks? If the first and second discourses were startling to many a good man, whose mind could move only in well-worn grooves of thought, much more was the third. The hearers, and those to whom the report came of what was heard, had expected something new and strange,—perhaps something ominous of ecclesiastical disturbance; and they were not disappointed....

"By this time it had become evident that Dr. Bushnell was not a Unitarian. But what was he, and what was to be done with him? Here was a strong man, driving the ploughshare deep into the subsoil of theology; and who could tell what would spring up in such furrows? Here was a man, reverent indeed towards God, but with little regard for human authority, analyzing old formulas of doctrine, 'searching what and what manner' of revelation the Spirit of Christ had signified in the Scriptures, and 'with fear of change perplexing' doctors of divinity. Could he be refuted? Certainly. Nothing was easier than to refute him by the ordinary methods of theological controversy. Make him responsible for all possible inferences from his language, call him by hard names fished up out of the chaos of post-Nicene and ante-Nicene controversies, prove him guilty of dangerous complicity with Monothelite, Monophysite, Patripassian, and Sabellian errors; and would not the refutation be complete?"

In speaking of these addresses, our aim has been, thus far, not to give their contents, but rather to illustrate their animating spirit, and show the relation they bore to the inner history of the year. Having thus considered them historically, in the order in which they were delivered, it now remains to look upon them as consolidated in one book, "God in Christ," published the following winter. Having changed their order, placing first that on the "Divinity of Christ," delivered at New Haven; second, the Cambridge address on the "Atonement;" and, third, that given at Andover,—he prefaced the whole, not only by an explanatory "Introduction," but by a "Dissertation on Language," which he considered the key to his line of thought throughout the book, and essential to a fair understanding of it; "for," he says, "if these views of language have been historically introductory to me, it is hardly possible that others will enter fully into my positions

without any introduction at all." And these views are equally necessary to a vital understanding of all his future writings, for upon this foundation the whole structure was reared; or, in another sense, they form the key-stone, without which the arch would lack coherence and solidity. *Here*, we repeat with emphasis, *is the key to Horace Bushnell*, to the whole scheme of his thought, to that peculiar manner of expression which marked his individuality,—in a word, to the man.

We shall therefore quote freely from the Dissertation, not attempting to show the whole framework of its argument, but simply to give its main statements:—

"We find, then, that every language contains two distinct departments: the physical department,—that which provides names for *things*; and the intellectual department,—that which provides names for *thought* and *spirit*. In the former, names are simple representatives of things, which even the animals may learn. In the latter, the names of things are used as representatives of thought, and cannot, therefore, be learned save by beings of intelligence—(*intus lego*)—that is, beings who can read the inner sense, or receive the inner contents of words; beings in whom the Logos of the creation finds a correspondent logos, or reason, to receive and employ the types it offers in their true power. . . . In this view, which it is not rash to believe will some time be fully established, the outer world is seen to be a vast menstruum of thought or intelligence. There is a logos in the forms of things, by which they are prepared to serve as types or images of what is inmost in our souls; and then there is a logos of construction in the relations of space, the position, qualities, connections, and predicates of things, by which they are framed into grammar. In one word, the outer world, which envelops our being, is itself language, the power of all language. 'Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge; there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard,—their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.'

"And if the outer world is the vast dictionary and grammar of thought we speak of, then it is also itself an organ, throughout, of Intelligence. Whose intelligence? By this question we are set directly confronting God, the universal Author, no more to hunt for him by curious arguments and subtle deductions, if happily we may find him; but he stands *expressed* everywhere, so that, turn whichsoever way we please, we behold the outlooking of his intelligence. . . .

"We pass now to the application of these views of language, or the power they are entitled to have, in matters of moral and religious inquiry, and especially in Christian theology. . . .

"Words of thought and spirit are possible in language, only in virtue of the fact that there are forms provided in the world of sense, which are cognate to the mind, and fitted, by reason of some hidden analogy, to represent or express its interior sentiments and thoughts. . . . It follows that, as physical terms are never exact, being only names of genera, much less have we any terms in the spiritual department of language that are exact representatives of thought. . . .

"Words of thought or spirit are not only inexact in their significance, never measuring the truth or giving its precise equivalent, but they always affirm something which is false, or contrary to the truth intended. They impute *form* to that which is really out of form. They are related to the truth only as form to spirit,—earthen vessels in which the truth is borne, yet always offering their mere pottery as being the truth itself. . . .

"A very great share of our theological questions, or disputes, originate in the incapacity of the parties to separate truths from their forms, or to see how the same essential truth may clothe itself under forms that are repugnant. . . .

"Since all words but such as relate to necessary truths are inexact representations of thought, mere types or analogies, or, where the types are lost beyond recovery, only proximate expressions of the thoughts named, it follows that language will be ever trying to mend its own deficiencies by multiplying its forms of representation. As, too, the words made use of generally carry something false with them, as well as something true, associating form with the truths represented, when really there is no form, it will also be necessary, on this account, to multiply words or figures, and thus to present the subject on opposite sides or many sides. Thus, as form battles form, and one form neutralizes another, all the insufficiencies of words are filled out, the contrarieties liquidated, and the mind settles into a full and just apprehension of the pure spiritual truth. Accordingly, we never come so near to a truly well-rounded view of any truth as when it is offered paradoxically; that is, under contradictions; that is, under two or more dictions, which, taken as dictions, are contrary one to the other.

". . . Precisely here, too, I suppose, we come upon what is really the true conception of the Incarnation and the Trinity. These great Christian mysteries or paradoxes come to pass under the same conditions or laws which pertain to language. All words are, in fact, only incarnations, or insensings of thought. If we investigate the relations of their forms to the truths signified, we have the same mystery before us; if we set the different but related forms in comparison, we have the same aspect of repugnance or inconsistency. And then we have only to use the repugnant forms as vehicles of pure thought, dismissing the contradictory matter of the forms; and both words and the Word are understood without distraction,—all by the same process.

. . . "There is no book in the world that contains so many repugnances, or antagonistic forms of assertion, as the Bible. Therefore, if any man please to play off his constructive logic upon it, he can easily show it up as the absurdest book in the world. But whosoever wants, on the other hand, really to behold and receive all truth, and would have the truth-world overhang him as an empyrean of stars, complex, multitudinous, striving antagonistically, yet comprehended, height above height, and deep under deep, in a boundless score of harmony,—what man soever, content with no small rote of logic and catechism, reaches with true hunger after this, and will offer himself to the many-sided forms of the Scripture with a perfectly ingenuous and receptive spirit,—he shall find his nature flooded with senses, vastnesses, and powers of truth such as it is even greatness to feel. . . .

"How, then, are we to receive it and come into its truth? Only in the comprehensive manner just now suggested; not by destroying the repugnances, but by allowing them to stand, offering our mind to their impressions, and allowing it to gravitate inwardly towards that whole of truth in which they coalesce. And when we are in that whole, we shall have no dozen propositions of our own in which to give it forth; neither will it be a whole which we can set before the world, standing on one leg, in a perfectly definite shape, clear of all mystery; but it will be such a whole as requires a whole universe of rite, symbol, incarnation, historic breathings, and poetic fires to give it expression,—in a word, just what it now has. . . .

"The views of language and interpretation I have here offered suggest the very great difficulty, if not impossibility, of mental science and religious dogmatism. In all such uses or attempted uses, the effort is to make language answer a purpose that is against its nature. The 'winged words' are required to serve as beasts of burden; or, what is no better, to forget their poetic life as messengers of the air, and stand still, fixed upon the ground, as wooden statues of truths. Which, if they seem to do; if, to comfort our studies of dogma, they assume the inert faces we desire, and suffer us to arrange the fixed attitudes of their bodies, yet, as little Memnons touched and made vocal by the light, they will be discoursing still of the free empyrean, disturbing and scattering by their voices all the exact meanings we had thought to hold them to in the nice corporeal order of our science. . . .

"What is the Christian truth? Pre-eminently, and principally, it is the expression of God,—coming into expression through histories and rites, through an incarnation, and through language,—in one syllable, by the Word. The endeavor is, by means of expression and under the laws of expression, to set forth God,—his providence and his government, and, what is more and higher than all, God's own feeling, his truth, love, justice, compassion.

"It accords, also, with this, that, while natural science is advancing

with so great rapidity and certainty of movement, the advances of mental science are so irregular and obscure, and are wrought out by a process so conflicting and tortuous. There is, however, one hope for mental and religious truth, and their final settlement, which I confess I see but dimly, and can but faintly express or indicate. It is, that physical science, leading the way, setting outward things in their true proportions, opening up their true contents, revealing their genesis and final causes and laws, and weaving all into the unity of a real universe, will so perfect our knowledges and conceptions of them, that we can use them in the second department of language with more exactness; . . . for, undoubtedly, the whole universe of nature is a perfect analogon of the whole universe of thought or spirit. Therefore, as nature becomes truly a universe only through science revealing its universal laws, the true universe of thought and spirit cannot sooner be conceived. It would be easy to show, in this connection, the immense force already exerted over the empire of spiritual truth by astronomy, chemistry, geology, the revelations of light and electricity, and especially of the mysterious and plastic workings of life in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. We are accustomed to say that this is not the same world to live in that it was fifty years ago. Just as true is it that it is not the same world to think in that it then was."

In the course of some additional remarks upon the uses of language, he says, doubtless with reference to the charges of obscurity made against his writings:—

"Shall I dare go further? Shall I say that of all the 'clear' writers I have ever met with,—those, I mean, who are praised by the multitude for their transparency,—I have never yet found one who was able to send me forward an inch, or one that was really true, save in a certain superficial or pedagogical sense, as being an accurate distributor of that which is known. The roots of the known are always in the unknown; and if a man will never show the root of anything, if he will treat of the known as *separate* from the unknown, and as having a complete knowledge of it, which he has not,—pretending still to be an investigator, and to exert an obstetric force, when he is only handling over old knowledge and impressions,—he may easily enough be clear. Nothing, in fact, is easier, if one is either able to be shallow or willing to be false. He is clear because he stands out before the infinite and the unknown; separate, bounded-off [de-finite], so that you see the whole compass of his head, just so many inches in diameter. But the writer who is to help us on, by some real advance or higher revelation, will, for that reason, be less comprehensible, and offer more things hard to be understood. He will be, as it were, a face, setting *out from* a background of mystery; a symbolism, through which the infinite and the unknown are looking out upon us,

and, by kind significances, tempting us to struggle into that holy but dark profound which they are opening. Of course, we are not to make a merit of obscurity; for nothing is more to be admired than the wondrous art by which some men are able to propitiate and assist the generative understanding of others, so as to draw them readily into higher realizations of truth. But there is a limit, we must acknowledge, even to this highest power of genius; it cannot quite create a soul under the ribs of death. . . .

"In this matter of trinity and atonement, though I am as far as possible from all mere phantasm or allegory, adhering strictly to the Scripture representations, I seem to encounter the same difficulty with poor Bunyan when he consults his friends in regard to the publication of his 'Pilgrim.' Many prophesy that his book will not 'stand when soundly tried'—that is, I suppose, when tried by the dialectic methods of speculative theology—they are specially scandalized by the light imaginative air of his book, and tell him that his words 'want solidness'—'metaphors make us blind.' But he rallies courage to say, and his reply is even more to the point for me than for him:—

> "'But must I needs want solidness, because
> By metaphors I speak? Were not God's laws,
> His gospel laws, in olden time, held forth
> By Shadows, Types, and Metaphors?'"

And here he foresaw truly the fate of his book. The judgment of the time upon "God in Christ" was similar to that of Bunyan's friends upon the Pilgrim. Nor have more recent times, perhaps, reversed the verdict as regards the special types and metaphors under which his thought took shape. None the less did the book open a new avenue of approach to spiritual truth, which has never again been closed.

Our study of this subject is not complete without some reference to the effect of his views of language upon his written style. His friend Dr. William W. Patton, then a resident of Hartford, gives this interesting account of a conversation with him, at the time when he was under trial for the theological opinions of the book, "God in Christ:"—

"Dr. Bushnell and myself were riding together to a meeting of the Hartford Central Association, and the conversation turned on theological discussions. 'Why is it,' said I, 'that you complain that you are so generally misunderstood? Where you are criticised, you say that the critics misapprehend your positions; and they reply that you ought to express yourself more clearly. Why can you not do so?' His answer was sub-

stantially this: 'It is because of the different views which they and I take of the human soul and of the relation of language to spiritual truth. They succeed easily in so expressing their ideas as to be understood by their readers; but it is because they deal with subjects mechanically, and not according to nature. There, for instance, is Dr. T——, my customary assailant. He writes about the human spirit as if it were a machine under the laws of mechanics; and, of course, what he says is perfectly intelligible, like any other treatise on matter; only what he says is not true! But I conceive of the soul in its living nature; as free, and intelligent, and sensitive; as under vital and not mechanical laws. Language, too, for that reason, is not so much descriptive as suggestive, being figurative throughout, even where it deals with spiritual truth. Therefore, an experience is needed to interpret words. Thus, when I was in college I once undertook to read Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." But the author seemed foggy and unintelligible, and I closed the book, and put it upon my book-shelves, where it remained a long time. Meanwhile, my mind went on thinking and maturing; and one day, my eye falling on the book, I took it down and began to read, and, behold, all was lucid and instructive! And so it will be some time with my writings. Men will read them, and give me credit for perspicuity instead of vagueness and uncertainty. That will be when they have truer conceptions of the soul and of language.'

"Such is the substance of remarks which deeply impressed me at the time, as giving his own point of view of himself and of his critics."

John T. Sewall, Professor of Homiletics in Bangor Theological Seminary, published, a year or two ago, the following letter from Dr. Bushnell, written in answer to the question, whether certain marked traits in his style were the result of any peculiar method of training:—

"I was brought up in a country family, ignorant of any but country society, where cultivated language in conversation was unknown. I entered college late,—at twenty-one years of age, when the vernacular type of language is cast, and will not afterwards commonly be much altered. I came to writing with no stock of speech but this. I had no language, and if I chanced to have an idea, nothing came to give it expression. The problem was, in fact, from that point onward, how to get a language, and where. If I had any model, it was Paley; though I took him rather as encouragement than as a model. I could see a certain beauty in his plain go-afoot style; and though it showed nothing very remarkable

to copy, I thought I might hope, with my poor vernacular outfit, to make some progress towards a standard thus pitched for pedestrian attainment. My style of thinking was pitched, of course, in the same key.

"By-and-by it fell to me to begin the reading of Coleridge. For a whole half year I was buried under his 'Aids to Reflection,' and trying vainly to look up through. I was quite sure that I saw a star glimmer, but I could not quite see the stars. My habit was only landscape before; but now I saw enough to convince me of a whole other world somewhere overhead, a range of realities in higher tier, that I must climb after, and, if possible, apprehend." Shortly after, a very strong lift in my religious experience came as a waft upon my inspirations, to apprise me more distinctly of their existence, and of the two-world range that belonged to me. My powers seemed to me more than doubled; and where was the language to serve me in such higher thoughts as I might have? In this mood or exigency, I discovered how language built on physical images is itself two stories high, and is, in fact, an outfit for a double range of uses. In one it is literal, naming so many roots, or facts of form; in the other it is figure, figure on figure, clean beyond the dictionaries, for whatever it can properly signify. Have I not as good right to God's images as anybody else ever had before me?

"Writing became, in this manner, to a considerable extent, the making of language, and not a going to the dictionaries. I have dared sometimes to put myself out on my liberty. Finding the air full of wings about me, buoyant all and free, I have let them come under and lift. The second, third, and thirtieth senses of words—all but the physical first sense—belong to the empyrean, and are given, as we see in the prophets, to be inspired by. Of course they must be genuinely used—*in* their nature, and not *contrary* to it. We learn to embark on them as we do when we go to sea; and when the breeze of inspiration comes, *we glide*. Commonly there will be a certain rhythm in the motion, as there is in waves, and as we hear in Æolian chords.

"In these hastily described methods it will be seen as by

suggestion how this kind of culture may proceed. And to this I add:

"1. Never take a model to be copied. When that is being done, no great work begins; the fire is punky, and only smokes.

"2. Never try to create a fine style, or say things beautifully. Go to the tailor's for all the appearings. But if one can have great thoughts, let these burst the shells of words, if they must, to get expression. And if they are less rhythmic when expressed than is quite satisfactory, mere thought, mere head-work, will, of course, have its triangulations, and ought to have. Add now great inspirations, great movings of sentiment, and these, just so long as the gale lasts, will set everything gliding and flowing, whether to order or not. But let no one think to be gliding always. A good prose motion has some thumping in it."

CHAPTER XI.

1848–1850.

LETTERS TO DR. BARTOL.—PUBLICATION OF "GOD IN CHRIST."—REVIEWS.—LETTERS.—C. C., OR CRITICUS CRITICORUM.—DEFENCE BEFORE THE HARTFORD CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.—LETTERS AGAIN.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, October 11, 1848.

My dear Friend,—I thank you for your very kind letter. It is refreshing to know somebody that dare let out his heart; for I begin to find that I am looked upon hereabouts as a mortally dangerous person. I think I have never seemed to be quite so much isolated as now; not that I am really and finally cast off, but every man seems to say, and almost every one actually says, "When is the book coming out?" that being the date, as it would seem, when they hope to be allowed to restore their suspended confidence, if not to loosen their suspended retribution. Instigated in this way, you are right in supposing that I am busy on my book. I heartily wish it were out; but it is not, and I can hardly guess when it will be. I think I understand how much is depending on it, and, of course, what my responsibilities are. Still, though it is the "crisis of my life," as you intimate, I suffer no anxiety whatever as to the result. Not because it may not, in one view, be important to me, but because I am willing to trust myself, and can do it calmly, to God and the conscious honesty of my convictions. I have a certain feeling, too, I will not deny, that if what I am about to say should be stifled and killed by an over-hasty judgment, it will yet rise again the third day. This feeling I have, not in exultation, it seems to me, not so much in the shape of defiance, as in

the shape of consolation, a soft whisper that lingers round me in my studies, to hold me firm, and smooth me into an even, uncaring spirit. Still, the best of all attitudes, I know, is this—Let me do the right, and let God take care of me. I want to be in no better hands.

I have been reading, since I saw you, what I had not read before, Neander's "Planting and Training of the Churches." I recollect a conversation we had,—I think it was the evening Dr. Walker was with us,—about Paul, etc. I wish you would read the part which gives the theology of the apostles. I have done so with profoundest interest. He seems to hold a subjective and objective view of Christ, closely resembled to that which I have tried to advance. . . .

To the Same.

Hartford, January 8, 1849.

My dear Friend,—I suppose you will have guessed why I have delayed answering your kind note so long. If not, I have only to say that I have been hunted and chased by my printers at such a rate that I have found no time till now to breathe. Your beautiful present* is made to a child only five years old, and yet unable to read. I read her the note, and told her the book was hers, to be kept till she was old enough to value it. If you could have seen her little eyes filled with tears, you would not need to be told of her thanks.

My book is now in the hands of the printers, and I expect to see the last of the proof-sheets to-morrow. It will be out in a week or ten days. I shall order a copy delivered to you in the first bundle sent to Boston. You say with emphasis, —"*God in Christ*,"—in your letter. I had just then fixed on this as the title to my book. My hope is not that it will convert anybody to me or my ways, but, what is dearer to me by far and more welcome,—that it will start up inquiries of a different type, and lead to thoughts of a different character from those which have occupied the field of New England theology, and so to revisions, recastings, new affinities,

* A copy of "Robinson Crusoe."

more faith and less dogma, and, above all, to a more catholic and fraternal spirit. I expect to be set upon all round the circle; and yet I have a confidence that a class of men who have heart enough to go into the æsthetic side of religion, and eyes to see something besides propositional wisdom, will admit that I have some truth in my representations. These, I think, will even wonder a little at the disturbance I have made by these expositions.

The Discourses are all enlarged and varied *ad libitum*, though not modified in sentiment, except that the one at Andover is enlarged in the subject. I have prefixed a Dissertation on Language, that I hope will be read. One thing will be clear to many,—that I am a good deal more for a Theos than for a theology. With a heart full of refreshing Christian remembrances, I am your brother,

H. Bushnell.

To the Same.

Hartford, February 18, 1849.

My dear Friend and Brother,—I send you herewith the long forth-coming book. That you will find some interest in it I have no doubt, if it is only for my sake. I only wish it were more exactly what it should be. I have spoken somewhat freely of the Unitarians here and there, as I have of the orthodox. I hope they will not be any more angry with me than I expect the orthodox to be. There are a few misprints in the book, in spite of all my care to avoid them. In the first half, too, of the Andover discourse, there are some muddy sentences, which represent the muddy, dyspeptic state I was in,—exhausted by the chase the printers gave me, and confused by the extra demand just then made to supply two burnt districts of copy, where the printer had let a bundle of copy slide down into his lamp. I shall try to mend a few deformities of this kind in my next edition. Until then, keep this; and when I send you a better, you can give it away, for I want you to have, at any rate, a lamb that is without blemish, or, if not a lamb, a calf.

I rejoice not a little in spirit to see the signs that are be-

ginning to be unfolded of a new spiritual relation between our divided families. I see tokens of a mitigation of repugnance, and a more indulgent and fraternal charity, sometimes in quarters, too, where I should not look for it. I rejoice, too, in the fact that the Unitarian side in Boston are evincing just now signs of spiritual life that rebuke the dulness of orthodoxy. You remember, perhaps, that I expressed a conviction that the Unitarian side would ultimately take the lead of orthodoxy in spiritual vivacity and real piety of character. I am more and more confident of this, and nothing but this is wanted to silence all controversy and compel a fraternal state. Unitarians, however, will need, in order to this, to come off their moralistic, self-culturing method, cease to think of a character developed outwardly from their own centre, and pass over by faith to live in God, which only is religion or Christianity. It is to be what God in Christ and God in the Spirit will make us, and what we cannot be in ourselves. Give my love to Mrs. B. and the dear daughter.

Your brother in Christ, H. BUSHNELL.

From a friend, who was thoroughly conversant with the whole history of the controversy over the book, we have the following statement of the facts consequent upon its publication :—

"At the time of the publication of 'God in Christ,' the atmosphere was sensitively tremulous with suspicions in respect to the orthodoxy of the author, a state of things of which he himself was not ignorant. On the issue of the book from the press in February, 1849, a few of the religious newspapers and magazines spoke of it tolerantly, one or two perhaps kindly, but the larger number with decided expressions of dissent and denunciation. The May number of the *New Englander* for that year contained a notice of 'God in Christ' from the pen of Dr. Leonard Bacon, kindly in tone, and marked by discrimination and fairness in the statement of its teachings. Two ministers residing in Hartford, afterwards abundantly friendly to Dr. Bushnell, published lengthy reviews, more or less dissenting from its statements of truth.

"But these criticisms, and others such as these, were the milk of human kindness itself, compared with the language employed by another class of writers. No sooner did the book see the light than it became apparent that the theological authorities were determined to strangle

the infant in its very cradle. It was extensively believed, and publicly charged at the time, that the fierce and systematic onset which was made upon the author and his new work was the result of a concerted plan, originating in Hartford and its vicinity. As a part of this plan, the leading theological centres were to furnish each a champion to assist in crushing the man, who, though he had denied none of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, had ventured to express his faith in them under formulas and philosophic explanations somewhat different from those which were assumed to be canonically settled for all time.

"The first of these criticisms came from the Divinity School at New Haven. Under the caption, 'What does Dr. Bushnell mean?' three articles, signed 'Omicron,' appeared in successive numbers of the *New York Evangelist*. On their completion, these were gathered into a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages and extensively circulated. In the course of a week or two, Princeton gave her weighty verdict, in an article of some forty pages, in the *Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review*. This, though the most courteous and discriminating of all the reviews proceeding from centres of theologic authority, yet failed in many respects to represent fairly the teachings of the book, and pronounced upon its alleged errors with judicial severity. The next assault was made by the *Christian Observatory*, a new religious monthly published in Boston, which devoted sixty pages of its issue for June to a criticism of 'God in Christ.' The tone of this review was bitter and severe to a degree almost unequalled in the history of modern controversial theology. About the same time, from Bangor Theological Seminary emanated a volume of one hundred and eighteen pages, entitled 'Review of Dr. Bushnell's God in Christ;' a book characterized by the calm and positively assured conviction that a well-settled theologic system is the one touchstone of all truth, and that the regions beyond are dangerous ground, not worth the exploring. The Theological Seminary at East Windsor furnished no formal review, but performed its full share in the attempted enterprise of extinguishing the new heresy by keeping up a running fire against it in the columns of the *Religious Herald*.

"From this detailed account it is seen that thunder-bolts of condemnation were aimed at the devoted head of Horace Bushnell from every quarter of the theological firmament, and in quantity there were enough of them to have demolished a full score of heretics. But the result was a marked failure, for the simple reason that it was man's thunder and not God's. Many honest-minded Christian people were, it is true, thrown off their balance, and, in the excitement of the hour, were led to unite in the outcry, 'Away with him!' And even some of his personal friends, though holding fast their confidence in his doctrinal integrity, began to entertain apprehensions lest, as a consequence of the clamor, he might lose his good standing in the orthodox ministry. The critical reviews, of which we have been speaking, unitedly sustained the position of those

who were seeking to impair Dr. Bushnell's ecclesiastical standing, and gave them, for a brief time, a greatly assured boldness. Had not the leading authorities adjudged his views to be a radical departure from orthodoxy? How, then, could the public mind question the justice of a decision pronounced by so candid and competent a court?

"But God was in the storm, preparing and directing the agencies which were to bring about in the coming future a restoration of confidence; and, as the chief element in this progress, he kept the object of all this condemnation in a spirit of serene and unperturbed trust. The book was written under a sense of supreme loyalty to the truth, and sent forth upon its public mission in obedience to the convictions of duty, which, in the view of the author, were only another name for the voice of God. So far as God was in it, God would take care of it. In this state of mind there was to be no controversy with men; for, to go down into the arena of theological conflict, was it not to contradict the design with which the work had been undertaken? The wisdom of this course was fully vindicated; for the final result of it was, that opponents, finding no one to fight back, became weary with beating the air, and were obliged to retire from the battle-field without a single trophy. And, further, there can be very little doubt that Dr. Bushnell's calm and unretaliating Christian temper, during these intensely trying times, saved the churches from an unhappy disruption."

Dr. Bushnell was, in fact, prepared for this trial, knowing that it must come, and having deliberately made up his mind how to meet it. He was faithful to the purpose declared in the Introduction to his book of never replying to the assaults made upon him. He did, it is true, explain his positions to the amount of another volume, that he might, if possible, make himself better understood. He also displayed address and legal ability when he checkmated, on several important occasions, the ecclesiastical moves of his adversaries; but he never descended for a moment into wrangling over disputed points, in a word, into controversy. His published compact with himself was this:—

"Some persons anticipate, I perceive, in the publication of these Discourses, the opening of another great religious controversy. There may be such a controversy, but I really do not see whence it is to come; for, as regards myself, I am quite resolved that I will be drawn to no reply, unless there is produced against me some argument of so great force that I feel myself required, out of simple duty to the truth, either to surrender or to make important modifications in the views I have advanced. I anticipate, of course, no such necessity, though I do anticipate that ar-

guments and reviews will be advanced such as will show off my absurdities in a very glaring light, and such as many persons of acknowledged character will accept with applause as conclusive, or even explosive refutations. Therefore, I advertise it beforehand, to prevent a misconstruction of my silence, that I am silenced now, on the publication of my volume. It has been a question whether my duty to the truth would suffer the taking of this ground; but I have come to the opinion that replications are generally of little use, and that, though the truth may be somewhat hindered or retarded by adverse criticism, it will yet break through at last, unassisted, and have its triumph. Furthermore, the truths here uttered are not mine. They live in their own majesty. Ought I not, therefore, to believe that, going forth in silence, having time on their side, and God in company, they will open their way, even the more securely, the less of human bustle and tumult is made in their behalf? This it is my happiness to think. Therefore I drop them into the world, leaving them to care for themselves, and assert their own power."

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, March 20, 1849.

My dear Friend,—I thank you most heartily for your very kind letter, and also for the very indulgent and, I fear, partial judgment you are able to give my book. There is no man living, of my friends, whose good opinion I should value more. How refreshing it is that we are able to coalesce in so many points of opinion; and in matters that belong to the life of religion, to coalesce so perfectly! Your letter shows me two things; first, that we are wider apart than I supposed we were; and, secondly, that we are closer together; for, though we meet in so many points of opinion, it is yet only in points; and still I see that in the inmost life of faith itself, back of form, back, so to speak, of all points, we are one. And in this very peculiar relationship discovered between us, I confess that I have so great pleasure that I am tempted almost to cherish and keep alive our disagreements, that they may always be the same evidence as now, that the Kingdom of God is not in word but in power. And yet it is so important, just now, that I should be understood, that I am tempted, on that account, to run over some of the points in your letter, just enough to let you hear the echo to your own voice.

The general stricture you pass on my "too excessive com-

plexity," etc., is one that I pass on myself. It holds, I suspect, not of my writings generally, but more of the last two discourses, where, being set between cross-fires to be raked on both sides, I was too anxious, perhaps, to meet every thought of everybody. I felt this especially in regard to the discourse on the atonement. What you say regarding the untheologic character of my book, or its value as a "suggestive" instrument principally, exactly meets my feeling. It is what I wish to hear; for it is my very theory, you know, that nothing more is possible in the way of theology than to act suggestively. I have no doubt that some of the orthodox will say,—it has been said to me privately, as you hint,—that, protesting against logic, I have used it, and that, casting out dogmas, I have done it only to set up a dogma of my own. But it will be observed that I have used logic principally as a negative and distinctive instrument, and as *ad hominem* to the disciples of logic. And as to dogma, the point to which I have brought everything is this, and this, in my view, includes all I have done, viz., that God, in the matter of trinity and atonement, is seen to approach us or come into knowledge, not under terms of logic and notionally, but under the laws of expression. To this, trinity is brought down; to this, atonement. They meet us poetically, æsthetically, to pour their contents into us through feeling and imagination; to deposit their contents, not in our reason but in our faith,—by faith to be experimented or known experimentally. The trinity is the algebraic formula of experience. The terms are factors of feeling and experience,—a.b.c.=x. If any one chooses to call my doctrine *dogma*, and will call every right instrument of suggestion, or expression, even the last cry of Jesus, dogma, I have no objection.

It is said, you know, that when there is an idiot child in a family it is seen to be more cherished than any other. Perhaps it is on this principle that I think the discourse least approved by you to be really the most complete in the argument, and the most conclusive in the result, of the three. I wish I had time or opportunity to sit down with you and talk over the points in issue.

Marvellous times are these in which we live! The Pope flies, I hope not to return; and, at the same time, it seems to me that a truer, more real, more Christian and holier Catholicity is breathing softly into the world from God. Only let us have our part in this healing breath; let it sweep, even as a gale of life, through our hearts, and fan away everything but truth and love within us.

Yours in Christ Jesus, HORACE BUSHNELL.

To the Same.

Hartford, April 11, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—No apology was necessary for not going into an argument with me over my long, prosy letter. I did not mean to get up a paper quarrel. I only felt anxious to have *you* get hold of me; and as you had given me some points of contact, I thought I could gain something by just touching them.

I thank you for the only too undeserved compliment of your note in the *Inquirer*, but more for the very beautiful, and in many points convincing, article you sent me in the *Examiner*. There are passages in that article which I should like mightily to have written, and the whole spirit of it is such as to kindle a true Christian fire in my heart. If I must choose between it and the common view of orthodoxy, I should not long hesitate.

And yet there is a want in it, a vital defect of something. My heart cries, More, more! It leaves God too far off, interposing, between me and God, a creature-being, whom I want to worship more than him, and who really deserves my worship more than he; for surely it was more in him to die for me, a deeper love, than it was for the Father simply to let him. Just here, I perceive, is going to be the difficulty as regards that "reorganization" of which you speak. The tendency of German speculations and reactions, you have seen (as in Ullman's article on the "Essence of Christianity"), is towards the "Incarnation," the union of the divine and the human in the person of Jesus, understanding that union in its highest sense. I am confident that Unitarianism and or-

thodoxy can never meet in any other point than this; partly, because the miraculous conception of Jesus, regarding him as a creature-being already *in esse*, is too awkward, too virtually impossible, for belief; more, because the religious want we have on our side is too vast to be answered by any means of so slender a quality. Nay, your human or creature Saviour is, in one view, an offence to us, because it justifies that frigid dictum of the logical judgment which asserts that God is too far off, too essentially incommunicable, to suffer a real union with humanity. I read your eloquent article, thrilled and melted by its presentations, offended or shocked by nothing, as I am by some of our orthodox teachings, scarcely dissenting anywhere, feeling that God's character is everywhere justified, and that I must offer myself to *communion* in the true brotherhood of the faith. And yet, when I had come to the end, said Amen to almost everything and closed the book, I was still obliged to say, Well, this is not enough; it does not fill me; my Saviour is more, closer, vaster,—God himself enshrined in this world-history with me to sanctify both it and me, and be in it and me, the fulness of him that filleth all. It is only part of the same general defect, that you seem to be more shy of supernaturalism than I could wish, in the view you take of sacrifices, and especially in your view of *pardon;* for I hope it will some time or other be made to appear that there is a great deal more of supernaturalism in the management of this world than even orthodoxy has begun to suspect,—even a systematic, world-ruling, nature-redeeming supernaturalism; therefore, such as may aspire to separate sins (in pardon) from the damnation of mere nature, and the causative hell that nature contains or adds as a destiny to sin.

I want exceedingly, my dear brother, to sit down with you and talk over these great themes, so dear to us both. I hope we shall ere long have that privilege.

But it is a matter of unspeakable comfort to me, just now, that God is at the helm, preparing his own issues, and that if the disciples of his truth stammer in their words and see only confusedly, he himself perfectly understands what

the measure of his gospel is, and where the lines are to be fixed. . . .

To the Rev. Henry Goodwin.

Hartford, April 12, 1849.

My dear Friend,—I have read your article with the greatest delight, with true thanksgiving, I will say, to God, that there is any one who is prepared, just now, to stand forth and say the right thing for his truth. I count much upon you for the future, and I wish you to feel that God has a work for you to do. If it were not for you, I should feel myself to be much alone.

I should like to have you consider whether it is not for you, some months hence, after my bulls of Bashan have overwhelmed me by their combined rush, to come out in a book, or something of that kind, on Theological Method. Nothing is wanted now so much. Suppose you enter on the subject now. Read Hampden's "Bampton Lectures," and Morell's "Philosophy of Religion," just out; collect your illustrations and facts. Digest all Church history,—a small job!

Have you read the long review in *The Princeton?* You have seen me a pantheist in *The Evangelist.* Why not an atheist as well, with a special incarnation and a plan of supernatural redemption? This would enlighten the Germans!

Give my regards to Professor and Mrs. Park, with the hope that he will not be poisoned thereby.

I have many thoughts about you, such as that God will call you to some work ere long that is exactly adapted to you. Stand ready,—*i. e.*, with a lamp lighted and trimmed. Whosoever wants what is right to be done, and best, will assuredly have it.

Very affectionately yours, Horace Bushnell.

Boston, Wednesday, May 30, 1849.

My dearest Wife,—I will turn aside this morning for an hour or two, and have a little talk with you. I have a good many things to say, in the way of small talk and news, which I will reserve till I return. I am looked at here by the mass

as a kind of horned animal, though not by all. After the prayer-meeting yesterday morning, Mr. Blagden, who inquired very particularly after you, took me by the hand and said he wanted to see me. We had a long and very pleasant talk. Kirk dined with us yesterday, and, by Blagden's suggestion, invited me to an interview with the editors of the *Observatory*, Friday afternoon, when we shall have a full talk, at least. Edward Beecher preached at me *sub rosa* before the Pastoral Association yesterday, on pantheism. A new paper, called the *Congregationalist*, edited by Edward Beecher, Havens, and Tarbox, is out with the first number, having a communication from Baker full sail against me. I meet, an hour or two hence, with Havens and Tarbox. I parted with Rogers just now, who asked me to preach for him on Sunday morning, which I shall do. I think, on the whole, that I shall be able to turn this tide a little before I leave. I am rejoiced that I came on here, for it has been very pleasant thus far. It is a little wonderful to me that I have so great indifference to the stare and half-horror with which I am looked upon. I thank God that he enables me to turn it all so easily into comfort and peace; for I have a sense of God, and his love and his approbation, that is wonderfully sweetened by the bitterness about me. How blessed a thing it is to retreat into God from the scowls of men, and hide in the secret of his pavilion! I never felt more true repose of spirit than has been granted me since I came into the midst of these elements of ill-nature and disturbance.

. . . My pen won't write a true mark. I hope that I have put a little truth into the false marks. Give my tender love to the children.

Yours ever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, July 31, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I have been about writing you many times of late; that is, I have had thoughts reaching after you and asking liberty to go; but, alas! I have too much to do that I would not, to be able to do what I would,

a condition very much resembled to sin, you perceive. I am getting to be so much cast out, that I sometimes think I shall have to turn to you, or in some other direction, to escape isolation. However, I must not say exactly this; for, though I am very much out of confidence, I have some friends who stick to me, and there is beginning, in fact, to be a little token of reaction; the tide is turning, and with signs that it will, by-and-by, become a full tide the other way.

I have never told you that a committee has been raised in my Association to report on my book, which the movers undoubtedly meant should end in a trial. But they have no courage equal to their attempt, and are visibly looking round to see how they will best get off with a good grace themselves. So, at least, I think.

Thank God, the day is coming when Love will be the biggest and truest truth of all, and the best of all confessions; and then, if we have it, I think we shall be orthodox beyond a question. The great thing now is to make something of the heart, and especially of union to God. What is it,—what is it? A very deep study! I pray God we may be successful in it, and then we shall know more about Christianity than all the words-men of the ages past. . . .

In those troublous times, it was a matter of heart-felt satisfaction that there were a few friends who stood by him faithfully and manfully. Of these, none did abler or more efficient service than the Rev. Amos S. Chesebrough, then pastor of the Congregational Church in Chester, Conn. In the *Religious Herald* for July 7th, he published an article over the signature C. C., with the heading "Do they understand him?" which showed in the clearest manner that the reviewers of Dr. Bushnell were at odds among themselves in their interpretation of his book. The inconsistency of the several criticisms with one another was shown by the device of arranging them in opposite columns, so that at a glance the eye could take in the discrepancy. A second article, headed "What is orthodoxy?" demonstrated by quotations that the reviewers were as far apart from one another as they were from Dr.

Bushnell. And thus was revealed the fact of more than one heretic. Other articles followed, which, together with some of the same series declined by the publisher of the *Herald* on prudential grounds, were, at the request of several prominent laymen, collected and published in a pamphlet, with the title "Contributions of C. C., now declared in full as Criticus Criticorum:" in that form they were widely distributed shortly before the meeting of the Association, which was occupied, as we shall soon see, with an examination of the new book. Dr. Bushnell, perhaps, did not overrate the importance of their influence at that critical time, when he said, in his emphatic way, that "they saved his head." There was much of quiet wit in their very method, together with a pleasant freedom from controversial fluster; while the critical work was performed in so clear and just a manner, and in a spirit so admirable and yet positive, that no one groping in the mists of dogmatic theology could read them without feeling the atmosphere cleared and lightened.

We are glad, also, to recall, in this connection, that the Rev. Henry Goodwin, a member of Dr. Bushnell's church, and at that time a licentiate in the ministry, entered earnestly into the discussion, and wrote for the weekly papers several vigorous articles in defence of his pastor. These articles were the first indications of a literary ability afterwards shown to be of a high order.

To the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough.

Hartford, August 29, 1849.

Dear Brother C.,—I write you a hasty note from the book-store, as it rains too hard to go home for it. I am glad to see you at work, especially as you work in the right manner. The theme on which you are now engaged is the theme of all others; and I am sure if you are able to open it but a little way, which is about all any of us can do, it will repay your neuralgia with interest. I ask no repayment for the long trials of patience and the hard struggles of work I have encountered in the discussion of this theme. It is all

life, eternal Life. If there be anything that will spread the horizon of the mind, or rather quite take it away, it is this.

I have no thought of publishing just now. But I want very much to have you go on and publish. You need have no hesitation, after you get your matter ready. You will do good, and things are just now turning so as to give you as much effect as possible.

Dr. Beecher came to me in a most fatherly way, the other day, and after a full talk the old man was perfectly satisfied of my soundness (apart from speculative theory), rejoiced with tears at the discovery, went directly over to Farmington and saw Dr. Porter; and the substance of the report of the committee, *i. e.*, of the majority, was arranged, giving me a hearty clearance. Whether the minority will offer a counter-report, after the meeting of the whole committee with me the next week, I do not know.

Don't work too hard, nor be in any such haste as to do yourself any injustice. I feel assured that we have some good things to give the world, and they will take them when their hearts are opened of the Lord to attend. . . .

From the *Religious Herald* of October 27, 1849, we extract the following report of the meetings of the Association, whose object was to present Dr. Bushnell for trial:—

"At the annual meeting of the Hartford Central Association in June last, at East Avon, the subject of Dr. B.'s book was placed on the docket of business. Serious charges of fundamental errors having been made in various influential and intelligent quarters, it was thought proper that an official investigation should take place, in order that a subsequent trial might be had before the *Consociation*, if it should appear that Dr. B. was presentable on a charge of heresy; or that a shield might be interposed between him and his assailants, if it should be manifest that he had been misunderstood. A committee, consisting of Rev. Drs. Porter and Hawes, and Rev. Messrs. Clarke, Richardson, and McLean, was appointed to report on this subject at a subsequent special meeting. This committee submitted to the Association, at a meeting held at Unionville in September, two reports. The majority (Porter, Richardson, and McLean) reported that the errors of the book were not fundamental; the minority (Hawes and Clarke) reported that the errors were funda-

mental. Much discussion was had, and the Association adjourned to the present week, to meet at Rev. Mr. Patton's house in Hartford. They met accordingly, and heard a very able and protracted written defence from Dr. Bushnell, after which the members expressed their views in turn, and the majority report was finally adopted, with but three dissenting voices."

Many who voted in the affirmative did not agree with Dr. Bushnell. They regretted his utterances. But they found no *fundamental* error in him, and therefore they kept room for him. His admitted variations of the historic faith might occasion individual regret, but did not deserve public prosecution. That was the deliberate decision of the Association, made and emphasized by a vote of seventeen to three.

The action of the Hartford Central Association was variously commented upon by the religious press. The *Independent* approved the course taken, for the reason that "nothing tends so much to exasperate religious or theological discussions, and to make them not only useless but mischievous, as the disposition to pronounce every error fundamental." The *Presbyterian*, under the heading, "A Sad Sign," mournfully condemned the action of the body. The *Puritan Recorder* spoke its opinion thus:—

"On the whole, it now strikes us that the adoption of that majority report was about all that could have been looked for under the circumstances. Dr. B. is surrounded in his Association by warm personal friends, who, though ever so sound and strong in the faith themselves, will hardly be persuaded that he can go far out of his way. Moreover, his reputation as a man of genius procures him great indulgence in his eccentric flights and aberrations. He has become a sort of 'chartered libertine,' and has acquired a right to do as he likes with impunity. He may safely steal a horse from the pasture, where another man would have been hanged only for looking over the hedge. He is also much protected by the nebulosity of his ideas on the subject of *language*, enabling him, as he boasts in his recent book, to sign all the creeds he ever saw. Such a man can be held to no human accountability for anything he may choose to write. No man can tell what he means, or whether, in any respects, he is orthodox, or whatever else he is. The attempt to ascertain his opinions is like trying to pin a brilliant jack-o'-lantern to the wall, or to tie up a rainbow into a true-lover's knot."

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, October 24, 1849.

My dear Friend and Brother,—It is getting to be a long time since I have heard from you, and I believe the fault is mine. I have been exceedingly busy this summer, in preparing to meet a charge of heresy; virtually speaking, I have been under such a charge. The question has been with a ministerial Association here, whether they should present me (which is our scheme of discipline) to Consociation for trial. It has been a long and sore job. The formal result you will see in the papers; for yesterday the matter came to a full end, the conclusion being, with only two or three dissenting voices, that, though I am a frightful being, I am nevertheless substantially orthodox. My point, therefore, is now carried, and my standing fixed; so that I can stay in orthodoxy and shake hands across the line, very gently, of course, though I hope to be able to make greater advances gradually without offence. Advances, I mean, not in opinion, for I see no ground of expectation that I shall ever be any closer in opinion than I have been, but advances in a social way, and in mutual recognitions. I have never suffered any check to my freedom in opinion; I have gone directly out to my results; and if I had all license I would not go an inch farther,—never shall go till I get a new stock of convictions. Meantime, I do fervently hope and pray, that what I should call a deeper evangelic spirit may get hold of my Unitarian friends. I think I see that it is getting hold of them, or they of it. The late meeting at Portland was a good sign; but the fact is that the language held there, even the best of it, seems to want a certain depth or unction; the thoughts do not touch bottom: they seemed to me as if they were not in the vernacular of evangelism. But the draught, thank God, is in the right direction. I wish you could, all of you (I include yourself here, for at just this point I am most conscious of a Christian difference with you), enter into a more thorough, out-and-out conviction of *the fall of man*. You acknowledge sin, but not a *fall*. You seem to me to be shyer

here than you need be, lest you get into the old orthodox notion of a *total* depravity, and of being damned for what God made us to be. But there is room enough for a bond-state of evil, a fall, a need of supernatural redemption or regeneration, without descending into any such folly. Then, having found a truth in the seventh chapter of Romans, the true meaning of the eighth will follow. And then the words of Christian truth and experience will have the true smack, —don't say the cantish sound, but the apostolic. Excuse this freedom, for I mean always to have it with you, and I wish you to be as free. This is half the joy I have in your acquaintance.

I have written to the amount of another volume this summer for the trial I have been passing or averting. Perhaps I may publish it. If I do, I think it will give me a more adequate understanding, if nothing more.

I wish I could sit down with you now and talk a couple of days. Come on, let me ask of you again, bring your wife, and make us a visit.

Yours ever, H. BUSHNELL.

To the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough.

Hartford, November 5, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your congratulations, and I think I may return them by others quite as hearty. I have been in New York for the week past, and have had a thousand inquiries who C. C. is. I am yet to hear anything said of him but good.

Bacon says there are parts in his "Contributions" worthy of Pascal; Bellows of New York, that he has perfectly annihilated all my antagonists at a blow, or, rather, made them do it themselves, in the manner of the theologians of Kilkenny.

Let me hear from you as often as you will. Don't think how much better you could have done. I very much doubt if what you have done is not better than to effect all you intended.

Very truly yours, HORACE BUSHNELL.

In the midst of this struggle, it is a real inspiration to find that his own life was not all to him,—that he could live greatly in the heroic struggles of others, all the more greatly that he had learned what struggle means. His oration on "The Founders Great in their Unconsciousness," given before the New England Society of New York on Forefathers' Day, December 21, 1849, is a noble illustration of this. His filial sentiment of obligation to the Puritan fathers of New England flowered here in a lofty tribute, worthy of the subject:—

"They came not," he says, "with any conscious or designing agency in those great political and social issues which we now look upon as the crowning distinctions of our history. Their ideal was not in these. Sometimes we smile at their simplicity, finding that the highest hope they conceived was nothing but the hope of some good issue for religion. We wonder that they could not have had some conception of the magnificent results of liberty and social order here to be revealed. We want them to be heroes, but we cannot allow them to be heroes of faith. But it will some time be discovered that, in actual life, there are two kinds of heroes—heroes for the visible and heroes for the invisible; they that see their mark hung out as a flag to be taken on some turret or battlement, and they that see it nowhere save in the grand ideal of the inward life: extempore heroes fighting out a victory definitely seen in something near at hand; and the life-long, century-long heroes that are instigated by no ephemeral crown or more ephemeral passion, but have sounded the deep base-work of God's principle and have dared calmly to rest their all upon it, come the issue where it may, or what form God will give it. The former class are only symbols, I suppose, of the visible life, of that more heroic and truly divine greatness in the achievement, which is never offered to the eyes in forms of palpable . . . . Coming in simple duty, duty was their power—a divine fate in them, whose thrusting on to greatness and triumphant good took away all questions from the feeble arbitrament of their will, and made them even impassible to their burdens. And they went on building their unknown future, all the more resolutely because it was unknown; for, though unknown, it was present in its power,—present, not as in their projects and wise theories, but as a latent heat, concealed in their principles, and works, and prayers, and secret love, to be given out and become palpable in the world's cooling, ages after."

The whole address, of which this paragraph strikes the keynote, is in the highest degree indicative of his own life and experience. Through its elevated thought, and chastened

but still brilliant language, breathes that spirit of heroic trust in which he was to pass through all his years of conflict.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, January 28, 1850.

My dear Friend and Brother,—I have been waiting a long while to get an hour or two of time, besides stolen time, to write you; and yet I find, like Agur, or as Agur feared, that, being poor, I am obliged to steal. I was never so crowded with labor as I have been this winter. Is it not commonly one of the miseries of growing old, that one is in greater danger every day of being buried alive,—that is, in businesses and responsibilities?

I have read the greater part of your volume of "Discourses;" and I count it one of the best evidences that you have done well, that you have compelled my eyes to read so admiringly, when I have wanted the freedom or freshness of feeling necessary to follow and fully to enjoy my eyes.

You have certainly done well. The volume will take a high place. It evinces a great deal more of what I should call genius than the sermons of Dr. Channing; though, lest you should think I mean to flatter you, I will add that I do not place the writings of Dr. Channing as high in the scale of intellectual merit as his Boston friends and admirers are wont to do. I will qualify, again, by saying that if there is more of poetic life in your sermons, a higher range of intellectual perception, and a greater fertility of thought, his may yet, for other reasons, partly adventitious, obtain a much stronger hold of the public mind. It is even one of the faults of your sermons that they too constantly luxuriate in beauty. They have so much delicacy of conception that they sometimes appear to belong to a kind of preaching that requires *perfect* men to hear it.

While there is so much, also, to move the feeling of beauty, and oftentimes, connected with it, such a show of plainness, directness, or pungency, I want to blame you again, in the face of your whole Boston public of taste and criticism, for reducing all your sermons to the essay plan. It is well enough

to do it sometimes; but, in general, it is the most inefficient mode of sermonizing that can be invented. I was inclined that way for some years, and became virtually naturalized in it; but, as a matter of deliberate judgment, I gave it up,—that is, as a rule. Abating this, and the over-rich, or over-delicate, or too constantly exquisite style of your sermons, they are as good for the manner as the most exacting could ask. Better still, their principal fault is that they are too good.

As to matter, why, they are not orthodox, and therefore I cannot away with the doctrine! Seriously, I am more impressed with the difference between our views, on reading your sermons, than I expected to be. We do not really start from the same point. You are too generally naturalistic in your views to meet my feeling, and yet you sometimes seem to come over *almost* to the position of supernaturalism, where I want to stand. Your sermon on "Human Nature" reveals the chasm in its broadest part. I think the argument is colored, ingeniously, beautifully colored, but colored. It does not carry conviction with me. And Christianity, as a scheme of life for man, it seems very clear to me, does not start from such a view of the race. I think, too, that human consciousness will not respond to it. Your scheme of virtue, as implied in the argument, I must quarrel with. It does not recognize the great Scripture law, that he who is guilty in one point is guilty of all; that is, that when a creature descends into evil, it is not by some casual dip or slip, but that the great *one* principle of good has to go out as a principle. We do not sin by homœopathic doses or quantities; no one sin is done under the principle of obedience; the principle itself must go, and that is a fall, a disability, a state of unnature and bondage. At this point Christianity finds us, and from this raises us by a supernatural lift. And now, being in the hands of a supernatural power or grace, we are held up, and we walk by faith in a mixed life, in spite of the great law just named, for which God is perfecting the principle of obedience in us, and we are in him by faith. We are not swamped by our every aberration. Our aberrations are slips of in-

firmity, not choices; and while we slip in this manner, God is upholding us in a level above our infirmity, and perfecting us *gradually* in the habit of good. This, if you get hold of it, is the conception I hold of Christianity. It is strictly a scheme of *salvation*. It is for mankind as a lost race, not as for a race that wants to be amended or patched, but new-created in the one principle of good. There is the point where I do not feel satisfied with your discourses, and the point of disagreement is one that appears in some shape, of course, at every turn; almost every page has some form of expression colored by it. I say this in the frankness of a friend and a Christian, knowing that you will thank me for it, and take it as the truest expression of confidence. Perhaps the difference is one of degree more than of radical repugnance. I hope it is, for we seem at times to be almost together. I wish I could sit down with you now, since reading your discourses, and go over this great field in the freedom of one of our old conversations. Perhaps I should be converted.

I had a delightful visit, the other day, from our common friend and brother, Mr. Bellows. It always does me good, over and above the pleasure, to sit down and talk with him. He is so ingenuous, so unrestricted, that he carries an atmosphere seldom breathed in the society of "Human Nature."

It is proper to say that these frank but affectionate criticisms of Dr. Bartol's writings are published with his hearty and very generous consent.

To the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough.

Hartford, February 4, 1850.

My dear Friend,—I have been writing to you for a long time, just as I have been doing other things not yet done. I think I grow more encumbered as life advances, and not less. My New York speech, a lecture for Providence, my book not yet prepared, and a very interesting time, speaking of what it promises, among my people, give me work enough for three or four souls, if I had them. . . . I shall be able, it is quite clear to me, to carry my points, that is, all that I care to car-

ry. I do not wish to get *my* dogmas substituted for others, but all cleared away, or, at least, softened enough to allow the liberty of the Spirit.

I continue to hear C. C. well spoken of. . . . Pardon me, God pardon me, I should say, if I am becoming your tempter to unsettle you in your devotion to your work, or filling your head with notions of place. . . . I would not have you in a hurry. God's time is certainly best for everything. So I have found it, and I love to rest just there. After all, place does not make the man. It sometimes facilitates or speeds the movement of his success, but is like to make it as much more superficial as it has more of celerity. If we wait upon God and become ministers of God, demonstrations of him, *vehicula Dei* in our person, so filled with the Spirit by our nearness and the purity of our devotions that he shines through us, that is the highest standing of power we can get. In that, as in everything, with true affection,

H. Bushnell.

CHAPTER XII.

1850–1851.

"FAIRFIELD WEST."—MEETING OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION AT LITCHFIELD.—REMINISCENCES OF DR. BUSHNELL'S BEARING THERE.—FISHING EXCURSIONS.—INTERVIEW WITH AN OPPONENT.—LETTER FROM DR. PORTER.—FAIRFIELD WEST AGAIN.—"CHRIST IN THEOLOGY."—DR. BACON QUOTED.—LETTERS.—LITCHFIELD ADDRESS AND SPEECH FOR CONNECTICUT.—A JOURNEY.—LETTERS.—EXCLUSION FROM INTERCOURSE WITH BROTHER MINISTERS.—DR. HAWES.—DR. BUSHNELL'S MANNERS IN CONTROVERSY.

In January, 1850, the Association of "Fairfield West," a ministerial body in the western part of the State, presented a "Remonstrance and Complaint to the Hartford Central Association" upon their action in the case of Dr. Bushnell. "Various considerations," they said, "have caused us to fear lest the doctrines of that book ["God in Christ"] may be already gaining a dangerous ascendency, especially over the minds of the young, and preparing the way for a widespread error, captivating to the carnal mind, but destructive of the faith, and ruinous to the souls of men."

The Hartford Association delayed their reply until March, and then merely reiterated their former statements concerning the book, and declined to present Dr. Bushnell for trial. Failing here, "Fairfield West" next brought the case before the General Association of Connecticut, meeting at Litchfield, in June, 1850. Just before this meeting, Dr. Bushnell wrote to the Rev. Henry Goodwin:—"I am a delegate to Litchfield, but I am inclined to take the ground of saying nothing, and let the storm burst itself. The fury is certainly something quite considerable. I don't know but they will be able, in the issue, to carry something decisive against me, for it is plain that the end is not yet. . . . I thank God that associa-

tions of ministers, though very good people, doubtless, do not preside over the world, and will not sit as assessors at the judgment thereof."

At Litchfield, then, the first concerted attack was made. "Fairfield West" were in the front, but stronger and more influential forces were arrayed behind them. The defeated minority of the Hartford Central Association had not been idle; the hitherto privately active hostility of the Seminary at East Windsor was now openly avowed, and the suspicion of a dangerous tendency in his writings, long smouldering in the Theological School at New Haven, had been fanned into flame by influences from within and from without. The Memorial from "Fairfield West" was referred to a committee of thirteen, comprising a number of men who had been active in preparing the attack. Their chairman, when offering their lengthy Report upon the Memorial, announced that this paper had been prepared at New Haven, several days previous to the meeting, in conference with several of the most prominent men of the Seminary and College. An argument or decision emanating from such a source might reasonably be expected to carry great weight in Connecticut. The gist of the paper is contained in its first section, which reads thus:—

"We regard it as the right of any of our district associations to remonstrate with any other association in respect to any proceedings which are thought to involve the faith and purity of our churches, or to bring reproach upon the associated clergy of the State.

"We regard it as the duty of any association receiving such a remonstrance, to reconsider the case in question; and if they do not see reason to bring charges themselves, to afford an opportunity *for any person who may desire it*, to bring up the case for judicial investigation; and we consider these principles as applying to the case of Dr. Bushnell."

This resolution became the subject of a long and warm discussion which lasted for nearly two days, and in the course of which it became evident that no such proposition could command the support of even a large minority. Dr. Bushnell, as a delegate from his own Association, spoke ably on the points of order and law involved. After tracing the

course of procedure in the case before the Hartford Central Association, and recalling their decision, he said:—

"Now, then, I claim that their action is *final*. The article of discipline, which I have quoted, intends to make negative decision in such a case final, though a positive one would be only introductory to future proceedings. Their action is analogous to that of a grand-jury. If the grand-jury say there is no ground for putting one charged with crime on trial, there the matter ends. If they say there is ground for trial, the case goes on for investigation and decision before the proper tribunal. If the deliberate decision of an association like this is not the final disposal of the case, then you have persecution instead of judgment. Our civil tribunals know better than to tolerate such a course; and shall not a body of ministers show as much mercy and forbearance as is manifested in civil matters? But, on the higher ground of right and justice, I insist that there must be an end. You have no right to repeat to an unlimited extent the agitation of such matters."

[Then, towards the close of his speech, falling into a tenderer and more persuasive tone, he said, and we can imagine with what earnestness:—]

"I wish very much that, instead of spending your strength on so poor a subject as myself, you would set yourselves at work to change this body from one of mere debate into one which should be promotive of a higher spirituality, and lead us forward in the love of God. I have been a member of this body now three times, and little to my satisfaction. Most of what we have done has seemed to me to be mere trifling, rather than what is calculated to point us to God. If our fathers and brethren, whom I greatly respect, and who, I fear, are distressed more than is necessary, would lead us on in the way I have indicated, it seems to me it would be for our good. They fear that I am about to grow out a pair of horns or become a Unitarian. Let me say, for your comfort, that I have not the slightest tendency that way. I hold the fall and depravity of man with a deeper meaning, probably, than most of you, and believe as much the absolute necessity of his renewal by the Holy Spirit. The Atonement and the Trinity are as dear to me as they are to any. It is easy to learn the art of ecclesiastical war and to find heresies to contend with, but it is a much greater thing to be filled with the Spirit, and to grow into fellowship with God."

A bearing so full of confidence, yet so free from personal excitement, and withal, so firm and patient, had, perhaps, more power to calm the excitement than a discovery of complete orthodoxy would have yielded. At all events, though

the discussion still went on, and trivial discourtesies were at times indulged in, yet the feeling of the assembly grew hourly more forbearing and friendly, until at last the amendment to the original resolution, passed by unanimous consent, was one offered by Dr. Bushnell himself. In the amended resolution it was—

"*Voted*, That we regard it as the duty of any association receiving such a remonstrance to reconsider the case in question, and, if they do not reverse their former action, to use their best endeavors to satisfy the complaining association in respect to their proceedings so complained of."

So closed a meeting memorable in the ecclesiastical history of Connecticut. Of its general tenor, a ministerial brother who was present writes:—"I remember well the intense earnestness of the members from 'Fairfield West' to bring the utmost ecclesiastical pressure to bear on Dr. Bushnell. I also remember the calm and steady refusal of the body to do this. The discussion was heated and long, able too, I think, on each side. Of Dr. Bushnell's bearing and spirit, I can only recall the general impression that he showed a calm, dignified, Christian spirit, and wonderfully maintained his self-poise, considering the violence, or, at least, the determined character, of the assault upon him, and how much was at stake. This, I think, helped him with the body; and I also think history has vindicated the wisdom of its action in refusing to do anything against him."

Another old friend says:—"I cannot recall much that was said at the Litchfield meeting. I only remember the excitement produced. Dr. Bushnell bore it patiently and cheerfully; but there were times when he appeared depressed, and keenly felt the want of confidence his ministerial brethren evinced in their intercourse with him." Another friend tells us that at the meeting he bore himself "loftily, but meekly;" another, that "his general bearing was that of one who doubted not that in time his brethren would see that they were in a needless panic, and that he was helping them towards the truth."

An aged minister, who has now departed, said to a friend that this meeting at Litchfield was memorable to him, above

all, for the sober, tender, and prayerful spirit which possessed the majority of those gathered there, in view of the responsibility devolved upon them in judging such a man as Bushnell. While some of the body were ready to proceed with the execution, and did most of the talking, and while there were a few who were Bushnell men in doctrine, the large majority were in a state of mind not to be influenced or led by any leaders. They proceeded carefully and earnestly, because they felt that they were dealing with a man of God, though he might be a man of God in error. A sort of holy fear lest they might do wrong brooded over the assemblage, and guided their decision.

Soon after this important meeting was over Dr. Bushnell took his summer vacation. From the sea-shore he wrote to his wife:—

Stonington, July 19, 1850.

. . . I only wish you were with me, if it were your way to enjoy this kind of life, though I see at once that no woman can greatly enjoy it, because all that gives it life is out-door, on the sea, in the sun, and among the smell of fish and the drench of water. It becomes a relaxation in virtue of the fact, to no small degree, that it loosens the restraints of society and civilization. Dr. P—— is the *genius loci*, or presiding god of the place, which, you will see, is a certain proof that we have a good degree of aboriginal liberty here.

I shall go back to Saybrook to-morrow, and off into the Sound or to Long Island, with a party of ministers, on a sailing and fishing excursion, on Tuesday.

These little times of separation seem to me to be a kind of striking part in our clock of life. If we had them not, it would run silent, and we should hardly know that it ran at all; for the soft tick-beat of ordinary experience only makes the stillness itself audible, but breaks it not. I look back now along the track of years passed by; and though it is by the tick alone that we have known each other, yet it is only by the loud strikes, here and there, of separation that I get any account or register of the minutes, and hours, and years of undistinguished comfort and unity of being in which the

good Father of our life has been leading us on. What stronger evidence need we that our life has been happy, than that it is by our separations chiefly that we register its flow? . . .

Fishing excursions, like the one alluded to here, became, for several successive years, a favorite form of summer recreation. Mr. Chesebrough, who was one of this small party of ministers, tells us that they went by invitation of a friend who owned a sail-boat, running along the shores of the Sound or crossing to Long Island, and resting themselves, as hinted above, in the relaxed restraints of an aboriginal life. The question was, not who could write the best sermon, but who could catch the most blue-fish, and honors were distributed accordingly. At these times Dr. Bushnell smoked occasionally,—a habit which had been his chief comfort or luxury during college days, but which he had conscientiously dropped *in toto* at the time of his marriage. But when in this out-door life a cigar offered itself, he would say, "Come, Chesebrough, let's sin a little," and greatly enjoy the unusual indulgence. A slight but characteristic anecdote may naturally find place here. On his arrival, one day, in Chester, to make his friends there a visit, they found it difficult to get him into the house, as he became instantly absorbed in walking about and inspecting, from every point of view, a very extraordinary dwelling, embellished with many wooden towers, minarets, bow-windows, and cupolas, which was the recent folly of an ambitious owner. Having satisfied himself, finally, that the case was a hopeless one, he walked in at his friends' open door, remarking, "There is no way for that man to improve his house, unless he turns it bottom-side up."

Noticing one day that a friend was made miserably anxious by the flighty and nervous restlessness of a much-loved child, he soothed his fears for the child's future by words of cheer like these:—"Wait awhile, and you will find your child will outgrow all that, without any agency of yours. It belongs to a stage of development; and even if it is chiefly physical, as I think it is, she will outgrow that, too, with a little care. All you have to do is to keep her mind steadied in an atmosphere

of love and trust, and healthy growth will do the rest." The hope proved a just one in this case, as it has in so many others.

To his Nephew.

Hartford, September 23, 1850.

. . . We are very much pleased with your letter, because we thought we saw a right and true spirit in it, which we hope God will assist you to maintain to the end of life, and which, if you do, we are certain will make you just what God designs you to be. The great law of character and success in all things is *faithfulness*,—faithfulness to God, to man, and so to one's self. I have scarcely known a person who has had any real and remarkable success in the world who did not find it in and through his fidelity. It gives a man character, and confidence, and credit with others. It is one of the best safeguards to character itself, or against the dangers that beset character; for it makes a good centre, about which all high and noble virtues may gather, and form a solid, healthy body. . . .

To the Rev. Henry Goodwin.

Hartford, October 7, 1850.

My dear Friend,—I am very much rejoiced to hear that you are in so good a way. You may be disappointed in some of your expectations; but if you can make nothing of *place* and everything of *Christ*, you will find, I am sure, that if some things are cross to you in appearance, they will yet all work together for you in the end. I hope you will break out of all restraints of manner and fastidious habits of work, and take off your coat and go into the rough of Western life all over. I would not say this to many, but you are just the man who will not, and cannot, be hurt by it. You need to throw yourself there upon your work, to sink or swim, and make a final cast of the die.

I think my trial here for breath, or a right to it, is now over. Since the meeting at Litchfield, everything has been very still. A——* wrote me shortly after that meeting, suggesting that a personal interview might be useful. I invited

* A member of the "Fairfield West" Association.

him, accordingly, to Hartford, and he came and stayed with me for a night and a part of two days. We talked, and went round "the city where I dwell," and I think he went away to "give a fair report." If not satisfied, he was greatly quieted. That meeting at Litchfield was the most beautiful scene to me that I ever saw. Everything ran as by a law to one issue, just where I would have it. I never saw the apparent working of a higher power, too strong for men, so clearly. It began like an *auto da fé*, and ended like an embrace of good-will and charity.... Yours ever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

The storm, however, had only temporarily blown over. Nothing will more plainly indicate the state of things than a friendly private letter from Dr. Porter, whose "moderation was known to all men," and who, throughout all that time of trial, was the most faithful and honest of friends,—never a partisan, always just, always kind. It will be seen that Mr. A——, though "greatly quieted" at the time by his personal intercourse with Bushnell, and, in the hour of private prayer in the little study, led even to believe that there was something in his faith not "ruinous to the souls of men," was soon found upon his old ground. Indeed, he was known to have accounted for this temporary aberration by saying that he had for the time come under the spell of Dr. Bushnell's personal presence, and been unduly influenced by a certain fascination in the man. It was, perhaps, to this fact that Dr. Cleveland, of New Haven, alluded, in a speech made at a meeting of the General Association, when he said, "Neither let it be forgotten that there are serious disadvantages in proximity to such a man as Dr. B. There is such a thing as being warped by his personal influence and swayed by his peculiar eloquence, so as to lose sight of the truth in our admiration of the man."

But, to Dr. Porter's letter!

Farmington, November 16, 1850.

BROTHER BUSHNELL,—You have doubtless heard that "Fairfield West" Association have unanimously agreed on a com-

munication to Hartford Central, informing us that they are waiting for "the satisfaction" we are to make them. Until the last few weeks, I had supposed that the whole earth was at rest and quiet on this subject; but, in the mean while, I have received letters from various quarters, stating that "Fairfield West" will insist that the controversy respecting your book come to a decisive issue; that unless we bring the matter to a judicial examination, we are to be cut off from the General Association, and that this is part of a plan, in which Princeton, East Windsor, and Massachusetts Old School are to co-operate in setting up East Windsor Seminary (to be located, it is said, at Hartford), for the purpose of putting down Bushnellism and Parkism together. So you find yourself in good company at least. Our Association, then, must come together. And what shall be done? The least that can be done, I think, is to disabuse the public mind of the notion that we have closed the door against a trial, and so throw the burden on the protesters of our Association and the malcontents of "Fairfield West," if they will still declaim against us for not doing what themselves have full leave to do, and in all consistency with themselves ought to do. For though we have the right to decide for ourselves whether we will turn prosecutors in this case, and nobody can call us to account for so doing, yet we have no right to stand between you and a prosecution on the part of others, when the public sentiment seems to demand a trial. I learn, in a letter from Mr. A——, that himself and others will not prosecute, so long as the decision of our Association, that you cannot justly be brought to trial, stands unrevoked; that they will not meet you, so long as you can plead this *in limine*, to embarrass procedure on the merits of the case; that we must, therefore, rescind that decision. This we shall never do; but we can say that this decision ought not to be regarded as a final and judicial one; that it cannot be of this nature, since there has been no trial; that it was merely a preparatory step on the question of there being a trial; that turning, as it did, on the construction to be given to a book of a novel character, there was room for doubt, and consequently a diversity of

sentiment; and that, inasmuch as the public mind is unsettled, and a majority of our associations (*nine of the fourteen*) have decided that there ought to be a trial, we will not stand in the way, provided that a responsible prosecutor shall appear. Something of this sort, I think, we may do and ought to do; and unless we do it, I believe there will be an altercation, if not an open separation, among the churches and pastors of the State of a most disastrous character. . . . I write these things mainly to pour out to you a heart exceedingly oppressed with this painful subject, and that you may know, as a friend ought to know, wherein I differ from you as to the course we should take, and something of the grounds of this difference. . . . May the God of all grace guide you and us in the path of truth and duty, for his name's sake.

I am, as ever, yours truly, N. PORTER.

The Association of "Fairfield West" had, in fact, already prepared another communication to the Hartford Central, with a view to reopening a discussion of the matters in controversy, and urging them to present Dr. Bushnell for trial. The reply, not given until the following May, was a dignified refusal to argue or act further in the case without some new evidence. Meantime, in April, Dr. Bushnell brought out his new book, "Christ in Theology." In his Preface he says, what will sufficiently explain his purpose in its publication:—

"This volume contains the matter of an answer made to the ministerial Association of which I am a member, for the doctrines of my book, 'God in Christ,'—a book in which it was rumored and extensively believed that I had published dangerous or even fundamental errors. This answer was made, and the inquiry itself formally terminated, more than a year ago. Since that time I have been frequently importuned by my brethren, sometimes by letter, sometimes personally, to give it to the public. For two reasons, I have not been in haste to make the publication. First, I had expressed my determination not to be drawn into a controversy, and for a time it was hardly possible to publish anything without being charged with receding from my purpose. But it will be seen that the matter of this volume could hardly have been classed among writings of controversy at any time. Indeed, my intention was not so much to defend as to complete my doctrine, by a fuller exposition of certain

points, and by a reference to the opinions of others, and of the Church in this and other ages. My principal endeavor in it is to make my positions more intelligible; in accomplishing which, I rely to a great extent on tracing their import comparatively, which in my book I had scarcely done at all. . . .

"I have also shrunk from the publication of this book for a more private reason, which will be sufficiently suggested by citing the true maxim which a servant of God drew from his own experience, when he said, 'I am now satisfied that the main cause of man's spiritual blindness is his letting his will into somewhat, or into that which he hath wrought, of whatsoever nature it be, and setting his heart and affections upon the work of his own hands or head.' It is possible, I think, and even easy, to bear the most violent public assaults from unreasonable and bitter multitudes of men without disturbance; yea, to have one's peace consolidated by their pressure, and purified by the fires they kindle. But it is a very different thing to espouse, voluntarily, the work of one's own head before them, even though it be to speak for the truth, and for that only; for there is like, in that case, to be somewhat of one's will speaking through the interstices of the truth, or, what is worse, through the interstices of a shattered peace and a corrupted simplicity. . . .

"As my former volume was called 'God in Christ,' I have called the present 'Christ in Theology,' with a design that will be sufficiently obvious. To complete the descending series begun, there is wanted another volume, showing the still lower, and, as it were, sedimentary subsidence of theology itself, precipitated in the confused mixtures of its elements; a volume that shall do upon the whole body of theological opinion in New England what my anonymous friend C. C. has done with such fatal effect upon the particular strictures of my adversaries. To see brought up in distinct array before us the multitudes of leaders, and schools, and theologic wars of only the century past,—the Supralapsarians and Sublapsarians; the Arminianizers and the true Calvinists; the Pelagians and Augustinians; the Tasters and the Exercisers; Exercisers by Divine efficiency and by human self-efficiency; the love-to-being-in-general virtue, the willing-to-be-damned virtue, and the love-to-one's-greatest-happiness virtue; no ability, all ability, and moral and natural ability distinguished; disciples by the new-creating act of Omnipotence, and by change of the governing purpose; atonement by punishment and by expression; limited and general; by imputation and without imputation; trinitarians of a threefold distinction, of three psychologic persons, or of three sets of attributes; under a unity of oneness, or of necessary agreement, or of society and deliberative council: nothing, I think, would more certainly disenchant us of our confidence in systematic orthodoxy, and the possibility in human language of an exact theologic science, than an exposition so practical and serious, and withal so indisputably mournful—so mournfully indisputable."

Referring again to Dr. Bacon's Review, we find him saying:—

"For my own part, I was surprised—and I have not yet ceased to wonder—at the thoroughness and insight with which he had studied the history of theology as related to the subjects in question. The result was, that his Answer before the Association is related to the volume which it vindicates, very much as his defence of the 'Christian Nurture' was related to that book. In each instance (it seems to me) he first thought out his doctrine in his own free way, and then found himself assailed, not at all to his surprise, as a subverter of established and accepted truths. In each instance the assault seems to have put him upon a more extended study of what other men, whose authority on a question of orthodoxy his opponents must acknowledge, had thought and taught on the same subjects. In each instance the result of his study was a discovery (as he maintained with great force of argument) that his heterodoxy was more orthodox than the provincial and comparatively recent orthodoxy which assailed him. No man was less reverent than he of human authority in the things of God; no man more ready to surrender, for the truth's sake, any of those formulated opinions which are called orthodoxy; yet he could respect profoundly the labors and achievements of other minds, from age to age, in the pursuit of truth.

"He acknowledged that as no real and sober truth is the want of any single man, so no pretended truth is likely to be regarded as anything better than a personal caprice or eccentricity, until other minds are seen to have been exercised in a similar way, and, by rudimental efforts of one kind or another, reaching after the same thing. It was not a disappointment, but a glad discovery, to find himself more orthodox than he had supposed.

"This is the explanation of what seemed to some of his friends a sort of inconsistency. Independent as he was in his thinking, he felt very painfully the accusation, the suspicion even, on the part of his brethren, that he had swerved from the truth of the gospel. He assumed that their experience had been not wholly unlike his own; and he was grieved that the views which had given him relief and victory in the conflict with the difficulties of theology, and had enabled him to see with joyful intuition so much of the glory of Christ, were to any of them the offence of heresy.

"My re-examination of those two volumes, not often consulted since I first read them, more than a quarter of a century ago, and my recollections of the theological and ecclesiastical disturbance of which they were the occasion, have given me a new perception of their value as a contribution not to theology only, but also to the advancement of religion. Freely and thankfully acknowledging their effect on myself, I cannot doubt that they have had a similar effect, though not always the same, on other minds. As their author called no man Master, so he founded

no special school-party, and has left behind him no disciples that call themselves or are called by his name. But, what is better, his influence embodied in those volumes has contributed much to make our New England theology—let me rather say, all the evangelical theology of our English tongue—less rigidly scholastic, more Scriptural, broader in its views, more inspiring in its relations to the pulpit and to the Christian life. The one theme on which dissent from his doctrine has been loudest and most persistent is the work of Christ, the Atonement. Yet on that theme he has been an efficient teacher, even of many who protest against his teachings. If, in their understanding of him, he has too little regarded those illustrations of the Atonement which theologians, and especially our New England theologians, have drawn from the nature of a moral government, he has nevertheless taught even the most scholastic and logical expositors, that the saving work for which He who was at once the Son of God and the Son of Man came into our human world and lived and died, is a theme too large, too transcendent in its relations to the infinite and the eternal, to be illustrated by any one analogy or to be comprehended and carried about in any formula. It is increasingly characteristic of Christian thought in these last years of our century, that the evangelical churches are turning from dogmas about Christ to Christ himself, the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person."

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, March 10, 1851.

My dear Friend,—The months have rolled away so rapidly since I took leave of you at the cars, in my rather ludicrous predicament last summer, that I hardly know what account to make of them. It was well that I persevered on that occasion, and redeemed my tardiness by jolting on all night at the tail of a freight train—punishment beautifully appropriate to the crime—for if I had not, I should have fared badly in the Association of the next day.

I have never been deeper in work than since I saw you, with what success remains to be seen. I am now just clear of my burden, and my new book, "Christ in Theology," will be out in ten or twelve days. I will send you a copy as soon as it is out. This volume, I think, will be less interesting than the other, because it is less fresh, and less of a simple outspeaking of myself. But as a discussion of points, it is far more adequate than the other, and, I think, will be more

satisfactory. Theologians, I think, will like it better than the other, because it is more comparative and relative in the form. I am a little doubtful what my Unitarian friends will think of it. That will depend, I imagine, principally on the degree of willingness they have to see me get some countenance from orthodoxy, or to see the real meaning and force of orthodoxy less absurd than its friends are determined to make it. I believe some of them have a little mistrusted my firmness in the positions I have taken; of that feeling, I am quite certain, they will be wholly relieved. They will see that I stand exactly where I stood before in my relations to both parties, though I certainly would have changed, in any and every point, if I had seen reason to do it. This volume has cost me five times the labor which the other cost, because it has put me to the investigation of others, which, to me, is the hardest and most difficult of all sorts of work. But I am fully repaid by the additional strength and confidence it has given me.

Excuse my running on thus about my own book; the reason is that I have just got rid of the last proof, and my head is full of it. We had a beautiful lecture from our common friend, Mr. Whipple, a few days ago. It was a difficult matter to show the cock in the egg, but he made the most of it; only he did not make us hear the crowing quite as distinctly as some do who think that the egg is already hatched. . . .

To the Same.

Hartford, May 6, 1851.

. . . Is it not a hard thing we have to do in these times, not to break out in a little excess? For one, I confess that I want, about half the time, to do something that will require to be pardoned; and I verily believe that I should, if I were not drawn more and more towards the conviction that the renovating power of true Christianity is the principal hope of man; and more and more deeply impressed with a conviction of the impotence of all attacks on sin, that take the line of morality or mere external reform. As it is, I must and will say, as I have opportunity, that there are things required

in this abominable Fugitive Slave Law that I will not do—no, not even to save the Union. I could cheerfully die to save it; but chase a fugitive or withhold my sympathy and aid from a fugitive from slavery!—may God grant me grace never to do the damning sin of such obedience! Nay, I will go farther. The first duty that I owe to civil government is to violate and spurn such a law, that is, in the points alluded to. . . .

To the Rev. Henry Goodwin.

May 26, 1851.

. . . I begin to think of giving myself wholly to the more practical side of religion, and to practical duty and work. I seem to be now very much cut off from access to the public; not so, I trust, from access to God. God is left, and he is the best public to me, the only public in which I have any satisfaction; and I think with the highest delight of going apart with him into a desert place to rest awhile. No, not to rest, but only to get away from noise, and live in the silence of love and duty. I long inexpressibly, for the rest of my life, to be wholly immersed in this better element; and it is my daily prayer that God will give me this best and most to be desired of all gifts, the gift of a private benefit to be seen in the usefulness of my ministry to my own flock. These know me and love me, and I pray that God will enable me to lead them into his green pastures. . . .

His book being now off his hands, and having cleared his ground as far as lay in his power, he had a year of comparative freedom, and used it partly for work of a lighter kind. In August, 1851, he delivered his address on the "Age of Homespun," at the Litchfield Centennial Celebration. The selections given in our first chapter in connection with his own early life indicate the character of the address, which, among New England people, whose memories were steeped in the same recollections, found more favor than any of his public orations.

A newspaper correspondent, reporting the occasion of its delivery, gave a lively picture of his person, in these words:—

"The crowd assembled to-day to hear Dr. Bushnell was greater, if possible, than that which had witnessed the exercises of yesterday. This was attributed, in part, to the curiosity which is felt throughout New England to see the man that has dared to beard Calvinism in its very den. I mentioned in my last letter that Dr. Bushnell struck me as one of the most intellectual-looking men I had ever seen; I might have added that he is a strikingly handsome man. He is of fine manly stature, delicately but not feebly framed, with a very large head. A line drawn from the roots of his hair over his forehead to the bottom of his chin would be perpendicular. His nose is the Grecian ideal, finely chiselled, and his mouth indicates the utmost refinement, though not remarkable in any other particular. His temperament is nervous-bilious, without a particle of the sanguine or lymphatic perceptible in any feature of his person. He has a good voice and an unusually good elocution for the pulpit. . . .

"His sermon,—for that was the name given to the performance by the presiding officer,—was a masterly piece of pious humor, designed to do what never before was done as well,—to point out the obligations of our country to the social habits, privations, and domestic economies of primitive New England. Though it occupied nearly two hours in its delivery, it was listened to with admiring attention to its close."

An address having a similar object had been given by him, in June, before the Legislature of the State, meeting at New Britain, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Normal School. It was a "Speech for Connecticut," a historical estimate of her great men, and of her important contributions to the support of national independence in the war of the Revolution. He had always an honest pride in his native State, too often despised and counted out in the achievements of New England, and did what he could to add to her laurels.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, September 8, 1851.

My dear Friend,—You told me in your last that you were going to give your soul a furlough. I suppose the furlough is now over, and that you have returned to the ranks in brave military order. Instead of a furlough, I have taken a short permit, only fetching a turn round Lake Memphremagog and the green hills of Vermont, and returning by Western New York. I have had abundance of work this

summer, as always, but have been remarkably well. I only went the round I speak of just to get out of the rut, with the disadvantage, as a result, that I return so much crippled in my voice (I know not how) that, considering the maxim *vox et præterea nihil*, it makes a very hard case for me, though I think I shall be out of my difficulties soon.

I had a very delightful interview with our friend Huntington at the Commencement of Yale, and wished very much that you were there. I suppose you read the conversation that is going on between the *Register* and the *Independent*, as I do, with the greatest interest. It is certainly a new thing, and one to thank God for, that such an interchange as this, one so candid, patient and fraternal, can at least be maintained between two parties formerly so belligerent.

My own position, as you will understand, is now sufficiently settled. I do not say that I have converted my ministerial friends to my heresies, or any number of them. But the younger very generally give me their sympathy and stand by me, resolved that nothing shall be done against me. And that is all I want. If I can have my position unmolested, it is all I can ask.

Nothing is more beautiful, I sometimes think, than to watch the working of men's opinions, especially here in New England, just at this time that is passing. The motion clearly is all in one direction, slow, silent, quite undiscovered by many, but still regular and sure. My hope is that this convergence will in due time issue in a grand catholic coalescence, a new and better type of evangelism, possible to be developed nowhere else, and a necessary condition of the universal triumph of Christianity. Let us wait, watch, work, and take courage. . . .

To the Same.

Hartford, November 18, 1851.

My dear Friend,—I was very sorry to hear that you had been visited by some of the bad angels that lurk about our state of infirmity. Excuse me: I do not mean a diabolical possession exactly, but one of those unhygeian spirits that

do sometimes plague the best of us. I really hope that one of the other kind would not dare to attack you.

As for myself, I seem for the last few months to have had some kind of bad angel about me, but in which class to place him I can hardly guess; an angel of dryness, if there be any such,—a robust, well-to-do, but clumsy, unversatile, half-seeing fellow, that refuses to let me be, or more than half be, anybody; one that lets me eat and work, and bids me go on, but laughs all the while at the foolish figure I make. It really seems to me that I was never so little of a live man as I have been lately; and I begin to think that I am either losing capacity, or else that I have always had much less than I supposed. What a letting down of our poor vanity is it that we suffer, when, by these changes of mood, we are not only reduced in quantity for the present time, but have all past quantity taken away too! Still, it is a trifling comfort that we can have a forced hope of recovering a little at some future time.

What now are you doing? for I hope you are quite well by this time, all the better for a little discipline. I want very much to see you and talk over the times with you, and especially what is dearest to us both, the going-on of the better world in this. I have heard much of Huntington's sermon at Portsmouth, and I want very much to see it. I hear it spoken of as a sermon that was quite as remarkable for the ability of it as for the truth and spiritual excellence; all of which I can readily believe, for some of the more recent efforts of Mr. H. have placed him very high, in my estimation, as a man of genuine power. I think it is very clear, is it not, that a good tendency—a tendency to some better understanding and closer approach of unity—is more and more visible? *Macte virtute.*

I shall send you with this, or very soon, the Litchfield County Centennial, where you will find a plain, homespun sermon, one that I wrote with great zest, because it was such a freshening to me of the past—dull, of course, to you for the want of any such remembrances.

With much of love to yours, H. Bushnell.

To the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough.

Hartford, December 24, 1851.

Dear Brother C.,—I write a few words from the bookstore just to answer your note. I cannot undertake to write a creed; I have too much else on my hands. I will barely suggest what I have often thought of,—no creed save what is contained in the covenant where the faith *works* (such, for example, as our Church Covenant, which I send you), with perhaps something wrought into it, to recognize a little more directly depravity and regeneration.

This, you know, was the Puritan Fathers' method,—no creed, but a covenant. . . .

Ever yours, Horace Bushnell.

The relations between Dr. Bushnell's church and the sister churches of Hartford were such, for many years, as to give him great pain. He wished for an apostolic Christian fellowship. He was social, and liked the cordialities and hospitalities of the Church. But for years none of his Congregational brethren in the city would exchange pulpits with him, or unite with him in general work for the good of the churches. A cold and silent non-intercourse hedged him about. In vain he made friendly overtures, and strove to bring about a better state of feeling. Dr. Murdoch, then pastor of the South Baptist Church, was the only one of the city pastors who was willing to exchange with him, and this kindness made one bright spot in the darkness. Another was found in his friendship with the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, then rector of Christ Church, whose urbanity, culture, and liberal-mindedness made his companionship a great resource. The Rev. William W. Patton was then the young pastor of the Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford. He tells us that, in the early part of the controversy over "God in Christ," Dr. Bushnell once proposed to exchange with him, which on personal grounds he would have been glad to do; but having failed to satisfy himself of the truth of Dr. Bushnell's views, he felt obliged for the time to decline. Having the candor to explain him-

self thus, he was touched and won by the patience and somewhat saddened good-temper with which the dangerous theologian met the refusal. It was the beginning of his different understanding of the man, and of the warm friendship and alliance which grew up between them. We have already spoken of the venerable Dr. Porter, of Farmington, whose stanchness and generosity were a main-stay through all these trying years. He was, indeed, a friend, unmoved from his justice and forbearance by all his doubts of the theology of the disputed books. There were others, like Dr. Bacon and Dr. Dutton, of New Haven, who were bound to see fair-play, even for heretics. And among the younger men, just coming in, there were a number who caught sympathetically at Bushnell's new points, and were ready to go all lengths with him.

But no view of these circumstances can be adequate which does not include Dr. Hawes; and remembering how the Doctor changed before his death, and how glad he finally became to receive the friendship he had once put from him, it is not a welcome task to portray him in his position of hostility and condemnation. The respect which it was impossible not to feel for him, as a man faithful to his own convictions and desirous of doing right, made it a duty laid upon the conscience of Horace Bushnell, for the sake of the churches, to use all honorable means of approach to him. To this end he laid aside all personal pride, and made overture after overture of peace and good-will.

In the winter of 1851–'52 there was a revival of religion in Hartford, during which the churches represented by Dr. Hawes, Dr. Bushnell, and Dr. Patton united in services, at which the preaching was by the Rev. C. G. Finney, of Oberlin. Tacitly a truce was agreed on—for though Dr. Hawes was reserved, and too cautious to establish even the appearance of Christian fellowship, yet Dr. Bushnell could afford to be generous—and for the time being they took part in the same services. That this required some generosity on the part of the latter, may be guessed from the fact that in services held at the Centre Church he was not invited

to participate, even to the extent of reading a hymn. This state of things was a trial to the brotherly love of Mr. Finney, and he would fain have become a mediator to restore the broken harmony. Partly at his instigation, Dr. Bushnell expressed to Dr. Hawes his willingness to make an experiment in seeing how near they could approach each other on doctrinal points, promising, on his own part, to come as far as he could without violating the integrity of his convictions. He had the more hope of success in such an attempt, because he believed, as his books prove, that he had but gone back to a more old-fashioned orthodoxy than that then in vogue, and that Dr. Hawes might meet him, as far as formulas go, in some of the more ancient statements. The attempt was made, but failed completely, and everything went on as before.

Complaints were sometimes made of Dr. Bushnell's manners in controversy. His good friend Dr. Dutton, of New Haven, wrote him, with admirable courage, a warning as to what other men were saying of him on this score. He replied to Dr. Dutton with perfect good-nature, asking whether it was chiefly against expressions in his books or against previous impressions of his personal manners that the criticism was directed. This letter, which was not only good-tempered but jocose, seems to have been an immense relief to the mind of Dr. Dutton, who had already begun to repent of his frankness, fearing that it would uselessly wound and offend his friend. In his rejoinder, he expressed his gratification that his criticism had been taken in so generous a spirit, and sought to soften it by saying, "Indeed, I have thought that of late you have made decided improvement in what Willis calls 'unlearning contempt.'" Contempt it was not. It was rather indifference to the thoughts of others, in the absorption of his own thought, united to a headlong ardor which had nothing to do with ill-nature. It is true that in argument he gave, as he was ready to take, some hard blows; but his magnanimous temper never harbored the remembrance of an injury, and he was as far as possible from making a personal matter of a difference in opinion.

President Porter says of him:—"His self-reliance and self-assertion were founded upon the consciousness of insight and power. He was a born leader of men, always aggressive; not infrequently rude and rough in speech, but as truly kindly in thought and feeling and noble in aim and purpose. Whatever defects were natural to his strong self-assertion, he gradually and slowly outgrew. Otherwise he was exceptionally generous, courteous, affectionate, and frank, alive to every noble impulse and aspiration."

And, again, to quote the recent words of the Rev. W. L. Gage:—"Dr. Bushnell was a man whose humanity used often to come out in a trenchant wit, whose edge would cleave through the dullest brain. His ordinary conversation was not humorous, in the strict sense of the word; that delicate robe which often enwraps the conversation of humorists was not his; but flashes of wit, bright, illuminative, and unexpected, darted from sentence to sentence. He had great sympathy with men; common talk, common thoughts, came easy to him. He could drop into any counting-room of Hartford and make himself immediately at home.... He was never better pleased than when some man differed from him. It roused all the latent fire of his being; he flashed all over, and he caught up weapons on all sides: wit, sarcasm, raillery, argument, analogy, learned authority,—everything was ammunition to his gun then; and he always brought down his man. If necessary, he would club his musket; but win he would, and win he always did. And yet his weapons were generally most gracefully handled; if he had occasion to come to close quarters, a clean, clear, artistic stroke. Yet he always respected an honest adversary more than he did the man who took him merely on trust: a tough, resisting intellect was always more grateful to him than a pliable, yielding one. He especially delighted in a young and growing mind, and was with none more at home than with his juniors."

Equally applicable are some of Carlyle's descriptions of John Sterling:—"He was full of bright speech and argument, radiant with arrowy vitalities, vivacities, and ingenuities.... Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known

offended by him, for he took a frank way in the matter of talk; spoke freely out of him, freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of hail-fellow-well-met feeling; and carelessly measured a man, much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit or any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on the occasion."

CHAPTER XIII.

1853.

LECTURES ON THE SUPERNATURAL. — MEETING OF GENERAL ASSOCIATION AT DANBURY. — NORTH CHURCH WITHDRAWS FROM CONSOCIATION. — ADDRESS ON RELIGIOUS MUSIC. — ILL-HEALTH. — WESTERN JOURNEY.

The following brief extracts from letters indicate sufficiently the opening of a new work upon which Dr. Bushnell had entered.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, March 22, 1852.

My dear Friend,—I am most happy to be *invited*, if it is humbly and modestly done, to your hospitality; but I am not quite sure that you have any right to take on these airs of *command*. However, if you will allow me to analyze, as the philosophers talk, accepting so much as amounts to an invitation, and rejecting all beyond that, till we have had the oft-desired pleasure of seeing you here, I will do it. . . . I have been delivering a course of lectures this winter for the Supernatural in the Gospel, or against naturalism,—not a course against Andrew Jackson Davis, as the rogue has been trying in one way and another to make the public suppose. He will have it, somehow or other, that I am in a controversy with him, and I am not sure that I may not take advantage of his pamphlet, to show in some newspaper that he is an impostor. However, I shrink from touching him in any way. . . .

To his friend Mr. Chesebrough he wrote, also in March, "I suppose you may have heard that I am to deliver the Dudleian Lecture at Cambridge, in May, on 'Revealed Religion.' I shall use my last 'Supernatural' lecture." And

again, in May, he sent a line to Dr. Bartol to say, "I have concluded to accept Dr. Walker's invitation to visit Cambridge. After my lecture, I will return and make myself glad with you once more."

Yet again in this spring of 1852, "Fairfield West," sustained by that zeal against error which is so difficult to distinguish from a love of truth, lifted up its voice in a printed "Appeal to the Associated Ministers connected with the General Association of Connecticut," reviewing the whole controversy, and presenting, as a warning against error, an epitome of the dangerous teachings of Bushnell, particularly as contained in the new book, "Christ in Theology." This Dr. Bushnell thought rather hard. He could consent to be reviewed, but hardly to be represented by "Fairfield West," acting as an interpreter.

At the next meeting of the General Association, at Danbury, in the following June, another attempt was made to obtain a trial of Dr. Bushnell. We make the subjoined extracts from the printed report of the meeting, at which it appears he was not present:—

"A memorial was read from 'Fairfield West' Association, calling for action of the General Association with reference to Dr. Bushnell's case, complaining of the course taken by the Hartford Central Association in shielding him from discipline, and asking whether there be not some redress.

"A printed document was also distributed through the house containing a protest from two of the minority of 'Fairfield West' against the further agitation of this subject, and showing that *nine* members of that Association have voted against their proceedings.

"A remonstrance was read from Dr. Bushnell protesting against all intermeddling by the Association in his case."

[From this remonstrance we make some brief quotations. The first refers to the memorial just mentioned.]*

"'It is, in fact, an application to your body, that asks you to resolve yourselves into an *ex parte* council over the heads of my Association, and to pass a judgment, sitting at Danbury, against me at Hartford, without a hearing or even so much as the form of a trial. It raises an assembly

* Matter enclosed in brackets is interpolated.

to condemn a court; or, what is not far different, invites you to convert your body, hitherto known as a body only of fraternal conference and sympathy, into a "Vigilance Committee," or self-constituted tribunal, exercising the assumed powers of judgment and execution, apart from all the ordinary conditions and cautions by which the rights even of malefactors are so carefully guarded in well-ordered civil communities. . . .

"'It is hardly to be expected, in such a case, that I will come before you protesting my orthodoxy; but I wish you to be notified of the confidence I have that, when the smoke of these agitations is blown away, it will be discovered by any competent scholar and critic in Church history who may undertake to settle the precise merit or relative import of my supposed defections, that I was really in a closer agreement of doctrine and a closer sympathy of evangelic sentiment with the acknowledged fathers and teachers of the Church, than my brethren who are testifying so great concern on my account. The verdict will be, not that I raised any banner of revolt against orthodoxy, but that, on the contrary, I only sought to restore its equilibrium, and keep it fitly adjusted to the varying currents of thought and opinion involved in human progress, as it has been in all ages, and, if it is to be "the everlasting gospel," must be in all ages to come. I hope it will not be imagined, brethren, that I am anxious for the result of your proceedings. I greatly desire your confidence and good opinion. I desire as much the honor and Christian dignity of your body; and, more than all, that no injustice be done to the truth. As a duty which I owe especially to the last, I offer you this my solemn protest and remonstrance against any and all proceedings in your body touching the subject here in question, with the request that it be entered on your records and published in the minutes of your body.'"

[The debate upon the question whether it was proper for the General Association to interfere was again a long and heated one. Lengthy speeches were made on both sides, by men who had not previously taken part in the controversy. It was obvious that not all the instigations to attack came from "Fairfield West," though that Association was again in the front. One of their number closed a violent speech with these words:—]

"Sir, we are in earnest. We can never sit down contented in fellowship with those who teach such doctrines, or who give them their shield and countenance. Division is the very last resort, to be thought of only when all other possible efforts shall have failed. I pray God that the necessity for such a division may never come. But if, in the last resort, there shall be no other remedy, but we must hold such doctrines, their

propagators, and abettors, in fellowship, then I pray God that there may be life enough left to divide."

[The committee, to whom the matter was at last referred, submitted the following report, which was adopted:—]

"The General Association having taken into consideration the memorial of 'Fairfield West' Association, respecting the action of Hartford Central Association, with reference to Dr. Horace Bushnell, and also the protest of Dr. Bushnell concerning the same, do resolve:—

"1. That we hereby declare again the truth which was well expressed by the General Association in 1840, that the General Association is not a legislative or judicial body, but a body for mutual consultation, advice, and brotherly love.

"2. That it is the opinion of this General Association that, in the present state of public feeling in regard to the publications referred to in the memorial from the Association of 'Fairfield West,' all the parties concerned should, in the exercise of Christian charity, remove, so far as possible, every obstacle, whether real or supposed, to a full and fair investigation, according to our ecclesiastical rules, and we do hereby advise to such a course."

This action of the General Association made it clear that only one method of procedure was now left to the opposition. If three persons could be found in Dr. Bushnell's church who could be persuaded to enter complaint against him before the Hartford North Consociation, to which the church belonged, he might be brought to trial before that body. For years industrious attempts had been made to find three such persons, but not one of them had been discovered. Outside interference of this sort was now renewed, greatly to the annoyance of a peaceably disposed and strongly united church. Under such influences a strong feeling was awakened within its walls, and, after much private conference, a meeting of the church was called at the request of its leading men. This meeting was fully attended, the subject was discussed freely, and the unanimous vote of the body was finally given to withdraw from the Consociation. By this measure they placed themselves on the same footing with twenty-nine other unconsociated churches in the State, and, in fact, on the ordinary footing of Congregational churches everywhere,—the Consociation belonging rather to

a Presbyterian than to a Congregational form of church government, and being peculiar to Connecticut.*

The vote of the North Church, passed without a dissenting voice on Sunday evening, June 27, 1852, was as follows:—

"*Voted*, That we, the North Church in Hartford, not regarding a consociated connection with other churches as essential to good order, fellowship, and standing among them (which we earnestly desire to preserve and cherish), do hereby withdraw from all connection with the North Consociation of Hartford County."

The record of the vote was accompanied by the statement that this action was taken without the advice or instigation of the pastor.

To the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough.

Hartford, July 6, 1852.

My dear Friend,—I can hardly tell you how good it is to hear some one speak as a friend, that is, in the full, unqualified assent of confidence and sympathy. I have a great many who call themselves friends, and who would be hurt if I were to call them by any other name; I believe they respect me, and mean to have justice done me; but they have a great many qualifications, some that are qualifications of prudence, and have reference to the saving of themselves from unnecessary reproach, and some that are really required by the partial coincidence they have with my sentiments. But there are only a few, God bless them, who have been ready to give me their open, unrestricted sympathy, as you have done, and in your letter, despite of the rather frowning aspect of my affairs, continue to do. I hardly know whether my "martyrdom" is at hand, as you suggest, or not. I did begin to think it might be so; but the more I turn the matter about, the less do I see how the fire is going to be kindled. There is really no way left of coming at me now, unless they attack my church first, in the matter of their withdrawal, denying

* See Dr. Bacon's article on Horace Bushnell, in the *New Englander* for September, 1879, and also Dr. Bushnell's own explanations, in Chapter XIV. of this book.

their right and making it an act of revolution, which I think will be a rather unpopular undertaking. I was a good deal in doubt about this step; but, while I was deliberating, the matter was taken out of my hands, and I consented to let it be so. I wish you could have been at the meeting of the church. It was a beautiful sight, all in just the temper of calmness and decision that I could wish. And now the more I look at the matter, the more I seem to see that it was of God. Let us wait in God and see.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, July 19, 1853.

My dear Friend,—I am glad to know that my position in reference to my ecclesiastical adversaries satisfies you. It is even the more welcome to know that my friends whom I most respect approve it, that I think it is approved by God. This, at least, has been my first and principal study, and I feel the more confident that I have his sanction, that good and right-seeing minds are able to yield me theirs. The step recently taken by my church is theirs, not mine, though I suppose I could have kept them from it still, as I have done for the past two years, if I had seen fit to exert myself in that way. There was no need of such a step, because of any danger that threatened me, in case of a trial before the Consociation. I should have carried my point, but it would have cost a whole year's struggle; the trial would have been a farce,—not a trial, but only a polling of votes already fixed, for the most part; and then my adversaries would not have been able to sit down under their defeat any the more quietly. Therefore, I concluded that the better way was to be off, and throw myself on my character at once. What now is to come I do not know,—something, doubtless; the agitation will go on in some new shape; it cannot rest.

I heard of you and Mr. Bellows the other day, up in the White Mountains, and could not but wish that I was with you. I see by the *Inquirer* that he is beginning to frisk again, showing very decided tokens of returning life and health. I hope, when he gets well, that he will be so well

as to come out a sound, thoroughly orthodox, well-braced dogmatist, a little intolerant,—just a little. Give him my very special regards.

In August, Dr. Bushnell was in New Haven, where he delivered an address on Religious Music before the Beethoven Society of Yale College. This was published, together with one on the same subject, by the Rev. Thomas M. Clark, now Bishop of Rhode Island. There was an agreeable harmony in these two musical themes, and the little pamphlet in which they appeared was an attractive one. From that by Dr. Bushnell, on "the powers of music hidden in things without life," we must give one passage, remarkable not only for its profoundly beautiful thought and melodious expression, but as showing how keenly susceptible to music he was, and how musically organized, indeed, his whole nature must have been:—

"As we are wont to argue the invisible things of God, even his eternal power and Godhead, from the things that are seen, finding them all images of thought and vehicles of intelligence, so we have an argument for God more impressive, in one view, because the matter of it is so deep and mysterious, from the fact that a grand, harmonic, soul-interpreting law of music pervades all the objects of the material creation, and that things without life—all metals, and woods, and valleys, and mountains, and waters—are tempered with distinctions of sound, and toned to be a language to the feeling of the heart. It is as if God had made the world about us to be a grand organ of music, so that our feelings might have play in it, as our understanding has in the light of the sun and the outward colors and forms of things. What is called the musical scale, or octave, is fixed in the original appointments of sound, just as absolutely and definitely as the colors of the rainbow or prism in the optical properties and laws of light. And the visible objects of the world are not more certainly shaped and colored to us, under the exact laws of light and the prism, than they are tempered and toned, as objects audible, to give distinctions of sound by their vibrations, in the terms of the musical octave. It is not simply that we hear the sea roar and the floods clap their hands in anthems of joy; it is not that we hear the low winds sigh, or the storms howl dolefully, or the ripples break peacefully on the shore, or the waters dripping sadly from the rock, or the thunders crashing in horrible majesty through the pavements of heaven; not only do all the natural sounds we hear come to us in tones of music as interpreters of feeling, but there is hid in

the secret temper and substance of all matter a silent music, that only waits to sound, and become a voice of utterance to the otherwise unutterable feeling of our heart—a voice, if we will have it, of love and worship to the God of all. . . .

"It cannot, therefore, be said that music is a human creation, and, as far as the substances of the world are concerned, a mere accident. As well can it be said that man creates the colors of the prism, and that they are not in the properties of the light, because he shapes the prism by his own mechanical art. Or if still we doubt, if it seems incredible that the soul of music is in the heart of all created being, then the laws of harmony themselves shall answer, one string vibrating to another, when it is not struck itself, and uttering its voice of concord simply because the concord is in it, and it feels the pulses on the air to which it cannot be silent. Nay, the solid mountains and their giant masses of rock shall answer; catching, as they will, the bray of horns, or the stunning blast of cannon, rolling it across from one top to another in reverberating pulses, till it falls into bars of musical rhythm and chimes and cadences of silver melody. I have heard some fine music, as men are wont to speak—the play of orchestras, the anthems of choirs, the voices of song that moved admiring nations. But in the lofty passes of the Alps I heard a music overhead from God's cloudy orchestra—the giant peaks of rock and ice, curtained in by the driving mist, and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its folds—such as mocks all sounds our lower worlds of art can ever hope to raise. I stood (excuse the simplicity) calling to them, in the loudest shouts I could raise, even till my power was spent, and listening in compulsory trance to their reply. I heard them roll it up through their cloudy worlds of snow, sifting out the harsh qualities that were tearing in it as demon screams of sin; holding on upon it as if it were a hymn they were fining to the ear of the great Creator, and sending it round and round in long reduplications of sweetness, minute after minute; till finally receding and rising, it trembled, as it were, among the quick gratulations of angels, and fell into the silence of the pure empyrean. I had never any conception before of what is meant by *quality* in sound. There was more power upon the soul in one of those simple notes than I ever expect to feel from anything called music below, or ever can feel till I hear them again in the choirs of the angelic world. I had never such a sense of purity, or of what a simple sound may tell of purity, by its own pure quality; and I could not but say, O my God, teach me this! Be this in me forever! And I can truly affirm that the experience of that hour has consciously made me better able to think of God ever since—better able to worship. All other sounds are gone—the sounds of yesterday heard in the silence of enchanted multitudes are gone; but that is with me still, and, I hope, will never cease to ring in my spirit till I go down to the slumber of silence itself." . . .

The writing and delivery of this address, coming in August at the usual vacation-time, and at the culminating point of the harassing work and worry of several years, seems to have been the last added burden under which strength gave way. His health had been slowly declining, and of late the trials of his patience had taxed his nervous system severely. On coming back to New Haven, after a Sunday's absence and preaching, he wrote home:—"I have just returned from Woodbury, and stand up to write on the top of my mantelpiece a few words, just to say—here I am. Few they must be, because my knees tremble too much to make it very comfortable. I go this afternoon to Lyme. I think I shall be better when I get to sea." Thus courage and work stood by him, while health was departing. "Less than any man he gave you the idea of ill-health. Ill-health? Nay, you found out at last it was the very excess of life in him that brought on disease. This restless play of being, fit to conquer the world, could not be held. It had worn holes in the outer case of it, and there found vent for itself."*

Stonington, August, 1852.

My dear Wife,—I can hardly tell you how refreshing your last letter (the one I found at Lyme on my return) was to me. I shall keep it as one of your best and happiest. It tells its own story without ambiguity; the joy, the peace, of the divine Spirit breathes in it, and that so freely that I catch the breath by a sympathy that is quickened by the sense of it. Oh that I could say that I have the same measure of fulness and peace myself! I have touches, tastes, libations, but the flood I certainly have not. To tell you the truth, which you are like to hear exaggerated in some other way, I had a visitation at Chesebrough's, in Chester, the night after I mailed my last letter, which a little alarmed me. I was waked, or rather half-waked, in the night by a singular fit of coughing, connected with what I supposed to be a rapid secretion in my throat, but I found in the morning that I was raising

* Sentences borrowed from Carlyle's "Life of Sterling."

blood. I went to consult a physician, next door, but he was away. I allowed a neighbor to send after some one to preach. On consulting the physician on his return, I concluded to preach in the afternoon merely the sermon, the other minister taking the prayer. I had some difficulty in deciding whether to go to Newport or turn homeward. But I made up my mind that the sea air and bathing were certainly invigorating to my system, which must result in a removal finally of the disease. The result, so far, has justified my decision; I am gaining all the time consciously in vigor, and my throat is better. . . .

To the Same.

Saratoga, September 15, 1852.

I wrote L——, a day or two since, that I should try to be at home again the latter part of this week. I am not quite as clear of my enemy as I thought I was, and yet hope to be, but shall fulfil my promise, at any rate. I cannot bear to be off here, nursing myself or trying to please myself, while you are wearing out your burden of infirmities alone at home. I did really hope that you were going to come out and be free, and was a little disappointed and saddened to hear from L—— the account of your weakness. Still, I remember the sweet peace and freedom your Father was giving you to be the joy and the medicating power of your infirmity; and that, I am quite sure, he has not taken away. I was very tenderly touched, a day or two since, as I came across the fact that Paul was in his prison, with the chains upon his hands, when he wrote his beautiful appeal, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice." He could not rejoice in man or rejoice in himself, but in the Lord he could even now and always rejoice,—the more heartily, triumphantly, gloriously rejoice. Is it not true that we may even the more consciously and blissfully rejoice, that without, in the world, in the body, we have nothing to feed our enjoyment or supply the springs of our peace? It is a great comfort to me that I can believe, or hold the confidence, that you know what this means. Would that I had the grace to abide in this divine joy, and

take the harvest of it for myself! But my mind, I am obliged to confess, is more clouded than it should be. For some reason, I allow myself to be more discouraged and depressed at times than becomes me. Instead of proving the joy that faith ought to minister, I seem to be learning how little there is in the flesh. How foolish and weak, how carnal, rather, and criminal is it, to be wilted or clouded because a little touch of infirmity in the body invades one's power, and overcasts the certainty of one's prospects! It should not be so; it is wrong. If the chain is on me, then I ought in the Lord to be free, and the more that he who is all goodness and wisdom puts on the chain himself. I should like to believe that he is trying me now, and letting down my self-confidence, in order to give me a more complete confidence in him, and reduce me to a more complete and believing homage to himself. Be it as it may, he knows what is the best use to make of us both; and if he means to use us no more in works but in patience, a better than we was used in that manner, and God forbid that we should shrink from his counsel. . . .

In October, finding that the condition of his health made a long rest necessary, he decided upon a Western trip with some friends. He found it very hard at this time to leave his work, but confessed that, "when his knuckles were rapped so hard, he had no choice but to let go." The first stage of their journey brought them to a Sunday's rest at Oberlin, where they found his warm friends Mr. and Mrs. Finney. Thence he wrote home:—

. . . "I write, you will perceive, from the notorious place where sin is so hardly dealt with, and raises so bitter an outcry. The first night after I left you, about twelve o'clock, I went on board the steamboat at Dunkirk. The wind was beginning to blow a gale, and we lay there, accordingly, till the next forenoon, when, launching out, we fell in with a great steamboat, loaded with passengers, disabled by a schooner that ran into her wheel-house the night before. The next morning at daylight, delayed by what we had done for the boat, we arrived at Cleveland. There we spent the morning, and in the

afternoon came off to spend our Sunday here. Our friends, the Finneys, are both glad as they can be to see me, and I am spending the night with them. I have had a most happy and blessed day here."

Chicago was the next point on the journey, reached after an exhausting day's and night's travel, before the invention of sleeping-cars. Thence, after a few hours' rest, he pushed on alone to Galena, through two more sleepless nights, with the purpose of going on to Minnesota, should he find navigation still open upon the river. From Galena he wrote in great weariness to his wife:—

. . . "Alas! between hotels, and visitors, and mortal poundings, and sleepless nights, I can do nothing more than to sing the old song, and tell you how fondly my heart turns back to find rest with you. Whether I shall go up beyond the Falls of St. Anthony to Fort Ripley is uncertain, but I shall go as far as I can, and shall not stop for any slight cause. The weather is now soft and beautiful, but there is a possibility that I may see snow within two days. If I should get shut up in those hyperborean regions, to keep winter-quarters there, why, then, good-bye."

Three weeks later, on his return from the North, he wrote again from the same place.

Galena, November 11, 1852.

My dearest Wife,—I returned this forenoon from my Fort Ripley tour, and am now for the first time, after my dinner, permitted to go into my room and say, "Here is quiet; here I can think, and love, and pray, and be clean, and be, in fact, myself." In this mood or opportunity I set myself, first of all, to write to you, not a little concerned, however, lest some one coming in the snow-storm may knock at my door and break my retirement.

I have had a very weary and trying journey to the North. Had I known what it would cost me in time, money, suffering, and perhaps in health, I think I should have desisted. And yet I am very glad to have gone; or, if not very, but only a little glad, it is because I return with a cold upon me, which has brought back some of my old sensations, of which,

before I left this place, I was beginning to be quite clear. The cold, however, sensations and all, appears to be yielding and retiring. I reached Fort Ripley by a hard-fought battle, and got back to St. Paul by one much harder, even a battle with a hard prairie snow-storm. I suffered prodigiously, never so much in my life under any other exposure. Riding in the open air across the bleak, interminable prairie, uncertain of the way, able to find no sign or to see any shore; then to roll up in a buffalo-robe in a hovel at night for sleep,—alas! not possible, in the snows filtering through the roof and the chinks of the logs on the sides; there to hear the storm roar on, wild and dreadful, all the night, shivering in response to its frightful music—I assure you there is little of child's-play in this. I want no more of it as long as I live, no more of prairie in any shape. I reached St. Paul at last, in time for my boat, and am now here waiting for a boat down the river, uncertain when I shall have it, or whether I shall have any. All depends on the weather. The river may close up in three days, but I expect to be in St. Louis some time next week.

Oh, I wish I could tell you how dear to me is the picture of my home, and what a halo invests it! Never did it seem to wear a look so nearly paradisiac, never did I seem before to have undervalued so criminally God's blessing in it. My heart longs after it, even as the heart of an exile. I seem to have been absent now full twenty years, undergoing, as it were, some kind of purgatorial fire to chasten my defect of gratitude.

God bless you all, and all that ask for me.

Galena, November 13, 1852.

My dear Daughter,—I returned to this place from a long excursion to the North Pole, *alias* Fort Ripley, yesterday, and am waiting here to catch a boat that will take me down to St. Louis before the river closes. I found our friends well, and as glad to see me as if they had had time to choose to be glad beforehand. I spent two very lively, happy days with them, visiting as fast as possible, and then took my flight again like

a bird of passage for a warmer clime. I started down the river in a bark canoe; but betook myself to the land on the second day, to meet and weather a tremendous snow-storm, which, as like as not, if I had kept the water, I should not have weathered at all. By-the-way, the sea phrase, "to weather a storm," is specially appropriate here to a battle with the snow on a prairie, which is being out at sea, in fact, on land—a vast platitude of desolation, trackless, shoreless, booming to the winds like the ocean itself. . . . There is one thing I have meditated much since I left home, namely, the possibility that a new field may be opened in this truly divine art of music; that song may, or might, become ennobled, and enter into the world as a kind of divine power, enlisted in the interest of virtue and religion. That a lofty and great soul, fired with the eternal inspirations of duty and truth, could pour itself into men's bosoms, and become a spell of great and holy feeling such as never yet has been exerted by any mortal, I cannot doubt. Oh! if I had the voice and art of Alboni or Jenny Lind, it really seems to me that I could make a new gospel of it in men's bosoms, out-preaching all preachers, and swaying the multitudes to good, even to the applause of goodness itself, as a kind of passion. . . .

To his Children.

Galena, November 18, 1852.

Dear M. and D.,—This is for you both. Yesterday I sent off a letter to your dear mother, and another to L——, expecting last evening to be off for St. Louis. But the steamboats here do not go when they advertise, but heat up the boilers, ring the bells, and call the passengers on board before another boat arrives, and then go when it is convenient—any time within two days. Probably the boat that advertised, and tolled, and lighted up in this manner for last evening, will not start before some time in the night of to-day (Saturday). So I have to give up my passage to avoid breaking the Sabbath, at the risk of being frozen in here before another boat arrives.

I told L—— something, I hardly remember what, of the

story of a lone woman that liked to have perished on the prairie in a snow-storm. Perhaps you would like to hear more of the particulars. Well, in coming down from Fort Ripley, a week ago last Friday, it began, toward evening, to snow, and it snowed so fast and the wind blew so hard, and it became so dark, that we were in great anxiety, driver and all, lest we should lose our way on the prairie. But about nine o'clock in the evening, in a howling tempest, we reached a log-hut on the other shore of the prairie, called a hotel. There were two rooms on the lower floor, one a bar-room and guest-room, with a box-stove and a bed. This Lieut. F—— and his family, who had got in from below before us, had taken possession of, with another bed spread out for the children among piles of trunks on the floor. The other room had a cooking-stove, with two beds curtained off under the stairs; one for the half-breed Frenchman and his white Irish wife, the hosts, and another for what other man or woman (in this case a woman-passenger with us) might be willing to sleep by their side. There was the dining-table, the face-washing, the dish-washing, the cooking with green birch-wood, the wind blowing through the chinks of the logs to ventilate, and the snow falling through the roof and running down the stove-pipe to moisten the air. I took no supper; my stomach was not quite made up for it yet. In the morning I furnished a cold breakfast of roast chicken and bread-and-butter from Aunt K——'s store, put up for my passage down the river. When it came time to go to bed, I asked if I could have a bed, and went up into the garret to find how the affirmative answer would turn out. "Dere," said the Frenchman, "you can sleep with dat man," pointing to some unknown body rolled up there for the night. I respectfully declined. Then he went to another unknown upon another of the two beds, and made him get up and cross over to mate with the one first named, and then, as if the difficulty was conquered by his extreme politeness, offered me the vacated straw ready warmed. This also I declined. Then, with my overcoat on and my boots, I spread a buffalo-robe on the floor, with a pillow, dirty or clean, of oat-chaff, and rolling myself

up with two blankets more on top went to sleep. In two hours more the fires had gone out below. I waked shivering and chattering with cold; for though I was covered on top, I found there was an under-side that could be cold too. Then I got up, struck a light, doubled a blanket and put it under me, and made another trial, but I could not get warm. After five more mortal hours of chattering and shaking, till I could endure it no longer, I jumped up, and found a light streaming up through cracks of the loose board floor, and went down to blow and fuss with the Frenchman at kindling his green birch cooking-stove fire, right glad of the chance. The snow-storm was too violent for us to leave; for we had now a second prairie before us, eighteen miles across, without a house of any kind. About ten o'clock two Indians came in, telling us by signs of a white woman on the prairie perishing with cold. We sent out our wagon immediately with two men to bring her in. They found her sitting with her back against a tree (a few of which there are on the near end of the prairie). She refused to go with them, too cold to be sensible of her condition; whereupon they lifted her into the wagon, rolled her up in blankets, and shortly we saw the wagon coming full drive, with a high pile of blankets in the bottom. We got her immediately to the fire, pulled off her stockings (she had no shoes on), and found her feet red with the blood still in action. It turned out that she was a woman whom Lieut. F——'s maid saw in St. Anthony's, two days before, hunting for a place. There she heard of a place at an Indian trader's, at Sauk Rapids, eighty miles above, and was off on foot, with her heavy bundle, to seize upon her chance. Lieut. F—— passed her yesterday morning tramping on, barefoot, and offered to carry her, then to convey her bundle; both of which she declined, saying, "It will trouble you." She was comfortably dressed,—only she had lost her white sun-bonnet in the night,—the most athletic, physically capable looking woman it was ever my fortune to see. She said she was a Lancashire emigrant; and I suppose the poor creature had come over the ocean, pressing on half across the continent into this far-off region, hunting

all the way for a place, having, probably, no sufficient skill to fill one; and now she was on the gallop, rushing into the storm's face, half wild with despair, to seize the last opportunity. I told her she ought to be very thankful that her life was spared; but she said she should have come on, admitting, however, that she had given out once in the night before. When we asked her why she did not stop, she said she had no place to stop, and no money. It turned out that she had travelled that day forty-one miles with her pack, eighteen of them across a prairie in a most terrible snow-storm, and had eaten nothing. We gave her food; I gave her money. Lieut. F—— took her into his wagon after she was warmed, and carried her on to her place. But she hardly dared to thank us, lest she should seem, apparently, to have asked a favor. She acted, poor creature, as if she had never had a kindness done her in her life, and did not know how to take it. About twelve o'clock we started off, to plunge our way across the long, trackless prairie, the snows drifting and the winds howling still, with only a little abatement of the snow-fall. We reached our next stopping-place, the other side of the Big Meadow, as it is called, in the evening. And there we found that, having seen this woman go by at dusk in the beginning of the storm, supposing that she was in advance of some wagon (which, however, did not make its appearance), they concluded that she must inevitably perish, and fitted out a team to go after her and bring her in. They went out seven miles on the prairie with lanterns, got lost themselves, and finally returned, concluding that she must be left to her fate.

I have made you out a long story, children, but you will see in it what rough things there are to be suffered by many poor people in this rough world. I hope that God will make you thankful for the sweet comforts crowded about you, and give you a heart to be as merciful as you ought to those who have none. God bless you, my children. YOUR FATHER.

St. Louis, Missouri, November 19, 1852.

MY DEAREST WIFE,—I can hardly tell you how glad I am to be here, for I have been dogged by snow-storms all the way

down, encountering one more, the fourth, and a very heavy one, between Galena and this place. You will understand, of course, that I have been under a press of torturing anxiety for the whole two weeks; for, if I had been shut in by ice, to find my way back by stage travel, you can hardly conceive the hardship to which I should have been subjected,—the horrible roads which are no roads, the horrible rivers which are no rivers, and the snail-pace motion which is no motion. It would have taken me at least five or six weeks to crawl the distance through, if I had lived to accomplish a task so dreadful. Let us thank God, then, that I am permitted such a release. If you had asked me yesterday in regard to my health, I should have had no very pleasant answer to give; but to-day, after a whole ten hours' sleep, I am a good deal better, and to-morrow I hope even to be much further advanced, perhaps to be quite myself again; for I feel that my soul is diverted most effectually from all which has worn it in months past, and my body, apart from the jaded and clumsy feeling of hardship encountered, is consciously more robust and sturdy. We shall leave here, on our return, on Monday or Tuesday of the next week, to stop in Cincinnati over the Sunday following.

I found two letters here waiting for me, and right glad was I to get them. I cannot tell you what joy it gave me to hear the news you report concerning the church,—the day prayer-meeting, and the Thursday evening prayer-meeting. Oh, I thank God from the bottom of my heart for his unspeakable goodness in this. I could not have hoped for anything so good. Really it seems as if I had been sent away for no other reason than to have my absence turned to an account so much better than my presence could be. The goodness of God to us, my dear wife, in the steady and truly Christian attachment of this people, and, more than all, in their fidelity also to the cause of Christ and the Christian growth of their own hearts, is affecting to me beyond expression. It seems as if God was determined to give us, in the desertion of many and among the multitudes of gainsayers, one green spot, at the least, for our comfort; and that spot, blessed be his name,

not away, not afar off, as in the case of Edwards, but close at hand and immediately about us; so that if the circumference is a fire, the centre may be a fountain and a spot for rest. I was very sorry that the letter I wrote them was no better worthy of them and the subject. But it was what I could afford at the time, in my jaded and fevered state.

Cincinnati, December 8, 1852.

I arrived here on Tuesday morning, and yesterday morning the C——s left me behind and took their leave. I was strongly inclined to go with them, and my heart did quite set off, but my grosser part remained behind for a little later conveyance. If the part in advance arrives and taps at the window, I hope you will let the poor thing in, and give it all needed hospitality.

I am glad that you have had the pleasure of a call from Mr. Finney. I know not how it is, but I feel greatly drawn to this man, despite of the greatest dissimilarity of tastes and a method of soul, whether in thought or feeling, wholly unlike. I said I knew not how, but I do know. It is because I find God with him, and consciously receive nothing but good and genuine (he would say honest) impressions from him.

You can hardly imagine how strongly I feel myself drawn homeward. It seems as if I had been absent longer than when I was in Europe. . . .

How great a thing it is to be thus united in the changeless and pure answer of the inmost love, that which can bear and forbear, and help, and struggle in two, as against their admitted and common imperfections! Oh what a blessed and complete union will two such find when they come out together, in the white of a perfect and clean state, to participate in the common triumph of their warfare! Let it be our chief thing, for the rest of life, to stimulate and help each other, and fulfil the common errand God has given us. Bless the dear children for me.

Niagara Falls, December 11, 1852.

To-day I have been occupied in re-viewing the Falls, and feel amply repaid for the hours I have spent in going over

these scenes of nature's grandeur for the third time. I was never so deeply impressed by them before. It seemed, as I came upon them purposely from a new point, that I had never before got their measures. I had sometimes felt a little disposition to criticise them or speak of their defects. God forgive me that I could have indulged myself, I will not say in so high an affront, but in a conceit so weak and contemptible. I used to think, and sometimes to say, that the shores were bad, the surroundings destitute of interest and character. Destitute of interest! As if there needed to be some fine surrounding, some beautiful framework, about Niagara to set it off! No, with reverence be it spoken, it might as well be conceived that the Maker on his throne required some parliament, or body-guard, or high court of divinities round him to set off his majesty and invest his Godhead with dignity. No, I say again, Niagara is a power that forbids and scorns all surroundings; greatest in the fact that it is the one scene of God's creation that suffers no adjuncts and will coalesce with none,—cries "Away!" to them all, as trifles that insult the majesty they might come to garnish. True, it is only a magnificent, mechanical *pour* off one higher shelf of the world upon another which is lower. But it wears well notwithstanding. It is so great in itself, and magnifies so wonderfully the revelation of its grandeur, that it finally conquers, and compels us at last to say, "There is nothing like it, nothing of magnificence to class with it." The more bald it is in the matter of surroundings, the more magnificent, the better we like it. Oh this pouring on, on, on,—exhaustless, ceaseless, like the counsel itself of God,—one ocean plunging in solemn repose of continuity into another; the breadth, the height, the volume, the absence of all fluster, as when the floods lift up their waves; the self-confidence of the preparation, as grand in the night when no eye sees it as in the day; still bending itself downward to the plunge, as a power that is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; wanting no margin of attractions to complement the scene it makes; making, in fact, no scene, but doing a *deed* which is enough to do, whether it is seen or not! Verily, my soul rev-

elled within me to-day, as never since I was a conscious being, in the contemplation of this tremendous type of God's eternity and majesty. I could hardly stand, such was the sense it gave me of the greatness of God....

How little do we know as yet, my dearest earthly friend, of what is contained in the word *God!* We put on great magnifiers in the form of adjectives, and they are true; but the measures they ascribe, certified by the judgment, are not realized, or only dimly realized, in our experience. I see this proved to me, now and then, by the capacity I have to think and feel greater things concerning God. It is as if my soul were shut in within a vast orb made up of concentric shells of brass or iron. I could hear, even when I was a child, the faint ring of a stroke on the one that is outmost and largest of them all; but I began to break through one shell after another, bursting every time into a kind of new, and wondrous, and vastly enlarged heaven, hearing no more the dull, close ring of the nearest casement, but the ring, as it were, of concave firmaments and third heavens set with stars; till now, so gloriously has my experience of God opened his greatness to me, I seem to have gotten quite beyond all physical images and measures, even those of astronomy, and simply to think *God* is to find and bring into my feeling more than even the imagination can reach. I bless God that it is so. I am cheered by it, encouraged, sent onward, and, in what he gives me, begin to have some very faint impression of the glory yet to be revealed.

I shall leave Brockport on Monday morning, stay at Albany overnight, and, if our good Father who has kept me so kindly hitherto will suffer it, I design to be with you about two or three o'clock on Tuesday. Is it possible? What do you think of it? Have we so great a joy, my dear wife, so close at hand? Let it be a joy baptized in our faith, our spiritual oneness and purity, as the loving children of God,—that God who is best satisfied with us when he finds that he has set us deepest in the eternity of love. Till then, with a father's blessing on the dear children, I am,

Yours ever, H. Bushnell.

Were we commissioned to choose one expression of himself which should convey the inner story of Horace Bushnell's life, it should be that paragraph in the preceding letter beginning "How little do we know." It is, in brief, all he could have given us in an autobiography.

CHAPTER XIV.

1853.

REVIEW OF DR. BUSHNELL'S PASTORATE.

During the years when writing for publication and the consequent controversy were absorbing so much of Dr. Bushnell's time and attention, we must not conclude that his pastoral relations or work became less important to him. Indeed, some of the latest letters have expressed his longing to devote himself more quietly and entirely to work among his beloved people. The consciousness of a constantly diminishing fund of physical power may have heightened his desire to use his present opportunities of personal influence to the utmost. In the year 1853, having then been twenty years pastor of the North Church in Hartford, he preached, on the anniversary of his settlement, a commemorative sermon. As this is a review of his whole ministry up to that time, large extracts from it are given here, one having already appeared in Chap. V.

". . . On this 22d day of May, just twenty years ago, I was set in charge as pastor of this flock and teacher of this Christian congregation. It would be too much to say that I have seen nothing in you to blame or reprove. Had you attained to any such perfection, there would have been nothing here for me to do, or, if anything, that which only some angelic ministry would be high enough in quality to perform. But it is much to say that I have never seen the first day of regret on account of my settlement; more to say that my attachment to you has been strengthened every year by your uniform kindness and fidelity; and yet more, as regards my own Christian satisfaction, that my conviction has been more and more confirmed that I am placed among you by the call of God, here and nowhere else to fulfil the particular errand for which I was sent into the world. No pastor was ever happier in his relations to his people, or had ever greater reason to thank God always, upon every

remembrance of their patience with him and their fellowship with him in his official burdens. I think there has been something peculiar in the cementing process by which we have been so firmly united. We seem to have been led along by the good hand of God through all our changes, and to have grown together under him,—shall I not also say in him? . . .

"Considering the very decided difference of sentiment I found among you at the time of my settlement, many will scarcely be able to conceive the uniform comfort of my position. It would generally be called a critical position; and yet I have never once had the sense of anything critical in it, so entirely have I been at my ease from the first day until now. . . . Indeed, if it had not been for the somewhat equal division of sentiment I found among you, my position would have been much more difficult than it was. I was not prepared to fill a place where it was expected of me to be the adherent, and square my teachings by the expectation of any one school. I had no such implicit admiration, at the time, of what is called, distinctively, New England theology, as would suffer me to be enrolled among its avowed partisans. And precisely this fact qualified me the better for a place where I had opposing schools, on the right and left, to shield my position by a mutual balance of each other.

"Besides, I was just then passing into the vein of comprehensiveness, questioning whether all parties were not in reality standing for some one side or article of the truth; prepared in that manner to be at once independent of your two parties and the more cordial to both, that I was beginning to hold, under a different resolution of the subjects, all that both parties were contending for. My position among you kept me always in living contact with the opposite poles to be comprehended, and assisted me, by an external pressure, in realizing more and more distinctly what I was faintly conceiving or trying to elaborate within; till, finally, my question became a truth experimentally proved, and I rested in the conviction that the comprehensive method is, in general, a possible, and, so far, the only Christian method of adjusting theologic differences. . . .

"Accordingly, the effect of my preaching never was to overthrow one school and set up the other; neither was it to find a position of neutrality midway between them; but, as far as theology is concerned, it was to comprehend, if possible, the truth contended for in both; in which I had, of course, abundant practice in the subtleties of speculative language, but had the Scriptures always with me, bolting out their free, incautious oppositions, regardless of all subtleties. Having it for a law never to act on the policy of concealment or suppression for the sake of peace, in respect to any subject in which I was ripe enough for a declaration, I took my stand openly on all the vexed questions, preaching both sides; or rather showing, in effect, that if both were to condense all they hold into one faith, they would probably not have any too large a faith

to be Christian. But as all the language applicable to the subjects in question was preoccupied by the former uses, and the much debated subtleties of our New England rationalism, I had many difficulties in making myself intelligible. The two parties heard me, as it were, across the fence, and the main question appeared for a long time to be, not what I was teaching, but on which side I was. If I preached a sermon, for example, that turned more especially on the absolute dependence of sinners, or their inability apart from God, to renew and sanctify themselves, the Old-School hearers, taken by the sound of certain right words and phrases which I must use, of course, but having no care to follow the arguments and explanations by which alone their meaning was determined, put on a look of visible satisfaction, which seemed to say, 'We have him with us.' If I preached a sermon that called to action, asserting a complete power, under God, to cast off sin and be renewed in righteousness, my New-School hearers were sure that it was right; for the main thing cared for by them was, not so much any point of theory as that men should not be shut up in sin, to wait for some prevenient grace that God's sovereignty may never bestow. . . . To make myself intelligible at once to both parties was difficult, for the reasons already assigned; but I was able, in general, to retain your confidence. In this I had no difficulty except upon the Old-School side; for with them it was a point not merely to resist the new theology of the day, but, as by a kind of necessary implication, to see that nothing was varied from the manner and form in which they had been taught; and they were not easily satisfied, even if the variation took them backward towards a more genuine antiquity. Though even this jealousy of variation, I am certain, would never have made even one of them restive, had there been no instigators of suspicion without, actuated themselves by rumor and hearsay, to disturb the impressions otherwise received under the unobstructed teachings of my ministry. As it was, I had always my strong personal friends and confidants, even among the pillars of their side. Indeed, I had a certain peculiar sympathy with the style of piety in the Old-School brethren, especially in all the points where it was contrasted with the flashiness of a super-active, all-to-do manner, such as then distinguished the movement party of the times. I loved their deep-drawn sentiments, and the sense of God that reverberated in their Christian expressions. I was drawn to their prayers, and to them personally by their prayers; and it has always been my conviction that if they had been a little more Old-School, if they had been able to comprehend in their antiquity more than one century, they would have been as much drawn to me as I was to them. But a few became satisfied that I was not exactly in what they took for the Old (viz., the 'New Light' metaphysical) theology in which they had been trained, grew more uncomfortable as they were more set upon from without, and withdrew; not in any manner of protest or disaffection, but silently, as con-

nected with a change of residence, or with only some temperate avowals of dissatisfaction. Others, who had breadth enough to allow some variations of form when the substance was so manifestly preserved, stood by me firmly to their death; and others still remain, doubly endeared to me by the persistency of their confidence.

It is also my happiness that, in the process by which these dissentient feelings have been liquidated, I have never had a controversy with any individual, never received a harsh word, whatever may have been said about or against me to others, never been upon any footing of personal relationship but that of cordiality and outward respect—a fact the more remarkable, and worthier to be commemorated with thanksgiving, that I have been so much assailed by charges and imputations from without, that would naturally turn the confidence, and about as certainly loosen the ill-nature, of a people not ingrafted into Christ and fortified against the power of man. Surely God has led us on, my brethren, through these eventful years and changes, and to him be the praise that we are here to-day, a strong, united, happy flock, cemented in love by the works, the faith, the prayers, the dangers we have shared.

"I have spoken thus far of my ministry as related to difficulties existing in your previous divisions of sentiment among yourselves. Other points of difficulty have arisen that might easily have terminated in disaster. On the outbreak of the Slavery question, you 'fell into a place where two seas met,' and for a few days it really seemed quite possible that you might founder there; but you rode the storm through safely, and parted no seam of unity.

"Afterwards I preached a fast-day sermon, showing that 'politics are under the law of God.' Wise or unwise in the manner, it was greatly offensive to some, but the offence was soon forgiven; in consideration, I suppose, of the fact that, apart from the manner, the doctrine was abundantly wanted, and even solemnly true.

"The only difficulty I have ever encountered in my ministry, that cost me a real and deep trial of feeling, related to the matter of evangelist preachers, and what may be called the machinery system of revivals. Things had come to such a pitch in the churches, by the tenacity of the revival system, that the permanent was sacrificed to the casual, the ordinary swallowed up and lost in the extraordinary, and Christian piety itself reduced to a kind of campaigning or stage-effect exercise. The spirit of the pastor was broken, and his powers crippled by a lack of expectation; for it was becoming a fixed impression that effect is to be looked for only under instrumentalities that are extraordinary. He was coming to be scarcely more than a church clock for beating time and marking the years, while the effective ministry of the word was to be dispensed by a class of professed revivalists. It was even difficult for the pastor, saying nothing of conversions, to keep alive in Christians themselves any hope or expectation of holy living, as an abiding state,

in the intervals of public movement and excitement left to his care; because everything was brought to the test of the revival state as a standard, and it could not be conceived how any one might be in the Spirit, and maintain a constancy of growth, in the calmer and more private methods of duty, patience, and fidelity, on the level of the ordinary life. Others felt the mischiefs accruing to the cause of religion as I did, and remained silent. I took my ground, cautiously as I knew how, and spoke my convictions. The result was painful for a time; not because any storm was raised, but because of the very great difficulty I found in making my position understood and appreciated, and because many appeared to be perplexed or embarrassed in their prayers, as if able to be sure no longer of any practical way of advance or success. . . .

"My sole object was to raise a distinction between the reviving of religion when it wants reviving, and a religion which places everything in scenes or spiritual campaigns, and tests all Christian exercise by the standards of the extraordinary. I am not sure that I have ever made my object entirely clear. Possibly some of you may think that I have even receded from the ground I took. And yet I think you will all of you perceive that the type of your religious methods and impressions is somehow changed. . . . The idea of a casual extraordinary religion is gone by. No people were ever more firmly rooted in the conviction that Christian piety is, and is to be, an abiding grace, and fill the ordinary life with all its works—a holy experience, a divine growth in the soul, a life hid with Christ in God. I see no reason to believe that you have lost anything, as regards the number of conversions, by the change or suspense through which you have passed, and I cherish the delightful confidence that you are brought on thus to a point of preparation that will enable you hereafter to be abundantly more fruitful than ever before. So strong is my confidence now that you are effectually weaned from the tendencies I wished to correct, and immovably fixed in the faith of an abiding piety as the only sound reality of the Christian life, that I should not hesitate, in case of any very special reason, touching, for example, the fellowship of the churches, to invite the aid of an evangelist preacher, as I have done already, with no effect but that which is good.

"But I have had relations to the public as well as to you, and the steadfastness of your fellowship, continued from the first day until now, is even more conspicuous here; for it is my privilege here also to say with Paul that, in the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, ye all are partakers of my grace.

"At the time of my settlement, I came near being rejected by the council, because of my indefinite and unsatisfactory answers concerning infant baptism. They finally voted, after some debate, to proceed, in the confidence that time and study would rectify my doubts. The result justified their expectation. I found, after a considerable period of suspense, that I had wholly misconceived the true idea of Christian nurt-

ure, and that all my difficulties with infant baptism had originated in this misconception. From that moment my faith was established. After some years the results of my inquiries were given to the public in two discourses on 'Christian Nurture.' These discourses were immediately assailed as a fatal heresy, and a controversy followed. That controversy is over, and I think I may say that it is now agreed by intelligent and qualified judges that I had really done nothing more than to revive, in a modern shape, the lost orthodoxy of the Church. . . .

"At a later period,* when it had just now pleased God to conduct me into a fuller experience of divine things, and to open my spiritual understanding as never before to the great mysteries of godliness, I found that certain reserved questions, before dark and insoluble, were correspondently cleared. The veil was lifted, and the difficulties vanished, never to return. Whereupon I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but being called, immediately after, to speak on these very subjects, I did so without hesitation, and, with as little, gave my discourses to the public. I thought I had spoken the truth. I am more and more sure that I had, every day of my life.

"But a general assault, like the winds from the four quarters of heaven, was made upon my doctrine as a deadly and appalling heresy, and an inquiry was immediately, and very properly, instituted by my brethren, to find whether such allegations were true. After nearly half a year of careful deliberation, prepared and led by a committee comprising names as generally known and as highly respected as any in the American churches, my Association, fully advertised of their responsibility by the clamorous impeachment raised in every quarter, came to a final vote, seventeen to three, that, while my views were not accepted by the body, there was yet discovered in them no such evidence of heresy as would justify any further process. And this, according to our platform, or scheme of polity, was the end of all ecclesiastical proceeding, without a subversion of order itself, unless some three of your number could be found to sign articles of impeachment against me before the Consociation of the churches, which the Association of ministers had already voted not to do.

"These three were not to be found among you, or any one of them. The commotion without had raised no commotion with you. Many looked on with wonder, as upon a besieged city, to see you unshaken, steadfast still in your confidence, ruffled by no concern, and not even so much as moved to break silence. Had you done even this, it would have comforted my accusers, and weakened the dignity both of your position and of mine. And the secret of all this, if it must be told, is that God was with us, and that no position is weak that is sheltered by the peace of God.

* A.D. 1848.

"Regretting some things which I had heretofore published, not as unjust to others, but as too violent in the manner to be just to myself and the meekness of the Christian spirit, I had determined, from the first, to have no controversy over these discourses—a determination to which I have resolutely adhered, though perceiving, every day, the advantage taken of my silence. A considerable time after the investigation instituted by my brethren, I concluded that it might be my duty to my friends and the churches, as a contribution for the sake of peace, and not for controversy, to publish the substance of my argument before the Association, which I did in a second volume. And the final result of the whole matter in issue, I think, may be discovered in the fact that, instead of the whole bushel of attacks on my first volume which I gathered up a few days ago, no one article of review or hostile criticism has ever to this hour been published against a volume quite as heretical as the first, more adequately stated, and confirmed in every point by appeal to the accepted standards of the Church. . . .

"Still, a degree of agitation has been kept up against me, even down to the last year, by one of the ecclesiastical associations, and by that body before the General Association of the State; and to put an end to this agitation by the shortest and most sovereign method, you were finally induced to vote a withdrawment from the Consociation; the effort being to obtain a trial before that body, in contempt of all the rules of order, by pressing my Association to a reconsideration of their vote and a presentation to the Consociation for trial, *against* their own judgment, on the ground of external dissatisfaction. For this vote of withdrawment you have been stigmatized by a vote of the Consociation itself, impeaching your motives, and, by indirection, me, as the principal mark at which their vote was aimed.

"In this vote of withdrawment I had myself no active part. The same thing had been suggested many times before, and was by me discouraged. Now I concluded to let it pass by in silence, if that should be your will. But as I am responsible, in a degree, for my silence, and as this is the only point in which I have any way participated in a change that affects your relations to your brethren without and to the other churches of the commonwealth, I will briefly state the reasons why I did not exercise the detaining influence I perhaps might have exercised.

"First of all, I had no real attachment to the Consociation, regarding it as an appendage to the Congregationalism of Connecticut, wholly peculiar and really more Presbyterian than Congregational; also as a body entirely useless in the matter of discipline, and since it is only assembled once a year, to occupy two whole days with idle formalities in which the communion of the Spirit has no concern, a body that is really doing harm to the cause of religion by the low impressions it makes in the places where it is held. . . . Meantime it was clear enough that you had a right to withdraw, as many other churches had done before, and that

in doing it you would make no breach of Christian fellowship with the sister churches, but would only place yourselves on a common footing with the churches of New Haven, and with all the twenty-nine unconsociated churches of the State; the same footing, indeed, which is held by all the Congregational churches of New England and of the world, except the consociated churches of Connecticut. Equally clear was it that I had no right to subject you to an interminable agitation on my account, and that you, on your part, had a right to terminate peremptorily the annoyance to which you were subjected, by withdrawing me from the Consociation; provided I was not under discipline, or on trial, or in the near prospect of a legitimate presentment for trial before the body. . . . Besides, there had, in fact, been a good and sufficient trial of the whole matter of my heresy, the best and most competent which it was possible, under our scheme of discipline, to secure, and one in which the public have the best possible reason to be satisfied.

"I need not say how truly I regret any disturbance of your relations to other churches on my account. More than all do I regret the terms of qualified disfellowship existing between you and some of the sister churches of our city—as fit subject of regret and Christian sorrow, as if chargeable to no other cause than to my heresies. . . .

"To sum up all, then, brethren, I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy for your fellowship in the Gospel from the first day until now. You have been immovable and true in your fidelity to me. Assailed by powerful combinations, you have never lost your balance, but have given an example of patience, moderation, and firmness, in which I must do violence to my Christian feeling as a pastor not to offer you my hearty congratulations. You have never been a captious people. It is a long time since I have heard any complaint of my preaching but two: one, that I preach too long sermons, which is sometimes true; and the other, that I preach Christ too much, which I cannot think is a fault to be repented of; for Christ is all, and beside him there is no gospel to be preached or received. Meantime you have never been inattentive to my wants, but have kept me always on the sunny side of comfort. Three times have you raised my salary without any suggestion from me—from twelve hundred dollars to two thousand dollars. A few months after you had liquidated your debt by a heavy subscription, when my health was failing from protracted labor, you advanced me the money necessary to defray my expenses for a year in Europe, continued my salary, and supplied the pulpit yourselves. Again you did the same the last year during my absence of months in a journey to the West, not to speak of the innumerable tokens of interest in me and my family shown by methods more private. And, what is more grateful to me than all beside, I think you have endeavored to extract some spiritual benefit from my unworthy and very defective ministry. Nothing has ever touched my heart so tender-

ly as to hear, in my late absence, of your voluntary meeting for prayer and spiritual communion on two afternoons of the week. And nothing fills me with a hope so exhilarating for the good future to come as the confidence that you are deeper than you were in the faith of Christ, and readier for every good work by which his cause may be advanced. In short, that day of snow and storm in which I came was the herald, I have found, of warmth and peace in all the days to come. God bless you, my dear flock, and keep you as he has done hitherto, in all the ways of truth and patience, that your work may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

"I wish I had time to speak of the defects in my ministry, which I have discovered in the review of these twenty years. But these I must leave with God, only praying that he will pardon them for the past, and help me to mend them in the future.

"I wish it were possible, also, to speak of the way in which he has led me on out of the difficulties and reserved questions which encompassed my early ministry. I will only say that Christianity is opened to me now as a new heaven of truth, a supernatural heaven, wide as the firmament, possible only to faith, to that luminous, clear and glorious. This one thing I have found, that it is not in man to think out a gospel, or to make a state of light by phosphorescence at his own centre. He can have the great mystery of godliness only as it is mirrored in his heart by an inward revelation of Christ. Do the will and you shall know the doctrine—this is the truth I have proved by my twenty years of experience."

On the side of what his church had been to him and done for him, this narrative is sufficiently full, but it is necessarily incomplete in its picture of the work he had been doing among his people. Another reference to the sketch by Mrs. Holley, already quoted, will help to supply what is lacking here:—

"The pastoral duties of Dr. Bushnell seemed to be difficult for him to discharge, but he discharged them faithfully and fully; and in later years, when his ministrations were tempered by his own experiences, his sympathy was as delicately and gently bestowed as it had ever been hearty and sincere. . . . When his name was upon all lips, and in the zenith of his popularity, few knew or thought how his heart was ever at work for the welfare of his 'dear people,' or with what patience and skill he was training a circle of young men especially, who were to be a source of joy to him in his later years. I remember his speaking of one who had come to him every week for aid in overcoming a quick temper, and of another who had been drawn to Christ by the sermon on 'The Hunger

of the Soul.' This young man, when he met a small circle the following week, was called upon by Dr. B. to lead in prayer. Those few hesitating sentences were the *beginning*, but the end has been a life fruitful in work for the Master.

"I called once to introduce a stranger, a lady who had run the gauntlet from Quakerism to Catholicism without finding any satisfactory resting-place. After the usual introductory topics, Dr. B. said, 'I understand you have had many difficulties upon religious subjects.' She replied, with the air of one ready for combat, 'Can any one ever be settled in opinion?' Instead of entering upon controversy, Dr. Bushnell faithfully and kindly pointed her to the need of a firm faith in a personal Christ, and a life to prove the sincerity of her principles. She had expected some brilliant flashes of genius, but received a better gift in a faithful pastor's warning and advice.

"One of his principal characteristics was an intense activity of mind and body. His power of execution was always in exercise. Does no one remember his visiting a blind man one cool day in autumn, and finding the poor man in a chill because no one could be found to put up his stove? The kind pastor soon remedied the evil by putting stove and pipe in their place, and left the room warm and comfortable. A visitor to Dr. B.'s family, happening to come in their absence, found him ploughing and levelling the slope about his Ann Street house, while the owner of the plough stood by in wondering admiration.

"In recalling his sermons, a tide of memories come back to me. The one on 'Unconscious Influence,' since so well known, was delivered on a beautiful summer's day to a full house, and made a great impression. A friend who was with us said 'she was not a free moral agent for five years after hearing it.' I once borrowed the manuscript, and though much of it showed careful revision and frequent amendment, the fine passage upon the power of light was written in a bold, free hand, covering several pages, as if it had burst at once into the writer's mind, and was recorded without erasure or change.

"The effect of such intellectual preaching was to form a highly critical taste among some of his hearers. Dr. B. therefore preached a sermon upon 'Fastidiousness in Hearing the Word of God.' Quite a circle of his personal friends and admirers supposed themselves addressed; but the preacher himself was scarcely prepared for the thanks of a plain countryman, who brought him pea-brush for his garden:—'I felt that *that* sermon was intended for *me*. I was getting to be too particular about who preached.' A member of another church heard him, one evening, speak informally from the passage, 'Casting all your care on Him, for he careth for you,' and said, 'Dr. Bushnell's preaching always does me good. I went to church burdened with my many cares, and now they are all lightened or taken away.' The executive power of his mind was shown in his sermons on special subjects, which were usually

given on Thanksgiving or Fast day. Such sermons as 'Prosperity our Duty,' 'The Day of Roads,' and others of like character, had in them the prophetic insight that only genius can bestow. His political prophecies have been wonderfully realized in the growth of our Western States and the moral power of New England. The sermon, 'Politics under the Law of God,' made a great stir at the time. A sermon upon 'The Employments of Heaven' was preached to his own people, and repeated in another church—I think in Westfield, Mass. A weary, hard-working woman was heard to say, when the service closed, 'Well, if heaven is such a place for work, I don't care to go there; I hoped I should rest.' Dr. B. himself said, as his strength began to fail, that the thought of rest grew more precious to him.

"Of the transition of his teachings from the deeply intellectual to the elevated and emotional, I would speak with reverence. Sometimes he came before us with a face so pale and full of feeling, that it seemed as if his anguish of soul and strivings for a higher life for himself and his people would overmaster the strength of his body. It seemed as if his heart would break unless we would all receive the best spiritual gifts God could bestow. Some one said, 'Dr. B. is the only minister I hear who prays; others tell God their creeds and what they know,—he pleads with God for what he wants and needs.' No one could hear him speak upon the subject of prayer without feeling that he knew, from his own deepest experience, what it was to prevail in prayer."

A ministerial friend, among other interesting reminiscences, gives us the following, which is quite *apropos* of the subject of his preaching:—"He had wonderful skill in getting legitimately a text for his sermon, just where nobody else would look for it, as, for instance, the text of his sermon on 'Unconscious Influence,'—'Then went in also that other disciple.' At the time when the doctrine of repudiation was rife, he preached on that subject; his text was, 'Alas! Master, for it was borrowed.' He began his discourse thus,—'This must have been an industrious man, or he would not have wanted an axe; he must have been a poor man, or he would not have needed to borrow it; he must have been an honest man, or he would never have exclaimed, Alas! Master, for it was borrowed.'"

Other instances might be quoted in abundance; but a glance at his books of sermons will tell the story. A religious paper says, "Good Dr. Bushnell could preach more of a sermon in the selection of a text than any ordinary minister

could in half a day's discourse;" and alludes to that text of a sermon to business men, given for their encouragement in dark days of financial distress, — "And when the ship was caught and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive."

One of the very few friends who began life in the North Church with him and outlived him, having but lately departed, was Thomas Winship. He was a devout man, singularly refined in appearance and manner, and in his calling as a shoemaker found time for deep study of spiritual truth. His deafness did not prevent his presence at every church service, and his enjoyment of it by sympathy, even though he could not hear much of the sermon. The luminous, eager, *listening* expression of his face was looked for always by the preacher as a help, and the faithfulness of the hearer met with such faithful reward as the following extract from a letter of Mr. Winship's indicates: — "In our times of trial and affliction, Dr. Bushnell would, if at home, be sure to be on hand; and those seasons, sometimes of long continuance, were frequent with me. My daughter, after several severe illnesses, was at last a confirmed invalid, confined to her bed for nearly nine years. When at home, he used always to call upon her once every week, usually on Monday morning. It did not seem to me possible for any man to manifest more tender sympathy and care for her spiritual interests than he did. He was always faithful, always true, to me and mine." Another invalid, in a slow decline, was visited in the same faithful, regular way. She learned to expect him on a given day and hour; and a day or two before her departure, when the strength to rise was gone, she insisted on being lifted and placed in her accustomed chair, to receive him, at the usual time. She "*knew* he would come," and she was not disappointed.

His relations to the young people who came to his church were peculiarly pleasant on both sides. Sometimes a timid young man would be alarmed at the abruptness of his first greeting, but generally found that there were no formidable barriers to confidence, after all, between them. One such re-

members to this day that, having been somewhere introduced to Dr. Bushnell and very cordially invited to call upon him at his house, he did so, not without trepidation, which was presently heightened into dismay. Being shown into "the Doctor's" sanctum, he found him immersed in some study so deep and absorbing that he could not at once return to earth at the call of an intruder. He rose, his hair all bristling in wild confusion with the electricity of thought, and, gazing at the shrinking youth with that gaze which sees not, ejaculated, "Who are you?" Terrified at this reception, the poor fellow could hardly muster voice or courage to utter his own name, but was immensely relieved when the stare of abstraction was replaced by a cordial smile and greeting. With chairs drawn close to the cosy wood-fire, they fell into a long and delightful talk, wherein the elder man gave to his young friend sympathy so full and free as to bind him to himself for life.

It was Dr. Bushnell's habit, for many years, to give one evening every week to an office-hour at the church, where he was free to visitors of all sorts who might wish to consult him on subjects connected with either business or religion. Young men were most apt to seek him there; and there his young friend, H. J. J., spent many an evening with him, learning, as he says, how to carry religion into business and practical life. On one such occasion, when Dr. Bushnell had been trying to clear up some point of duty for him, he paused, and said that he felt a diffidence in talking with young men, lest he should perplex rather than help them; and then he cut the whole matter short by saying, "It is all as simple as twice one is two." This young man grew, in maturity, to be the most devoted and loyal of friends to "the Doctor," who fully appreciated his qualities and returned his affection. It was he who wrote, since Dr. Bushnell's death, on his "genius for paying his debts," deriving light, doubtless, on this point from the simplicity of the old lesson, that in morals, as in arithmetic, "twice one is two." To quote one sentence:—

"Now, here was a man all intellect, who had never been quiet, day or night, from excessive mental activity which a weary

sickness of twenty years did not diminish—a man capable of grappling with all great subjects and principles, so organized that he could not possibly wait for subjects to come to him, but boldly challenging all things in 'heaven above and in the earth beneath,' and, in fact, finding nothing that he could not satisfactorily analyze, except the great 'mystery of godliness'—this man, from the beginning of his ministry in Hartford, never made an obligation of debt to the amount of one dollar when he did not know where the money was to come from to pay such obligation, and, when due, meeting it with the promptness of the rising sun—never once asking his church to relieve him of his debts; for he made no debts. This is the record that all men have of him, who had any business with Horace Bushnell."

In week-day church services, he was not only faithful, deeply interested, and full of good matter for his hearers, but governed by a military promptness and punctuality. Business men were willing to give the hour for Thursday evening meeting, because, rain or shine, audience or no audience, the service began punctually on the minute, and closed promptly at the end of the hour, so that there was time always to get letters from the post-office before its closing, after the service was over. He always made some mental preparation for the evening, and never gave husks for food; indeed, some of his best thought and speech was given at these times. Consequently, he had generally a full attendance, and the interest of the brethren in the meeting was as strong as his own. He laid himself out especially for fast-day services; and Thanksgiving-day was his delight. The "Preparatory Lecture," before Communion Sunday, was made an important occasion, on which he met his people in a mood of the deepest earnestness. Besides these regular services, he had others of more varied character at different times. For the men of his congregation, in the hope of attracting some who eluded him at church meetings, he organized a "Society of Inquiry." He had also at one time "Meetings of Inquiry," as he called them, where, in the familiarity of the lecture-room, questions dropped into a box at the door were answered impromptu

from the desk. These quick replies had often great vivacity and point; and the whole service made a very cheerful and lively way of spending the Sunday evening. Questions which we young people sometimes considered to be weak-minded or unnecessary he answered with patience and painstaking; but he had little charity for those questions which he believed to have been written in a cavilling spirit, or with an eye to hair-splitting distinctions. A few pungent words of satire were answer enough for such.

The twenty years of labor in the North Church had been years of very hard work, and yet they never seemed hard, because "of the love he bore them." Indeed, he threw himself too heartily always into what he was doing to find it hard, or aught but absorbingly interesting. A friend was once speaking to him of the hard things of life, and expressing a half-humorous preference for the easier ways. "Nothing," he said, "is really hard when once we are in it. I shall never forget when, riding homeward in my college vacation, I looked from the top of the stage-coach upon the mowers in the hay-field, how hot and tired they looked, and how hard and uninviting their work. But the next morning, when I went into the hay-field among them, and fell to with a good will, how sweet the grass smelled, how fresh was the dew, the breeze, how bright the sun, how pleasant the work! So changed are all things when we look at them from within instead of from without"

NOTE.—In connection with his work for his own church, it ought to have been mentioned that Dr. Bushnell's influence was successfully exerted for the payment of the church debt; and that the financial condition of the North Church was thereafter kept up to the highest standard by the united sentiment of pastor and people.

CHAPTER XV.

1853.

LETTER OF REMINISCENCES BY BISHOP CLARK.—ADDRESS FOR COMMON SCHOOLS.—LETTERS.—CONTROVERSY.—LETTERS.—THE HARTFORD PARK.—OTHER PUBLIC MATTERS.—ESTIMATE OF DR. BUSHNELL AS A CITIZEN.

The interesting letter which opens this chapter is the kind contribution of the Right Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island. It is especially appropriate to this time, when Dr. Bushnell was beginning to extend in many ways his influence among men of the outside world, and to be felt as a practical power, all the more forcibly in that he was a spiritual power also.

To Mrs. Bushnell.

Providence, R. I., April 26, 1878.

My dear Madam,—About twenty-five years ago I had the privilege of knowing your husband in Hartford. No one could be brought into frequent contact with him, and not feel that he was in the presence of a man born to lead and not to follow the thought of his times. He never seemed to talk with the view of impressing you with a sense of his mental or spiritual superiority; neither was there in him any affectation of humility or habit of self-depreciation. He could not help being conscious of his own peculiar powers; but one who heard him chatting in the book-store (his favorite lounging-place after the work of the morning was over), with all sorts of people, upon all sorts of subjects,—the news of the day, the doings of public men, the affairs of the city, in which he took a special interest, politics, farming, mechanics, inventions, books, or whatever else might turn up,—would probably go away without suspecting that he had been in the

presence of one of the profoundest thinkers our land has ever produced. No one could help being interested in what he said; for, although he was not much given to wit and humor, he had a clear, incisive, original way of putting things that could not fail to attract attention. I remember his saying one day, as he was turning over the books, "It is very hard for me to read a book through. If it is stupid and good-for-nothing, of course I have to give it up; and if it is really worth reading, it starts my mind off on some track of its own that I am more inclined to follow than I am to find out what the author has to say." Critics have remarked that Dr. Bushnell not unfrequently brings out views and statements as if they were new, with which reading men are quite familiar. This may be in some degree true; the same things which came to him may have been suggested by others ages ago without his having known it. He worked on his own line, and with an eye to what lay around him. Perhaps if he had been more of a plodder, and had taken time to make himself familiar with other men's thoughts, he might have saved himself some trouble. But it was easier for him to create than to absorb; he was a composer and not a reader, a fountain and not a cistern.

Few men ever enjoyed the art of mental creation more thoroughly. While he was writing his great work on "The Supernatural," I used to visit him at his study on Monday mornings, for the purpose of hearing him read over the chapters which he had written during the previous week. It was to me a rare intellectual treat, and I wish that I had noted down at the time some of the comments with which he illustrated his work. I also wish that I could have sketched his picture as he sat there in his chair, somewhat uneasily, as was his wont, with his flashing dark eye and mobile face, that seemed to respond so vividly to the thoughts that flashed from his brain. When speaking under high excitement his whole frame was set in motion, and he seemed to gesticulate with all parts of his body. I have heard him speak with some contempt of the technical graces of oratory, and yet he was a very effective speaker,—all the more so, because he evident-

ly forgot all about externals in the deep absorption of his subject.

It would be useless, in such a brief sketch as this, to attempt anything like a thorough analysis of Dr. Bushnell's mental characteristics, and it is a work that would require an abler pen than mine. I will simply note down a few things, as they occur to me, among the general impressions which my former intercourse with him has left imprinted on my mind. While he was etymologically a *radical* thinker, inasmuch as he was accustomed to go down to the roots of things, and his temperament always urged him forward in the pursuit of truth, his instincts were very conservative. He was very impatient of shams, and, at the same time, very cautious in exposing them, lest he might do damage to the truth of which they professed to be the presentment. This conservative instinct sometimes led him to qualify his positions in such a degree as might seem to weaken their force, and he would hold himself in check, and give prominence to the arguments of his adversary, in order that he might not appear to disturb the equilibrium of truth. By some he was regarded as a subverter of old ideas, and even as a reckless and unchastened innovator and heretic; but he was really very tender of all received dogma, and never broke away from the standards except under moral compulsion. I once told him that I thought of preaching a course of sermons on a topic which, twenty-five years ago, we had not learned to handle as intelligently and freely as we do now; and I shall never forget how he brought down his hand with an emphatic gesture as he said, "I would not preach a sermon on that subject for ten thousand dollars!" Not that he was afraid to do it, but he thought the time had not come for its thorough ventilation; and if he once threw open the door of his mind, it must be to let the wind circulate freely.

I always thought that he was more sensitive to criticism, and suffered more under reproach, than most people supposed; with his organization, martyrdom in any form would have been a peculiarly severe ordeal. He never coveted reproach or pain, and yet he would have gone to the stake rath-

er than sacrifice his convictions,—perhaps not with a loud song on his lips, but none the less firmly for that.

We sometimes read in the biographies of "great and good men" that they were never heard to speak disparagingly of any human being,—a very doubtful compliment: this could not be said of Dr. Bushnell. His judgment at times might seem severe, especially of pretentious, ignorant, high-talking men; but he treated with much tenderness and respect all whom he regarded as honestly reaching after the truth, even though they appeared to him to be groping in the dark. He was discriminating, but not censorious; and though ready to censure whatever he thought deserved to be condemned, he was always willing to meet an intelligent, fair-minded opponent in a generous and chivalrous spirit. For such as talked of what they could not understand, or talked maliciously, he neither had nor pretended to have any respect.

Dr. Bushnell was a man of marvellous versatility. Those who know him only by his theological writings have no conception of the range of his mind and the variety of subjects that he had investigated. He was skilled in mechanics, and has given the world some inventions of his own. The house in which I once lived was warmed by a furnace which he devised, when such domestic improvements were comparatively new. He could plan a house, or lay out a park, or drain a city better than many of our experts. He was as much at home in talking with the rough guides of the Adirondacks as he was in discussing metaphysics with theologians in council. If he had gone into civil life, he would have taught our public men some lessons in political economy which they greatly need to know. If he had been a medical man, he would have struck at the roots of disease, and discovered remedies as yet unknown.

His mind was as prolific as it was versatile. He worked readily and persistently, accomplishing much in quantity as well as in quality; and his peculiar style of composition, which it would be a terrible effort for one to copy, came to him as naturally and easily as the thoughts which it embodied. I do not think that he ever slighted his work—he

thought too profoundly for this; and yet he must have written rapidly, or he could never have covered so large a space of ground.

Dr. Bushnell had a large amount of individuality; *the man* impressed you, and it would have required an effort to insult him or trifle with him. I should never have thought of addressing him as *Horace;* and while he could be very playful when he felt like it, to some persons he seemed to be rather unapproachable. He had a way of puncturing bubbles which might well make certain people shy of him. There was nothing in his manner that seemed to claim veneration, as is sometimes the case with "distinguished divines,"—no majestic sweep of the hand, or orotund proclamation of wise sayings, or assumption of superiority in any form; but you felt yourself to be in the presence of a *real man*, and a man of bulk, —not large in stature, but great in spirit.

I hardly need to add that he was a devout disciple and believer,—not one who merely speculated about religion, but also received it into his heart, and lived accordingly. He had all the spiritual power, as well as the far-sightedness, of a prophet; everything pertaining to God, and Christ, and immortality burnt under his touch,—it was a live coal that he placed upon the altar. However he might speculate, he never allowed anything to come as a veil between him and his Saviour,—he saw eye to eye, and knew whom he believed. Of all this others will speak who are more competent to delineate his spiritual life.

I regret that it is not in my power to send you a more worthy sketch of one whom I have learned to venerate and love as I did your husband.

Very respectfully and truly yours, THOMAS M. CLARK.

In March, 1853, Dr. Bushnell preached, and later published, a sermon for Common Schools, on the modifications demanded by the Roman Catholics. The questions to which it spoke are still live questions to-day, and we are still halting in practice over the solutions he suggested. For this reason, it may not be amiss to quote some of his clear and fair-minded words:—

"'Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger, as for one of your own country: for I am the Lord your God.'—*Lev.* xxiv. 22.

"It is my very uncommon privilege and pleasure to speak to you, for once, from a text already fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, in the observance; for we, as a people, or nation, have not only abstained from passing laws that are unequal, or hard upon strangers, which is what the rule of the text forbids, but we have invited them to become fellow-citizens with us in our privileges, and bestowed upon them all the rights and immunities of citizens. . . .

"Thus invited, thus admitted to an equal footing with us, they are not content, but are just now returning our generosity by insisting that we must excuse them and their children from being wholly and properly American. They will not have one law for us and for themselves, but they demand immunities that are peculiar to themselves, and before unheard of by us; or else that we wholly give up for their sake institutions that are the dearest privileges of our birthright. They accept the common rights of the law, the common powers of voting, the common terms of property, a common privilege in the new lands and the mines of gold; but when they come to the matter of common schools, they will not be common with us there—they require of us, instead, either to give up our common schools, or else, which in fact amounts to the same thing, to hand over their proportion of the public money, and let them use it for such kind of schools as they happen to like best; ecclesiastical schools, whether German, French, or Irish; any kind of schools but such as are American, and will make Americans of their children. . . .

"I mean, of course, by common schools, when I thus speak, schools for the children of all classes, sects, and denominations of the people; so far perfected in their range of culture and mental and moral discipline that it shall be the interest of all to attend, as being the best schools which can be found; clear, too, of any such objections as may furnish a just ground of offence to the conscience or the religious scruples of any Christian body of our people. I mean, too, schools that are established by the public law of the State, supported at the public expense, organized and superintended by public authority. Of course it is implied that the schools shall be under laws that are general, in the same way as the laws of roads, records, and military service; that no distribution shall be made, in a way of exception, to schools that are private, ecclesiastical, or parochial; that whatever accommodations are made to different forms of religion shall be so made as to be equally available to all; that the right of separate religious instruction, the supervision, the choice of teachers, the selection of books, shall be provided for under fixed conditions, and so as to maintain the fixed rule of majorities, in all questions left for the decision of districts. The schools, in other words, shall be common, in just the same sense that all the laws are common, so that the experience of families and of children under them shall be an experience of the

great republican rule of majorities—an exercise for majorities, of obedience to fixed statutes, and of moderation and impartial respect to the rights and feelings of minorities—an exercise for minorities of patience and of loyal assent to the will of majorities—a schooling, in that manner, which begins at the earliest moment possible, in the rules of American law, and the duties of an American citizen. . . .

"This great institution, too, of common schools is not only a part of the State, but is imperiously wanted as such, for the common training of so many classes and conditions of people. There needs to be some place where, in early childhood, they may be brought together and made acquainted with each other; thus to wear away the sense of distance, otherwise certain to become an established animosity of orders; to form friendships; to be exercised together on a common footing of ingenuous rivalry; the children of the rich to feel the power and do honor to the struggles of merit in the lowly, when it rises above them; the children of the poor to learn the force of merit, and feel the benign encouragement yielded by its blameless victories. Indeed, no child can be said to be well trained, especially no male child, who has not met the people as they are, above him or below, in the seatings, plays, and studies of the common school. Without this he can never be a fully qualified citizen, or prepared to act his part wisely as a citizen. . . .

"Besides, the ecclesiastical distinctions are themselves distinctions also of classes in another form, and such, too, as are much more dangerous than any distinctions of wealth. Let the Catholic children, for example, be driven out of our schools by unjust trespasses on their religion, or be withdrawn for mere pretexts that have no foundation, and just there commences a training in religious antipathies bitter as the grave. Never brought close enough to know each other, the children, subject to the great well-known principle that whatever is unknown is magnified by the darkness it is under, have all their prejudices and repugnances magnified a thousand-fold. They grow up in the conviction that there is nothing but evil in each other, and close to that lies the inference that they are right in doing what evil to each other they please. I complain not of the fact that they are not assimilated, but of what is far more dishonest and wicked, that they are not allowed to understand each other. They are brought up, in fact, for misunderstanding; separated that they may misunderstand each other; kept apart, walled up to heaven in the enclosures of their sects, that they may be as ignorant of each other, as inimical, as incapable of love and cordial good-citizenship as possible. The arrangement is not only unchristian, but it is thoroughly un-American, hostile at every point to our institutions themselves. No bitterness is so bitter, no seed of faction so rank, no division so irreconcilable, as that which grows out of religious distinctions, sharpened to religious animosities, and softened by no terms of intercourse; the more bitter when it begins with childhood; and yet more bitter when it is exasper-

ated also by distinctions of property and social life that correspond; and yet more bitter still when it is aggravated also by distinctions of stock or nation.

"In this latter view, the withdrawing of our Catholic children from the common schools, unless for some real breach upon their religion, and the distribution demanded of public moneys to them in schools apart by themselves, is a bitter cruelty to the children, and a very unjust affront to our institutions. We bid them welcome as they come, and open to their free possession all the rights of our American citizenship. They, in return, forbid their children to be Americans, pen them as foreigners to keep them so, and train them up in the speech of Ashdod among us. And then, to complete the affront, they come to our legislatures, demanding it as their right to share in funds collected by a taxing of the whole people, and to have these funds applied to the purpose of keeping their children from being Americans. . . .

"The true ideal state manifestly is, one school and one Christianity. But it does not follow that we are to have as many schools as we have distinct views of Christianity, because we have not so many distinct Christianities. Nor is anything more cruel and abominable than to take the little children apart, whom Christ embraced so freely, and make them parties to all our grown-up discords; whom Christ made one with himself and each other, in their lovelier and, God forgive us if perchance it also be, their wiser age. Let us draw near rather to the common Christ we profess, doing it through them and for their sake, and see if we cannot find how to set them together under Christ as his common flock. . . .

"In most of our American communities, especially those which are older and more homogeneous, we have no difficulty in retaining the Bible in the schools and doing everything necessary to a sound Christian training. Nor, in the larger cities, and the more recent settlements, where the population is partly Roman Catholic, is there any, the least difficulty in arranging a plan so as to yield the accommodation they need, if only there were a real disposition on both sides to have the arrangement. And precisely here, I suspect, is the main difficulty. There may have been a want of consideration sometimes manifested on the Protestant side, or a willingness to thrust our own forms of religious teaching on the children of Catholics. Wherever we have insisted on retaining the Protestant Bible as a school-book, and making the use of it by the children of Catholic families compulsory, there has been good reason for complaining of our intolerance. But there is a much greater difficulty, I fear, and more invincible, on the other side. In New York the Catholics complained of the reading of the Protestant Scriptures in the schools, and of the text-books employed, some of which contained hard expressions against the Catholic Church. The Bible was accordingly withdrawn from the schools, and all religious instruction discontinued. The text-books of the schools were sent directly to Archbishop Hughes in person, to re-

ceive exactly such expurgations as he and his clergy would direct. They declined the offer by a very slender evasion; and it was afterwards found that some of the books complained of were in actual use in their own Church schools, though already removed from the schools of the city. Meantime the immense and very questionable sacrifice thus made to accommodate the complaints of the Catholics resulted in no discontinuance of their schools, neither in any important accession to the common schools of the city, from the children of Catholic families. On the contrary, the priests now change their note, and begin to complain that the schools are 'godless' or 'atheistical'—just as they have required them to be. In facts like these, fortified by the fact that some of the priests are even denying, in public lectures, the right of the State to educate children at all, we seem to discover an absolute determination that the children shall be withdrawn, at whatever cost, and that no terms of accommodation shall be satisfactory. It is not that satisfaction is impossible, but that there is really no desire for it. Were there any desire, the ways in which it may be accomplished are many and various.

"1. Make the use of the Bible in the Protestant or Douay version optional.

"2. Compile a book of Scripture reading-lessons, by agreement, from both versions.

"3. Provide for religious instruction, at given hours, or on a given day, by the clergy, or by qualified teachers such as the parents may choose.

"4. Prepare a book of Christian morality, distinct from a doctrine of religion or a faith, which shall be taught indiscriminately to all the scholars.

"Out of these and other elements like these, it is not difficult to construct, by agreement, such a plan as will be Christian, and will not infringe in the least upon the tenets of either party, the Protestant or the Catholic. It has been done in Holland, and, where it was much more difficult, in Ireland. The British government, undertaking at last, in good faith, to construct a plan of national education for Ireland, appointed Archbishop Whately and the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, with five others, one a Presbyterian and one a Unitarian, to be a board or committee of superintendence. They agreed upon a selection of reading-lessons from both translations of the Scriptures, and, by means of a system of restrictions and qualifications, carefully arranged, providing for distinct methods and times of religious instruction, they were able to construct a union, not godless or negative, but thoroughly Christian in its character, and so to draw as many as five hundred thousand of the children into the public schools; conferring thus upon the poor neglected and hitherto oppressed Irish, greater benefits than they have before received from any and all public measures since the Conquest. . . .

"There is a great deal of cant in this complaint of godless educa-

tion, or the defect of religious instruction in schools, as Baptist Noel, Dr. Vaughan, and other distinguished English writers have abundantly shown. It is not, of course, religious instruction for a child to be drilled, year upon year, in spelling out the words of the Bible as a reading-book —it may be only an exercise that answers the problem how to dull the mind most effectually to all sense of the Scripture words, and communicate least of their meaning. Nay, if the Scriptures were entirely excluded from the schools, with all formal teaching of religious doctrine, I would yet undertake, if I could have my liberty as a teacher, to communicate more of real Christian truth to a Catholic and a Protestant boy, seated side by side, in the regulation of their treatment of each other, as related in terms of justice and charity, and their government as members of the school community (where truth, order, industry, and obedience are duties laid upon the conscience under God), than they will ever draw from any catechism, or have worn into their brain by the dull and stammering exercise of a Scripture reading-lesson. . . .

"I do then take the ground, and upon this I insist, as the true American ground, that we are to have common schools, and never to give them up, for any purpose, or in obedience to any demand whatever—never to give them up, either by formal surrender or by implication, as by a distribution of moneys to ecclesiastical and sectarian schools. The State cannot distribute funds in this manner without renouncing even a first principle of our American institutions, and becoming the supporter of a sect in religion. It may as well support the priests of a church as support the schools of a church separated from other schools, for the very purpose of being subjected to the priests.

"But while we are firm in this attitude, and hold it as a point immovable, we must, for that very reason, be the more ready to do justice to the religious convictions of all parties or sects, and to yield them such concessions, or enter into such arrangements as will accommodate their peculiar principles and clear them of any infringement." . . .

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, February 9, 1858.

My dear Friend,—Meeting our common friend, Whipple, here yesterday started my conscience a little as regards the matter of a letter to you, too long neglected. By-the-way, before I leave the point behind me, let me say how great pleasure Mr. W. gave us last evening in his lecture. It was the best I have heard from him, which is saying a good deal —truly magnificent.

He tells me that you have been outdoing yourself, too, in your new book, which as yet I have not seen. I have only

seen it advertised, "Body and Form." Well, have you really taken a body? We shall see, in due time, how much of the carnal you have undertaken to support. However, if a man has a body, it is very convenient to have a form too, and some would like a much prettier, better, finer, more elegant, than is given them. But I think I can guess pretty nearly what you mean, which, if I do, it is not so bad; for there are some things in the spiritual world, or world of truth, that must have both body and form to enable them to speak, travel, etc.

I returned from my two months' tour at the West two months ago, very much better than when I went, able to return to my work and even to improve in it, though a little battered by it again for the last two weeks. I am going on again with my lectures on Supernaturalism. By-and-by, therefore, if I live — when, I cannot say — you may look for another volume or two; new heresies to be game for the hunters. . . .

To the Same.

Hartford, April 4, 1858.

My dear Friend,—Your book has been a very long time in coming, and I have been about as slow in acknowledging it. The truth is, that I have been so pressed in my reading and study for the lectures I have on hand, as to have little time for anything beside. Excuse me, then, if I say, in a manner of so great deliberation, how much I am pleased with the success of your second experiment. I think you have done a very great service to many in our time who have been thinking to have a religion without terms and observances, a soul without a body. There is a class who are ever pushing themselves into this folly, imagining, one might suppose, that being spiritual is the same thing as being disembodied spirits. They get on poorly, of course. Indeed, to say the truth, this kind of spirituality is, to a great extent, the same thing as a will to be excused from all duty; and I am glad to see that you treat them accordingly.

The extreme beauty of your treatment of these subjects,

I hope, will entice some of these crude malefactors into better thoughts. I rejoice, too, in the glorious vitality you have been able to infuse into some of these formalities—to wit, bodies. If I were to criticise you in any respect, it would be that you are too uniformly *fine*, and not wicked enough or coarse enough to lay on blows that are naked blows. I have read no book for a long time that abounds in passages of beauty so exquisite, or of Christian eloquence so thrilling; but I feel the want of a more didactic, shall I say common, form of handling. I think it would give you more weight in the impression. Indeed, I have a mind to turn your doctrine back upon you, and say that you want form, *i. e.*, formal distribution—that which is the sermon-like in a sermon. Am I right or wrong?

With great regard, I am yours, H. Bushnell.

To the same friend he wrote, on the 18th of May:—"I have not thanked you for your two sermons. I was particularly refreshed by the new motive-power sermon, because, perhaps, I happened to be working my brains, at the time, on a modification of the new engine, which I saw beforehand was destined to be a failure.

"I have been very hard at work since my return from the West, and have done some things which, comparing myself with myself, are tolerable. I am writing this week a discourse that commemorates the twentieth year of my settlement. So we go; the second childhood, I suppose, is to come next."

The new engine alluded to was Ericsson's Caloric Motor, which, though a failure, suggested, as Dr. Bushnell thought, a valuable principle in mechanics. He thought he had a clew to the right way of using it, and drew a plan of an engine to illustrate his idea. It was never worked out thoroughly or tested, however, although one or two practical machinists, who looked over his drawings, saw promise in his idea.

In June, 1853, there was a meeting of the General Association at Waterbury, where was re-enacted the yearly drama of assault and defence in the Bushnell case. It came at this

time in the form of a complaint, signed by fifty ministers,—a complaint of the course taken, through several successive years, by the Hartford Central Association, in acquitting Dr. Bushnell and protecting him from trial; by which course, it was averred, they had practically violated the constitution and sundered the organic bond of the General Association; and calling upon the General Association to rescind and disown Hartford Central, unless they should reconsider and alter their course. The reply or memorial from Hartford Central was temperate and careful, though they had reason to feel that the arraignment was mischievous and disorderly.

"The weather," said the reporter for the *Religious Herald*, has been unprecedentedly warm, so that it is coming to be believed that, as the cool Quakers always brought rain by their yearly meetings, so the warm, contentious, heresy-debating Connecticut Association is destined to attract and concentrate the sun's hottest rays."

The debate was long and perplexing, though it appeared after a time that the sympathies of a large part of the body were with the Hartford Central. Deeper and deeper became the entanglements, and division seemed imminent. One member, who had throughout the controversy been active in attack, declared himself thus,—"We have come to a crisis in the history of the churches in Connecticut. Obscure it as you will, the foundations are touched. The question is whether a man charged with treason against the truth of Christ and the throne of God can be tried. Pass those resolutions, and the answer goes forth to the world, No! Division is the consequence." A number present were ready to take similar ground, and agreement began to seem impossible, when the Association was temporarily rescued from its dilemma by the legal adroitness of Dr. Leonard Bacon, who introduced a resolution which saved the feelings of both parties. Dr. Bacon had also taken occasion, in a hearty and generous manner, to express his partial concurrence with the doctrines of Dr. Bushnell's books, and his regard for the Christian character of their author.

Division, however, must come—if not in one shape, in an-

other. In Hartford Central Association there had been for years a dissatisfied minority; dissatisfied because they believed there was fundamental error in Dr. Bushnell's books; dissatisfied because he was not brought to trial; dissatisfied because his vital ministry, powerful preaching, and new ideas were a continual stumbling-block in the way of the old established habits and standards of their ancient churches. Finding that their minority was powerless in Hartford Central Association, and desiring some organization through which they could control the action of those who sympathized with their views, they conceived the idea of separating from their old Association and of forming a new one, to be called the Hartford Fourth, and to consist exclusively of such pastors and churches as they knew to be anti-Bushnell.

Dr. Bushnell deplored the creation of this new Association, not because it gave body and form to a long-existing hostility to himself, but because it involved the churches, hitherto spectators only of the strife, in more positive and active separation from each other. He foresaw that it must necessarily deepen an alienation, already painfully prominent, and add to the scandal which he felt to be so injurious to the cause of religion in the community. In fact, however, it did little more than to emphasize a state of things already existing. On the withdrawal of the North Church from the Consociation, Dr. Hawes had felt it to be his duty to draw the line of non-intercourse more strictly. He saw no other way of sufficiently expressing his own condemnation of Dr. Bushnell's unsoundness, and of discountenancing errors so dangerous as those which his books were promulgating. In this position he was undoubtedly honest, though perhaps not so free from a personal bias as he believed. He "schooled himself," as he said, and tried to be right; but he could not escape from the ruts which he had made for himself.

But Association meetings, with their sentences of condemnation, had lost their terrors for Dr. Bushnell, if they ever had any. Neither did he greatly care for the dead-letter of ecclesiastical machinery; he sought, rather, the spirit which

giveth life. He loved the brethren, even those who loved not him, with a large and free forbearance, and a patient expectation of the time when their eyes would be opened to a better understanding of him. He worked in many and constantly more various ways, and recreated when the occasion came, unruffled in his lofty cheer by all the winds that blew. Fortunate for him that he knew how to play as well as how to work!

Saratoga, July 23, 1853.

My dear Wife,—I arrived here safe about half-past four o'clock yesterday, and without inconvenience from fatigue. I was obliged to *bunk* out for the night before I could obtain a room, but this morning was called in and assigned a place among the great herd of eaters and sleepers. And, lest you should be detained from a great pleasure too long, I will here announce the fact that I have already declined preaching! I find myself already very much stronger and better than when I left home; and, if I gain as fast for the next two or three days, I shall begin to think that I am quite well. The very taste of the water this morning was like a draught of health. I behaved admirably well to-day at the table. Oh, if you could have seen how I sat waiting between the mouthfuls, how proud you would have been of me! I shall not do so to-morrow, save by a miracle, and no one, certainly no orthodox believer, permits the faith of miracles performed at the present day. Besides, the true miracles are always wrought to expedite feeding, and never to restrain it. For which reason, if you should like to have performed the miracle in question—viz., the miracle of slow feeding—it would never be a popular gift. Is it not the great wonder and glory of our modern age that we are learning to do everything so rapidly? What else do we boast in the steamboat, the railroad, and the telegraph? These, in fact, we call "our miracles," because we are able to do in so short a time what our dull and snail-paced fathers did in so long a time. So we go on, and I do not despair of a time when a man will be able to dine, as he winks, by one simple clapping together of the upper and lower integuments. Then what an immense

addition to the length of life, just as we say of the additions made by our wonderful celerities of travel and correspondence. . . .

To the Same.

Saratoga, August 1, 1853.

I have read your letter over and over with great refreshment, and, I hope, some benefit. To have you occupy my study in this manner will not be amiss, if you are able to consecrate the place for my return, and fill it with revelations that I can participate in myself. I have some respect for man, even as compared with woman; but, if all men are like me, they very much need some vestal to keep their holy fire burning, else it might go quite out. . . .

I think you are quite right in your conviction that we ought, as Christians, to be always girded, and can have the freedom of the spirit in no other manner. There is a girding which is quite consistent with rest; and it is, in fact, a mode of rest always consistent with relaxation, when relaxation is in the line of duty. Taking this into the account, we need not fear a girding too stringent; for stringency is then comprehensive enough to include cessations of wear and work, and times of refitting for them. I think I see, more clearly than ever before, where my conceptions have been defective. You hit the mark exactly in a conversation we had just before I left home, in which you had something to say of a too passive, too self-resigned piety. There should be a complete self-resignation, only it should not be self-annihilation. The soul should be as positive in its conformity to God as if God were to be conformed to it; that is, it should still be, think, desire, do, act from its self-hood, as if it were not lost in the deep sea of God's own fulness. Pray for me, that God may prepare me to a state so difficult to conceive, and so much more difficult to realize. .

I hope to give you the bulletin that I am gaining. I preached last evening with no sense of injury; but I have still a faint propensity to cough, though I am much more clear and free than I was. I go to Sharon to-morrow. . . .

To the Same.

Sharon Springs, August 14, 1853, Sunday afternoon.

I have just been attending a service in the parlor of our house, which, as far as the sermon was concerned, has been abundantly shocking to me; and I know not how I shall better make out a Sunday's exercise, than to sit down and have a little Christian communion with you. And I begin with your catechism, the principal question of which is, "Whether God will bring to pass, in these last days, facts by which he will restore to the Church the knowledge of himself, as in a relation of reciprocity to it?" etc. When I hear such crudities of theology offered as the wisdom of the Gospel (*e. g.*, the crudities of this morning), I confess it looks very much as if nothing could ever be done for the Church save through facts, supernatural facts. For when will it come to pass that men will have thoroughly burnt out their own wood, hay, and stubble, even if *they* must be burnt? When will they get out of their scholastics into faith, and so conceive the Lord as to really present him unencumbered by their follies? But what sort of facts, if facts are to be the remedy,—by what sort will it come? Undoubtedly by such as reveal intimacy, communication, mutuality, "reciprocity;" but it does not follow that it will be by any facts repeated, any old worn-out facts, which have as yet perfected or consummated nothing, but have allowed all the retrocessions and ages of blindness the world has seen of late. For example, we shall not look for another Abraham, or another Paul, or another John the Baptist, much less for another Christ. It is a common error to fill our imagination out of our memories, and think that what has been shall be again, and that nothing else should be. But no battle is ever fought over again, any more than the gunpowder is burnt a second time. God is under no such terms of poverty that he can only fill his quiver with arrows he has shot before. Narrowly inspected, he is found never to repeat anything. What then—by what facts? By such, certainly, as indicate new stages of

advance, higher ascensions of spiritual life, a more complete and fuller Christian life. And I know not any direction, whither I can turn, to imagine facts that are to come in the power of a new and better futurity, unless it be to something connected with modern science, feeling, history; *e. g.*, the conception of nature adjusted so as to permit the rational, scientific (so to speak) ingrafting of a supernatural bestowment of God upon men, and the display of an open state between God and men. Hitherto the Christian receptivity of the world has been closed up, or nearly so, by the jealousy of all that is supernatural. Men have been able to receive only a little of the divine, or none at all, lest they should fool themselves. But when they can attain to a conviction, approaching the generality* of science, that the supernatural is the necessary complement of nature, without which it is a meagre abortion, there will be an opening of their bosoms to the divine as a general and blessed fact, the prime fact of existence. Accordingly, all teaching, all facts of experience and character that help the grand development referred to, are to be looked for. Do not say, now, that I speak thus out of my dulness or want of faith. I do not pretend to limit God by my inventions. I only say that my mind turns most naturally in this direction. And still the wisdom of God is the foolishness of men. At any rate, I can trust him. Oh that I could be as confident of filling my place in his counsel!

I got your letter yesterday, three days after the mailing. I have made up my mind to return home and try a little diversion with you. It will do me good, and I shall enjoy it more than anything else. It mars everything to me that you are behind, shut up and caged at home. In the mean time, make up your mind, if you can, which way you will go,—on a ride by ourselves to Newport, to New Haven, or, if you will have the most complete rest possible, to *East Windsor*.

Your husband, with abundance of love to you and to ours,

H. Bushnell.

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* This word, which he allowed himself to use in a hastily written letter, suggests, but does not seem to convey, the idea he had in mind.

Returning to Hartford in September, refreshed by the vacation and by the highly spiritual thought which had been its noblest form of relaxation, he found a practical piece of work waiting for him. Going about the city from time to time, always with his eyes open for possible improvements, he had discovered some time ago a site for a park,—a place then hideous and defiled, which his imagination saw transformed by care into "a joy forever." Practical difficulties had heretofore stood in the way, but he found now the opportunity for which he had been waiting, and at once laid the matter before the Common Council. The history of this victorious struggle to obtain a park for Hartford was written by himself, at the request of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, as a contribution for *Hearth and Home*, in which paper it was published in 1869. We give it almost entire.

To Donald G. Mitchell, Esq.

Dear Sir,—You request of me for *Hearth and Home* a brief history of our Hartford Park, and especially of the manner in which it was established. And you ask it of me, I suppose, because I am known to have been largely concerned in getting the improvement on foot. But the fact which directs you to me is, in truth, the only reason why I hesitate; because, having been at first the principal mover of the undertaking, it may be necessary to risk a considerable appearance of egotism. However, since you ask it as a help, or incentive to others engaged in a similar undertaking, and no one else was deep enough in the working elements of the story to give it, I consent to encounter the risk, which it might be only an affectation of delicacy to decline.

The want of some spacious ornamental ground had been the common regret of Hartford citizens for many years; and as often as I expressed this regret, I had found a hearty response. Turning the question every way for an answer, I was drawn, by a kind of rejecting process as respects all other possibilities, to consider more and more fixedly the particular ground since occupied. There was, in fact, no other, unless we should take some distant field which would serve al-

most none of the required uses. Here, then, was the place, I concluded, else it must be nowhere. And it even seemed a fact most remarkable that we had a field so appropriate, reserved by its dishonor for a use so honorable, in the geographical centre of the town, after more than two centuries of occupancy; and the more remarkable that it was laid off in town-lots at the very first settlement, one of which was taken up by the first secretary of the colony, and another by the first school-master.

This piece of ground was a little less than half a mile long, and comprised between thirty and forty acres; and the fine college grounds adjacent, arranged to harmonize with the plan, would make up a virtual park range of fifty acres. On the whole, the amount of space obtained would do very well for a small city, and, being central, it would be taken care of and kept in constant use.

Determined thus in the matter of locality, I had none the less been appalled by the god-forsaken look of the premises. I very much regret that some photographic picture of their condition had not been taken; but even that could have given but a faint representation of deformities the future ages will never know or conceive. The New Haven railroad spanned the territory lengthwise, from end to end, having a deep cut under the College Hill, and a high embankment through the low ground on the east, where it came to a full period in a huge, unsightly structure of wood, standing astride of the river, and serving as bridge, car-house, freight-house, and passenger-office. Two lines of high grading, one from the west end and the other from the east, converged as curves, at a wooden-covered bridge, in front of the present station on Asylum Street, and made up a triangle for backing off to Springfield and New Haven. In the centre of the lot were the engine-house, the wood-work and iron-work repair-shops; and back of the latter, on the east, was a deep gulf or hole, diked in by the embankment, into which the ashes and cinders were rolling,—overhung also, on the embankment side, by a rough wood-shed, standing partly on legs, and having a high water-tank and pumping works on its eastern end;

which said hole is now a pretty basin or tarn, bordered neatly with turf for the great fountain. The waste and broken trumpery of the road were everywhere. And, besides the great hole above named, there were two others inside the embankment triangle, and still another dug out in the western slope of the hill-ground, to obtain gravel for the dam of a huge old grist-mill standing on that border.. Around the mill were grouped eight or ten low tenements, with as many pigsties, that appeared to have dropped there by accident.

Farther round, at the extreme north bend of the river, and directly off Asylum Street, in front of the new Park Church, all the garbage and truck of the city were dumped, as in a Gehenna without fire—shavings, under-bed fillings, tin-waste, leather-cuttings, cabbage stumps, hats without tops, old saddles, stove-pipes rusted out, everything, in short, that had no right to be anywhere else. There were besides on the premises two old tanneries, one falling to pieces, the other barely managing to stand upon a slant; and on a high clay-bank, just in front of the present Park Row block, was a little African Methodist Chapel, looking out for prospect on the general litter of the region. And, finally, there was a back-side frontage of filthy tenements, including a soap-works, that ran completely round upon the east and north-east bank of the river, and projected their out-houses over it on brackets and piers—saying, as it were, to the coming ornament, "We give you such help as we can!"

Forbidding as the picture was, I saw merit and capacity in the ground, and took up in earnest the question how to obtain it. The railroad company had already withdrawn to their new depot, and would be glad to get all their shops on that side of the river. So far the prospect was favorable. I then undertook, by such ways as would partly cover my intention (for if this were made public at the present stage of the question, defeat and explosive ridicule must end it), to sound some of the principal owners and find what terms could be obtained. The grist-mill could be bought for a reasonable price; and, besides that and the railroad property, I could get no terms for anything. My effort was blocked, and nothing, plainly, could be done.

At this point I opened my project, as far as I must, to N. H. Morgan, Esq., and another gentleman of the then dominant political party, expressing the wish that some member of the Legislature could be induced, when amending our city charter, to slide in a provision allowing the city to take ground for a public park by appraisal, in the same way as ground is taken for railroads. And it happened shortly after, by a curious (shall I say providential?) coincidence, that our City Council, balked in getting land for an improvement of so little consequence that it has not yet been made, were petitioning the Legislature for an amended charter, and that Mr. Morgan, then a member of the Council, was appointed to draft the petition; and he kindly included, in his article for taking land, the matter of a park, as suggested. The desired provision was granted. As the amended charter must be accepted by a popular vote of the city, I was duly industrious with my friends for once, the first and last time, to carry, if possible, a question of popular suffrage. The charter was accepted; and now my scheme, thanks to the Council, and especially to Mr. Morgan, was made possible.

Stimulated by the new law, two propositions were brought up forthwith in the Council — one for a park in the south end, and another for a park in the north end of the city — both rejected, of course. Now the time was come. I sent in a petition to the Council that they would hear me on a plan for a park in the centre of the city. They got wind easily of the place, and though receiving my petition with a little good-natured laughter, they allowed me personally a degree of consideration I had not much right to expect: they agreed to have an informal, extra-legal meeting, and hear me.

I carried in a large map of the ground, with all the walks, drives, and fountains extemporized on it — a map which I now find, by comparison, corresponds more closely with the present outlines than could well have been expected — and hung it up in the council-room. I then gave a running exposition of the plan that occupied more than an hour. The stress of my endeavor was to raise an imagination of the picture it would make, so different from the filthy picture it then was;

knowing well that, if the imagination was carried, the judgment would be. I took them on the high grounds, in this manner, to look down the sloping lawns, round upon the city spires standing guard in their places, and out, through the street vistas opened here and there, on some of the fine frontages presented. I then passed round to look on the park itself in full dress, through the same vistas inverted; making much here of the fact that our two railroads pass by together on a high bank just across the narrow river, so that all travellers and strangers, coming in or passing through, will look directly across the lawns and up the slopes of College Hill, deriving thus their first and best possible impressions of the city. I did not omit, also, to speak of the wretched, filthy quarter shortly to be steaming here, if this improvement fails, and already giving notification of the city by smell, and not by beauty in the eye. I seemed, on the whole, to have made an impression quite as favorable as I expected. And probably it was in half-persuaded feeling that one of the rather unilluminated city-fathers got heart for his gentle protestation, in passing out, "Why, it will cost ten thousand dollars!"

At the next regular session of the Council the question was taken up, and a committee raised to report on the project, making estimates of the probable value of the properties concerned. The late D. F. Robinson, Esq., a public-spirited gentleman, favorable to all real improvements, was placed at the head of the committee. They attended promptly and carefully to their appointment, expending great labor in hunting up the boundaries, ownerships, and titles, and faithfully appraising the values of the thirty or forty properties. They made their unanimous report, November 14, 1853, in favor of the proposed improvement, placing, it must now be agreed, all future generations of the city under unspeakable obligations for the services they freely rendered. . . .

On the twenty-second of December following, the Council decided to proceed in laying off the park, and, upon a day appointed, went upon the ground in a body to make proclamation to the owners of their intended occupation. The

question was then put to a vote, by a general ballot of the people, January 5, 1854, and the plan was approved by a vote of nearly three to one.

It now remained to get in the titles to the property, and as the matter was not pressed by the committee faster than matters of only public interest commonly are, I made myself the two principal contracts for the property, comprising more than half the total amount, and had the documents prepared for them, waiting only execution by them, in the forms of law; foreseeing that when this was done, as it shortly was, the matter would be fastened, and it must somehow go on to completion.

Absent, after this, a great part of the time for two years, I found, on my return, that nothing had been done to get in the other properties! Having no right of action at any time, except as from behind committees, I was obliged to use some caution, lest I should lose that rather slender right by making myself an annoyance; but I had an argument, pungent enough when quietly put, to set things in motion again: "Are you proposing to lose, for the city, the fifty or sixty thousand dollars already expended, or will you save it by going on to make it available?" Within about another year's time all the properties were bought in by contract with the owners; as, of course, they never could have been but for the new statute-right of the charter pressing them from behind.

The result was, that the city now had a *full right in fee* in the new property, and not a mere easement right that would be untransferable. But, behold, the seeming advantage thus gained brought in shortly a new turn of peril, putting the whole improvement in jeopardy, and requiring a new campaign to save it! A petition was brought into the Council, favored by a sectional influence and by certain members in the body always opposed to the park, to have the whole property sold, as it could be at a good profit, and a smaller ground purchased on the historic hill of the Charter Oak. Again we had a rather tight conflict of two or three weeks in the public papers, and the peril was broken.

Next came the question of a plan; where a prize competition, offered by the Council, brought in eight or ten for the judgment of the plan committee, of which I was a member. One of these made a broad platform terrace of the high ground, and a kind of causeway for a drive round the low ground on the river, and was drawn so handsomely that we were likely to be taken by it. Happily, it was to be immensely expensive, and I was able to get it rejected; promising, if I might put the city engineer at work, to furnish a plan that would cost not more than twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Marsh, the engineer, did not profess to be an artist, though it is much to his credit in this line that he suggested and built the low, stepping-stone, cascade dam, which is a very picturesque and pretty ornament. The plan was drawn by him as promised, accepted, and the following year executed, under the supervision of Alderman Jewett. By no fault either of Mr. Marsh or Mr. Jewett, the look was unsatisfactory. The grading was all in a right direction, as far as it went, but to save expense too many lines were left, and there was too little flow. If there was any blame in the matter, it belonged to me; only it was such blame as had for its merit that we had escaped by it an immense and totally ruinous blunder—a plan that made no landscape, but only an overdone scene of spasmodic art-violence rather.

If, now, any apology is wanted for massing these particulars, it must be enough to say that I have done it to show how many things must be carefully prepared, as carefully watched, and persistently pushed, by the man who will get any city public into and through a great improvement of this kind. Wearied, and worried, and hindered, he must never sleep, never be beaten, never desist; and if, by a whole five years of toil, he gets his work on far enough to become an interest in itself, and take care of itself, he does well, and there may rest. . . .

Much anger and severity have been, of course, encountered, and I have had my share of it. Shortly after the ground had been taken, it happened that the huge old grist-mill at one end, and the soap-works at the other, were burnt down;

whereupon it was even charged upon me, in apparent sincerity, by an anonymous letter, that I had set these fires to help on my project. Now the park is universally popular—I do not know that it has an enemy. Millions of dollars would not buy the property. And I hear of it as being said, every few days, by one or another of the old economic gentlemen that opposed it with most feeling, "*After all, the best investment our city has ever made is the park.*" This one thing is now clear to us all, that everything in the outward look of our city has been improving since the park was made. Our endeavors have courage in them; for we see that we can have a really fine city. Indeed, the park has already added millions to the real estate values of our property. . . .

Yours with much respect, HORACE BUSHNELL.

The manufactures of the City of Hartford would, doubtless, have prospered much more greatly, and the city itself have been in a better line of growth, had another of Dr. Bushnell's pet schemes, that of bringing down from Windsor the great water-power of the Connecticut, found favor in the eyes of our citizens. In the survey made to test its feasibility he was greatly interested, and he considered the plan as one vital to the welfare of the city. As early as the year 1847 he had exerted all his private influence, and, indirectly, his public influence also, to forward the measure. When, at a later date, it was again discussed, he went into the study of the project thoroughly, acquainting himself with the surveyors' drawings and estimates, and familiarizing himself with every detail, as, perhaps, no other private citizen has ever done. But he hesitated as to his right to urge again in public a measure of such magnitude.

At our present time of writing, early in the year 1880, a measure of public interest in Hartford, the bridging of the railroad-crossing on Asylum Street, has been, after a long silence, brought up and discussed anew. It has been interesting to find how often in the public meetings Dr. Bushnell's suggestions and plans for the work have been referred to, as still having interest and value for the citizens of Hartford.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh," even in these ordinary matters of practical life.

A gentleman, who has himself done much to forward the improvements of our Connecticut towns and villages, both by his writings and by personal effort—the Rev. N. H. Egleston—sent to the *Hartford Courant*, after Dr. Bushnell's death, this appreciative statement of what had been done by him for the city of his adoption:—

"No event, since that band of emigrants from Newtown made their way through the primeval forest and began the settlement of Hartford, has been fraught with greater interest to the city than the act of the North Church, more than forty years ago, in calling and securing Dr. Bushnell for its pastor. What a harvest has come from that seed!

"It is his distinction that not only by an unequalled professional eminence has he benefited this place and forever linked its name with his own, but by the force of his genius he has been a benefit to the city in so many and such important relations. What interest of Hartford is not to-day indebted to him as a benefactor? Do we speak of schools? The fathers of those who are now enjoying our unsurpassed appliances for public and general education know well that the city is indebted to no one more than to Dr. Bushnell for the new impulse given to its schools, now more than twenty-five years ago, which lifted them to their present grade of excellence. Do we speak of taste and culture? Who has been a nobler example and illustration of both, or who has by his just criticism and various instructions so aided in their development?

"Do the citizens of Hartford take pride in the knowledge that they live in a beautiful city—beautiful not only in natural situation, but in the style and disposal of its public and private buildings, and in the air of neatness and thoughtful care which so generally pervades the place? Who has done more than Dr. Bushnell to make our city the admiration of the passing traveller as well as the delight of those who have it for their home? The park, which fitly bears his name, is only a conspicuous instance of what he has been doing for the beautifying of the city these many years. How many buildings, public and private, are the better for his wise suggestions. How many builders have profited by his mechanical skill and his artistic sense. The very street paver has been indebted to him for some helpful word, and surveyors and engineers have found him at home in their occupations, and often able to give them instruction. And so, if we turn to the business interests of the city, who of its older residents does not remember how, years ago, at a time when the impression had become prevalent that Hartford had reached its growth—that it was declining while other cities were outstripping it in trade and business, and the younger and more enterprising were beginning to remove

to other and, seemingly, more promising fields of activity—Dr. Bushnell lifted himself up in that crisis, and asserted not only the ability but the duty of the city to prosper, and how, as it may be truly said, he woke the city to new life, and gave an impulse to its business interests which has been felt to this day? And so, not to speak of other illustrations of the fact, this many-sided man has made himself felt in this city in every direction, and in respect to every worthy calling and interest, as no other man has ever done. Hartford has felt him, feels him to-day everywhere. It may be doubted whether another instance in our own history is to be found of a man impressing himself in so many ways, and with such force, upon a place of any such size and importance as this. Hartford is largely what he has made it."

CHAPTER XVI.

1854.

PRIVATE LETTERS.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. HAWES.—PUBLIC BASIS OF AGREEMENT.—DR. BUSHNELL'S POSITION QUESTIONED.—INTERPRETATION BY DR. PHELPS.—LAST GUN OF THE CONTROVERSY.

The private letters of the year 1854 are few in number, and bear the marks of preoccupation and ill-health. From New York he wrote, early in January, to Mrs. Bushnell, *apropos* of some musical pleasures he had been enjoying:—

. . . Thus much for what, to you, has only a secondary and small interest. For the rest, I will say that yesterday, Sunday, was to me, shut up in my prophet's chamber, a really good and blessed day, such a day as I have not had for a long time. Between the "Holy War" of Bunyan and the feebler one of Bushnell, I got a little strength. I was very nigh to you, did you know it? Look out for me, for I shall sometimes be closer at hand than you think. I was led in particular, yesterday, to question whether I had not lost a great deal as regards the genuineness of my Christian exercises, by a form of piety living wholly in this world, bringing in too little the world to come. A new and wholly modern style of error, but one that may be even worse than that which is all in the future and looks for nothing here! How clear is it that we must be saved by hope, that we want the prospect of another state in the eye to call us off from the thraldom and the close limitation of this lifetime state. . . .

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, January 16, 1854.

My dear Friend,—I meant to have written you before this, but, between my park and my sermons, and my visiting

and my indolence, I have come short. By-the-way, the park is now carried, and is to be a fact,—a very great thing for Hartford, much greater than most of the people know. We shall have a public ground which, including that of the college, that is to be virtually part of the same, comprises fifty acres,—larger, as you will see, than your Common. It became a tremendous load upon me,—this park matter. If I had known beforehand how much thought and anxiety it would cost, I am afraid I should have played Jonah. But the struggle is over, and abating the fact that I have stirred up the money-hunkers against me, as I had the theological hunkers before, I should be altogether satisfied and glad.

One thing I have learned by this undertaking, viz., to wonder why it is that, as a Christian teacher and pastor, I am so feebly exercised, so little burdened by my work. It fills me with doubt, and shame, and grief; and the result has been to make me fully resolved that I will either be a more responsible, more efficient minister of Jesus Christ, or none. I cannot shake off those words of Paul, they are ringing continually in my ears, "I have great heaviness," etc. This park matter has been a kind of revelation to me, which I pray God I may never forget. Why should I carry a park to bed with me, and work it over in my dreams during the night, and wake in it in the morning, and yet be so little exercised in the magnificent work of the Gospel and the care of souls? It makes me doubt whether, doing a thing professionally, we do not sometimes do it idly and perfunctorily, as if we did it not. Do we really believe that Jesus is a Saviour, and that, in any significant sense of the words, he brings salvation?

Thoughts of this kind have been working in me of late with such power that I have become wholly dissatisfied with myself. I thought I meant something when I preached Christ to men; but I see that I must do more, that I must have the men upon my spirit, that I must bear them as a burden and hold myself responsible for them. God help me!

I thank you for your sermon on the "New Planet." It is a most lively and ingenious affair. Ah, these perturbations! How much do they signify! And yet, for one, I should like

it if they were well over. Give my love to your dear wife and L——, and forgive this double epistle. I did not mean to run so far. Yours ever, H. Bushnell.

To the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough.

Hartford, January 23, 1854.

Dear Brother C.,—I have not heard from you for a long time, but I hope you are doing well,—getting ready to take your place again in the good harness of duty.

These are getting to be quite lively times, ecclesiastically speaking. The H—— letter affair, and the Consociation, etc., have come to the light since I saw you. In one view it is very ridiculous; in another it is very sad. Nay, in still another, it is sad because it is ridiculous. May God in his mercy deliver me, as long as he lets me stay in this life, from all this ecclesiastical brewing of scandals and heresies, the wire-pulling, the schemes to get power or to keep it, the factions got up to ventilate wounded pride and get compensation for the chagrin of defeat,—all, the whole, from Alpha to Omega, Lord save me from it! The mournful thing of it is, that no man can be in it and be in the love of God. I think I am certain of it. How can a manager in this field be in the peace also of the Spirit? How can a heart burn with the holy fire when the unholy and earthly is burning so fiercely in it?

I am cheered just now with some good signs appearing among my people, and cannot but hope that I shall soon see a turning of many to the Lord. I have never seen a spirit of prayer in the brethren more beautifully revealed; and I think I have some degree of preparation myself for the good work. Oh, that I had such a work on my hands for once as would kill my selfishness and compel me for a time to think of nothing else! Yours ever, H. Bushnell.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, April 20, 1854.

My dear Friend,—I meant to have acknowledged your beautiful sermon, or testimony and tribute to "the good phy-

sician," but I have been a good deal spent and run out in the doing power lately, which has kept back my good intentions. I was exceedingly delighted with this sermon. I think it is one of the healthiest, best conceived things you have ever done. The subject is one of the richest interest, partly from association, perhaps, recalling Christ as minister and physician, both in one; and the character itself is one so genuine, so honestly and yet so delicately drawn. I have a great fondness for these pluperfect characters, such, I mean, as have the force to make their bad or mal-proportional qualities honorable. And this kind of Abernethy formation, I believe, is more likely to appear in physicians than among any other class of men. These are the spiced men, and they carry so much of antiseptic influence with them, that it is quite in place to have them in sick-chambers. I like such a kind of man for a physician; for, if one must even die, it is good to die not only in the extreme unction of holy converse and song, but to have the sense of a little of this world's robustness at hand, and an occasional crack of natural force in the chamber.

I delivered a fanatical sermon on the fast-day just gone by which I am requested to publish, and if I am weak enough in my head to consent, and strong enough in my body to prepare it, I may some day send you a copy. If it comes, take the precaution to open your windows and make ready for the explosion.

I should like mightily to see you and yours here this spring. I would show you some of this world's fair things in June that are not beaten often. . . .

Yours ever, H. Bushnell.

The "fanatical sermon" was from the text, "Shall iron break the Northern iron and the steel?"—a far-sighted observation of the sectional difficulties growing up within the Union, and an appeal to Northern men to oppose a manly front to Southern encroachments, to have done with all compromises, and to show "the steel" to all political gamesters and plotters of treason.

To the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough.

Hartford, April 20, 1854.

My dear Brother C.,—It has just come back to me that I owe you a letter, and had meant to pay the debt promptly. My excuse must be that I am in a poor, bankrupt state, and scarcely able, if I would, to pay my honest debts. All figure apart, I am very much exhausted, depressed, hoarse, etc., which disinclines and incapacitates me, in a sense, for the good I would do.

It is a little singular that, when God is vindicating and clearing me, in a manner so conspicuous, he should also be taking down my force and spirit, and my consequent enjoyment of his favor. However I do enjoy it, and am really grateful to him for his undeserved kindness. I only do not triumph, as I clearly enough see that I might, and in one view ought.

You do not know that Dr. Hawes and I are coming out shortly in a proclamation of peace. The diplomatics are settled already, and I am only waiting for him to be well enough to act, as he tells me that he will. All this between us, you observe, for the present.

I am greatly rejoiced to hear that you are confident of a complete restoration. Be very careful now, and do only just what you may. We shall be glad, as you need not hear, to see you at any time and at all times, and, if it happens that we cannot always give you a home at a moment's notice, because the hotel is full, we can tell you so.

Yours ever, H. Bushnell.

The adjustment with Dr. Hawes, here alluded to, was the final result of a long correspondence, now reproduced entire, that all the facts may appear in the clearest light. The two omissions made do not affect in any way the tone of the correspondence.

Hartford, March 20, 1854.

Rev. Dr. Hawes:

Dear Brother,—I have been greatly pressed, of late, by the religious state of our community; and, as you are equally

concerned with myself for the common cause, I have a right to assume that you are as much burdened as I for the hindrances that may obstruct our success and progress in the work of our Master. It is remarkable that we have so many movings of spiritual preparation and indications of promise, and yet so little of momentum or of real effect. My own Christian people have been called to earnest prayer on each of the three successive winters now past. The same was true of yours, as I had opportunity to know, two years ago; and the same, as I hear, is true now. I have never seen so much of a real spirit of prayer among my people as I have seen for the last two months. But, in all these successive movements and tokens of promise, it is remarkable that some unseen fatality prevents our getting on beyond a certain point. The motion drags heavily, like a loaded coach in a miry road.

Reviewing all these tokens, and asking what is the cause of our recurring disappointments, I have been led more and more to the conviction that the unhappy relations subsisting between us and our churches is the standing hindrance to God's truth in our community. The attitude we are in, even if we are satisfied with it ourselves, or with ourselves in it, is really not Christian to others. And it operates not only in those persons who make a pretext of it, or raise a cavil over it,—that would be a small matter,—but it operates silently and unconsciously in those who think not of it, diminishing the dignity and desecrating the sacredness of religion in their minds. Hence the remarkable want of true or tonic force manifested in the religious convictions. We are throwing out our coals all the while on ice, and they are speedily extinguished. Plainly some impassable hindrance or barrier lies across our path, and I begin to think it will be so, forbidding us any clear progress in our work, till our position as ministers is somehow rectified and made to be more truly Christian. Shall we, can we consent to this?

I know very well that you regard your position towards me as one that you are compelled to hold, by a conscientious fidelity to the truth. But I am only the more certain, since

that is all, that we might as well be at one, as to be chained to this position of apparent hostility; for I am as clear as I can be that nothing is necessary to satisfy you entirely, but simply to know exactly where I am. I have always said, having never yet one doubt of the fact, that your apprehensions would utterly vanish, if only you had full possession of my ground.

[Certain doctrinal statements are omitted here, as they are exactly repeated in the finally published basis of agreement.]

Is not this enough? Suppose you should have some difficulty in making all my representations tally with this, that may be your difficulty, not mine; and I am certainly entitled to my position, the more entitled that you have no distrust of my integrity, and, yet more, that I am ministering here, side by side with you, under the same articles. Willing to do anything in my power to settle this very lamentable difficulty, I really do not find what more I can say, with a proper self-respect or with justice to the truth. What more can you require? May I ask another and yet more careful revision of your ground, and another application to God that he will help us to clear this mournful hindrance to his cause. To make this request is the particular object for which I write, determined that nothing shall be omitted on my part by which I may facilitate a restoration of our unity and fellowship. And this, "Yet once more, signifieth," I trust, "the removing of those things that are shaken, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain."

Could we now unite, bringing all our churches into a hearty and full co-operation, engaging, if you please, some mutually acceptable preacher to assist us in some common exercises, I believe that results of the greatest consequence would follow. The very fact itself would make a great and powerful impression. The city would be moved, and effects would follow, I am well-nigh certain, that would strengthen our ministry, gladden our people, and give joy to the angels of God. Shall it not be so? Let me hear from you as soon as may be, and let the answer be an answer of peace. Whatever is

to be done needs to be done at once. May our God whom we serve direct us into the way of his own good counsel and the grace of his Son.

I am yours ever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

The response of Dr. Hawes, sent the next day, was as follows:—

Hartford, March 21, 1854.

REV. DR. BUSHNELL:

DEAR SIR,—After the failure of our repeated attempts at explanation and reconciliation, some two years since, I frankly confess that I opened and read your letter, proposing a new attempt, with not a little faintness of heart. I see and I deplore, with not less sensibility than yourself, the evils resulting from the relations which at present exist between us; but I cannot feel that I am in any sense responsible for those evils, nor do I see how it is in my power to change those relations. They are not of my creating, nor are they for me to remove. That is an office, I conceive, which, to a great extent at least, lies with you. I remain in the faith in which I entered the ministry, the faith in which the Church I serve was planted, and which is held by the great body of the Evangelical Churches in New England. You have parted from me on that faith. Such is my opinion, honestly formed and honestly held; and in this opinion I am in agreement with the great majority of those who have read your books, and have expressed their judgment respecting the doctrines they contain. I refer to your books, especially to the first, "God in Christ." I have a deep conviction that the teachings of that book are wrong, entirely wrong on the main points discussed. You give me credit for honesty and conscientiousness in my convictions. How then can you expect me to change them till you furnish me ground for so doing? In my last interview with you in relation to this subject, I understood you to say that you still retained the sentiments advanced in the volume referred to, and in that mind you published a third edition without retraction or explanation. Still, as I assured you repeatedly, I was and am willing to

pass over the teachings of your book, and let them be in my mind as if they had not been written, and to meet you on any presently avowed platform which should accord with the common faith of our orthodox standards and ministers. You made the attempt kindly and honestly, I trust. I was not satisfied. I saw not but, in the several communications you made me, you reaffirmed in substance the doctrines of your book. What more can be done?

You cannot expect me to give up my conscientious convictions, nor that I should stultify myself in the view of the public, by changing my relations to you without your furnishing me any sufficient ground for doing so. Give me something on which I can stand, consistently with myself and consistently before the public, and you will not find me hard to be won, nor reluctant to meet you as a brother. I would fain have this unhappy controversy adjusted before it goes up to the great tribunal; and I would willingly do anything in my power to effect such an adjustment. But I cannot be unfaithful to truth; I cannot violate my conscience, nor assume a position before the public which should say *you are right and I am wrong*, though I would willingly say that, if I could be convinced that such is the fact. I try to school myself very closely in regard to this unhappy affair. It costs me many anxious and sorrowful hours, and much do I pray that my spirit may be kept right in respect to yourself and yours. I do not hate you. I do not oppose you by any direct efforts, nor in any manner *voluntarily* throw myself across your path. I keep about my own work, and, though often greatly tried and discouraged, I endeavor to do all the good I can in the circumstances in which I find myself placed. I have said I do not hate you; in many respects I love you and respect you, and wish you all happiness in this life and forever. But we *are* apart, and I do not see how we are to come together. Show me some way, if you can, and you will find me neither obstinate, nor perverse, nor exacting in my demands, but ready to meet you and to work with you on the ground of a common faith and in the service of a common Master.

There are several things in your letter on which I should like to remark if I had time; but I have not. I have written much more at length than I intended. It is not pleasant to me, and I doubt whether it is useful, to carry on correspondence of this kind and in this manner. It exhausts my time, it tries my feelings, and I fear continually that I may write something that may be misunderstood, or draw me into prolonged discussion. To this I feel very much averse, and must avoid it.

You know the position of my mind, and I am too old, if there were no other reason, to change it lightly. If you are right,—are with me and with the ministers of New England who hold the truth, as you say you are,—you can easily convince me of the fact; but you must not refer to your book in proof of it, nor reaffirm the doctrines taught in the book.

May God bless you, bless *us*, and give us wisdom to know and love his truth, and stand faithfully by it.

Yours affectionately, J. HAWES.

Hartford, March 23, 1854.

REV. DR. HAWES:

DEAR SIR,—You will pardon me another letter if I excuse you from the trouble of a reply. I cannot but thank God for the manifestly kind and Christian spirit of your letter. I am glad, also, to see that you are not insensible to the sorrowful hindrances which, between us, are laid in the way of religious impressions in our community. But it is the more remarkable to me, on this account, that you fail so completely to catch the meaning of my letter; and do not even notice (that I can discover) the advances I was tendering to relieve, if possible, your position. I knew that you were wanting something which you could accept as a valid and substantial assent to the great points of doctrine supposed to have been controverted by me; something, too, which you could use in a public way. In this view I gave you in two sentences (1) an explicit assent to the Nicene doctrine of Trinity, as reaffirmed by the Westminster Assembly; (2) an assent equally explicit to the "equivalent ex-

pression" doctrine of the work of Christ,—the same which is commonly held in New England in terms entirely convenient or consonant to what I hold as a part of the true doctrine. Meeting you in terms like these, I only took care to set the statements in such a connection or framework that if you should have a mind to publish them it might read, not like something dictated or prescribed, but like something spontaneously offered. And now you reply, taking no notice whatever of these advances for which alone my letter was written, that if I "will give you something on which you can stand, some presently avowed platform which shall accord with the common faith," you will endeavor to meet me! My dear brother, on what can you stand? What is your orthodox platform? If you cannot meet me in the Westminster Assembly doctrine of Trinity, or the current terms of the New England doctrine of equivalent expression, just where you must accept the vast majority of your brethren or not at all, then where can you meet me?

Excuse me if I suggest the possibility that you are allowing things to hinder you, in coming to a right adjustment of this question, which really have nothing to do with it—such as these:

1. The recollection of past efforts which failed. This is a new attempt, not an old one resumed.

2. The question of blame, whether it is with you or with me. If with me, your duty still is to catch at any means possible of removing so great a scandal.

3. Your consistency before the public. The question is not what is consistent, but what is right; not what was required of you in one condition, but what is now required in another. Forgive me, then, if I hear you with sorrow when you talk, as in your letter, of "acting consistently with yourself before the public," and imagining how the public will say "you are right and I am wrong." If you cannot make your consistency appear when you have an explicit assent to everything you have ever dared to require, or to the very standards by which you test all orthodoxy, when or how can you? I am quite willing to risk my consistency in giving

such an assent. But a much better way for us both would be to let our consistency take care of itself, and look after nothing but our duty to the truth.

4. My past avowals or disavowals, and the possibility of reconciling these with what I may now say. If I have printed a book that you regarded as unsound (judging as you now think rightly), and if still I meet you with a clear assent to the very standards which you supposed to be rejected, you have no right longer to repulse me and cast me off as heretical, unless you have reason to think that I am insincere and artful. You have no right, in other words, to require, *under* given standards, that all my reasonings, solutions, and the like, shall accord with yours, or that they should not be contrary to yours, and even contrary, *in your view*, to the standards assented to. You cannot fall back on your former adverse judgment, for it is a part of the case that matter subsequent has varied the conditions. You can only say, "Here is new matter. Retaining my conviction respecting the old matter, I cannot reject the new, and, though I cannot reconcile the two, I can admit the honest absurdity of the man."

Do me the favor to look over my letter again, and you will see that you have a very different case on hand from what you have supposed. Do not foreclose the question in this manner, by assuming the right to despair. Put these matters out of the question that so plainly have nothing to do with it, and take in, to fill their places, the universal grief we are to the best people in our churches, the hindrances we oppose to their prayers, the discouragements we inflict on their efforts, and the fact that not even a missionary, circulating in the lowest tier of sin and sorrow in our city, can there propose the good of Christ, without having your and my separation thrown in his teeth. Neither allow yourself to be tempted by what you suppose to be a verdict against me, passed by the ministers of New England. No such verdict has ever been passed, and you are greatly deceived if you think so. The noise, as was natural, was with you, but the feeling and sentiment are with me—as you may see in the fact that everything you attempt against me is a failure. I

sit still and lose nothing. Your verdict party agitate, contrive and strain, and carry nothing, for the very simple reason that the public mind is not with you. And, if you live ten years, you will hear it openly confessed that I have been a most forward and timely supporter of the very points you have taken to be overthrown. Not even your own people, now, are in the verdict you speak of. Much as they love you, they almost universally lament your position towards me; and when you can find a way out of it, without violence to your conscience, they will most heartily rejoice.

It is my duty to say that this present effort is the last which I ever expect to make for the healing of the breach between us; not because I would not make a hundred others, if there were any better result to be hoped for, but I see not how I can possibly do more than to give you my unqualified assent to everything which you require of others whom you hold in confidence. Henceforth my appeal must be to the public; for I am determined to clear myself before these churches of any participation in the blame of our present divided and alienated state. With many prayers, and a heart burdened with sorrow for the suffering cause of our Master,

I am yours, HORACE BUSHNELL.

There were points in this appeal which Dr. Hawes could not but feel keenly, and at his request Dr. Bushnell prepared the subjoined letter, as a basis of public agreement. It reiterates some of the points in the former letters, but omissions would not here be in order.

To Dr. Hawes.

Hartford, April 8, 1854.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am greatly pressed, and have been for some time past, by the religious state of our community, and especially by the suspicion that you and I, who ought, by our unity and earnest co-operation, to be promoters only of God's work (which I know it is fully in our hearts to be), are yet, in fact, and to a much greater extent than we should be willing to admit, hindrances, instead, and obstructions. It is

very true that there is no such personal repugnance or animosity subsisting between us as our separation externally indicates; but we are none the less responsible for the indications on that account. We have no right even to seem hostile; and the less that, by such appearance of alienation, we provoke the cavils of our community, embolden their sin, and weaken the tone of their religious convictions—discouraging, of course, the prayers of our most faithful brethren, and quite neutralizing, there is reason to fear, by this indirect method, the efficacy of our positive ministrations—all which, I am sure, is not less painful to you than to me. It is unworthy of our character as Christian ministers; and I have come to the very deliberate conclusion that, whatever occasion it may seem to have had, we have reached a point where it is clearly unnecessary to be continued longer.

I have uniformly disclaimed the constructions put on the language of my books in the allegations of my brethren; and the opinions most prominent with them as grievances, or departures from the faith, I have as uniformly and peremptorily disavowed. And this, according to all usage in matters of impeachment, is a sufficient and final answer. Still, I am not unwilling to give you assurances more definite and positive.

The two points in regard to which you were at first disturbed on my account, were the Trinity and the Atonement. As regards the first, I did suppose myself, when I published my first book, that without rejecting a trinity as one of the highest and even most practical truths of religion, I had broken loose from any particular doctrine of trinity contained in the so-called orthodox formulas. That you should have taken up a like conviction with myself is certainly not remarkable. But I afterwards found, on a more deliberate historic investigation, that instead of rejecting, as I had supposed, and was quite willing to have others understand, the Nicene doctrine, I had actually come into it, only from another quarter. Accordingly, if now I say that I assent to this formula of trinity, in its true historic sense, as a doctrine of eternal generation, assenting, of course, to the Westminster Confession, which is only an abridged and less complete exposition of

the same, I think I may assume that your difficulties on this head must be entirely removed.

Your ground of concern is thus narrowed down to the single matter of the Atonement. On this point I never supposed that I had cast away anything *really held* by the adherents of any Church doctrine; though it is exceedingly difficult to say what the Church doctrine is. I supposed that I was only revising the form, not that I was reducing or changing the substance. I certainly was not, and am not now, insensible to the immense, all-inclusive import of this great Christian truth, and am therefore as little disposed to complain that you are alive to its paramount consequence, and set yourself, with the utmost fidelity, or even jealousy, to watch for its safety. Let me try, then, if I cannot satisfy you here.

I could offer you here my acceptance of the 25th Answer of the Shorter Catechism, regarding the office-work of "Christ as a priest," in precisely the sense given it by Dr. Jonathan Edwards the younger, in his second sermon on the Atonement. I could also accept the 33d Answer on the subject of "Justification by Faith," without any such peremptory denial of the "imputed righteousness" as is common with the ministry of New England, and certainly without any qualification that will not leave it standing as a most practical Christian truth. I see not, therefore, how you can think it necessary to my safety that I should be more literally squared by the Catechism than Dr. Edwards, or more truly in it than the living ministers of New England by still another degree.

But that I may leave you still less room, if possible, for concern, I will go farther, giving you as a volunteer expression of my faith on this head:—That the work of Christ, viewed in its relation to the law of God, is that by which the forgiveness of sins is made compatible with its integrity and authority; that Christ, to this end, is made under the law—made sin knowing no sin himself, receiving the chastisement of our peace, suffering and dying as a sacrifice for the sins of the world—in all which he is set forth as a propitiation to declare the righteousness of God in the remission of sins; whereby the law broken is as effectually sanctified and sustained in

the view of his subjects, and his justice as fully displayed as they would be by the infliction of the penalty; so that, on the ground of the sacrifice made by Christ and received by faith, we are justified and accepted before God.

Considering now the very qualified respect I have to formulas and confessions, I hope you will take these avowals as being only a more decided proof of my personal respect, and the sincerity of my desire for the peace and the restored unity of the body of Christ. If you can find, in what I have advanced, assurances that will justify the resumption of our former relations of amity and confidence, I am sure that you will hasten to profess your satisfaction and congratulate our churches on the settlement of our distractions, and the removal of those bars to fellowship by which their prayers and our efforts have unhappily so long been hindered. Nothing will give me so great pleasure as to add my assistance and sympathy to the support of your advancing age and closing ministry, unless it be that I may also have your counsel and confidence to support the conscious ill-desert and weakness of my own. If then God permits us now once more to be united in a covenant of peace, let it be in the prayer that it may be an everlasting covenant, never to be broken. In that love which is the proper seal of such a covenant, and a bond of all perfectness in the observance,

I am yours, HORACE BUSHNELL.

This letter, and the reply of Dr. Hawes, were printed together in the *Religious Herald*. Of the latter — part of which was a lengthy discussion of doctrines — we will repeat only the closing sentences, as fairly including his main points, and indicating the more gracious feeling to which he had been won.

"In saying this, I deem it due to myself to add that I am not to be understood as having changed my views as to the main teachings of your book. I pass them by as what I cannot accept for truth, hastening to redeem my pledge to meet you on a presently avowed platform of doctrine, which I

deem sound and scriptural; and I trust it will be found a platform on which we shall both be willing to stand and co-operate, during the brief period,—brief to me at least it must be,—in which we may be continued in the vineyard of our Master. And sure I am that my sun will go down brighter, and I shall leave this much-loved field of my labors and my prayers with a happier mind and more cheering hopes if, as I close my course, I may think of these dear churches of our Lord as rooted and grounded in the truth, and their pastors as happily united in fellowship and love, and contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

Your brother in Christ, J. Hawes.

Thus was established, finally, a practical basis of co-operation in ministerial work. But Dr. Hawes was not one to do things by halves, and he allowed himself to slide, by imperceptible degrees, into a heartily fraternal relation with Dr. Bushnell. It took time to effect this, but the final result was a genuine friendship.

Dr. Bushnell's letter has been considered by some of his Unitarian friends as equivalent to a recantation of a part of his former statements, or at least as a yielding of new ground which he had occupied. That he did not so consider it himself we have his own most unequivocal assertion. We have read in his private letter to Dr. Hawes, under date March 23d, one clause which is doubtless the key to his position in this matter. He says, "You have no right to require, *under* given standards, that all my reasonings, solutions, and the like, shall accord with yours, or that they should not be contrary to yours, and even contrary, *in your view*, to the standards assented to." We must remember that Dr. Bushnell had never ceased to consider himself orthodox according to the ancient standards; in fact, that he felt it to be his mission to rescue certain important truths of orthodoxy from the mire into which they had fallen. These doctrines in their original shape were, in his opinion, purer and more free from objectionable features than New England theology had left them. At the same time, it is evident that, in renovating these old

truths, he had breathed into them more of his individual vitality than he was himself quite aware of. There has been no better statement made of his mental position, relative to that of other theological thinkers, than is contained in the following paragraph by Dr. Austin Phelps, of Andover:—

"He honestly believed that, in his divergence from the popular theory of the Atonement, he retained all that was essential to a saving faith. Not only this, but he believed that he retained more of truth than his critics did: his divergence was no divergence, but only a deepening of the old dogma; it was a delving into a vein of underlying truth. More even than this; he thought that he was nearer to the fountain-head of the very doctrine which his critics were trying to conserve than they were themselves. In their imagined conflict with himself, he thought that to a large extent they battled with men of straw of their own creating. He could afford, therefore, to speak very genially of his opponents. They were, in his view, unconscious workers with him, so far as they knew. The difference between him and them was only that he knew much more. His drill had pierced a deeper vein of purer gold. He had 'entered into the springs of the sea,' and discovered 'the way where light dwelleth.' They preached Christ, but he more profoundly. 'What then? Notwithstanding, every way, Christ is preached, and I rejoice.' Such was his apostolic mood."

How this apostolic mood, which sustained him throughout his years of trial, was reached and held, may be gathered from this quotation from one of his sermons:—

"Nothing, plainly, but some inspiration, or some new impulsion of love, such as puts the soul at one with all God's character and future, can possibly settle our applications of duty, and give us confidence in them. And this is what every Christian has found many times, if not always, in his own experience. Thus, in some trying condition, where he has not been able by the understanding to settle any wise course of proceeding, how very clear has everything been made to him, step by step, by the simple and consciously single-eyed impulse of love to his Master. And when all is over, when

his crisis is past, his course fought out, his adversaries confounded, his cause completely justified, his sacrifice crowned, how plain is it to him that he has been guided by a wisdom in his loving affinities, which he had not in the reasons of his understanding; all in a way so easy as to be even an astonishment to himself. Not to say this, my brethren, out of my own experience, would be to withhold a good confession that is due. All our best determinations of duty are those which come upon us in the immediate light of our union to Christ."

The last measure in the Bushnell case adopted by "Fairfield West" was in addressing to the General Association, meeting at New Haven, in July, 1854, a set of resolutions with long preamble, "requesting that body to cease from appointing persons to certify to the standing of ministers in its connection, and submitting that if such certificates are given we cannot be responsible for them." They also contrived, by implication, to make the acceptance of their delegates by the Association dependent upon the adoption or admission of the resolutions. The whole tone of the document was so disrespectful to the body as to provoke general indignation; and it was proposed either to table the resolutions, or to refuse to receive the delegates. Dr. Bushnell said, "My views do not exactly correspond with either of these proposed measures. I would not lay the resolutions on the table, and pass them in silence, as if afraid. Neither let us have any altercation with those five men who constituted the majority of 'Fairfield West' about our character. It will stand without their endorsement. I would rather introduce a resolution to this effect:

"*Resolved*, That inasmuch as our brethren of 'Fairfield West' have so lost their confidence in this body, as appears by their resolutions, as to be conscientiously fixed in the opinion that its certificates and recommendations are no longer properly entitled to respect; and since, also, they ought not to be compelled, by reason of their nominal connection with the body, to lend their implied sanction to its character, it is hereby ordered that the resolutions offered by them be entered on the records, and published with the minutes of the Association."

This resolution not meeting with assent, and debate grow-

ing general and feeling warm, as the true character of the overture became apparent, Dr. Bushnell, while offering a slightly amended form of his resolutions, spoke substantially as follows:—

"I am placed, you perceive, Mr. Moderator, in the somewhat singular attitude of apparent concert with my brethren of 'Fairfield West;' for I feel obliged, if not in their behalf, yet as a matter of taste, to prefer a milder and more respectful treatment of their resolutions than that which is advised by your committee. It could hardly be expected that I should be found acting against those brethren who have been my friends and protectors in this body, or maintaining, though it be only in appearance, the side of their accusers against them. And I should take any course with the greatest reluctance that might seem to indicate a want of gratitude to them; for the manner in which, without any assent to my particular opinions, or consent in them, they have stood fast by my personal rights as a Christian brother, under the terms of order established by our ecclesiastical system, has placed me under obligations to them of respect and endearment which I can never forget. But I am only the more sure, on this account, that they will bear with me in the course I take and the sentiments I am going to express, because they know, and have so deeply felt themselves, how little reason I may have to be forward in asserting the honors of this body and vindicating the right of its proceedings. It will also be noted that it is the body, not my particular friends just referred to, that is stigmatized in the resolutions of the Fairfield brethren; and towards that, regarding its unhappy meddling in my case for the last five years, I feel constrained to admit that I am moved with as little sense of obligation as possible. I owe the body nothing save what I owe it in the terms of patience and forgiveness.

"At the same time, I cannot but regard the resolutions I have proposed as affirming a more honorable and dignified position for the body than the resolution offered by your committee. The brethren of Fairfield tell you plainly, and without any show of disguise or softening of respect, that your certificates are unreliable and worthless. Would it not be a little more dignified, if, instead of protesting, in this rather inefficient manner, that you are orthodox, reliable, and responsible, you were simply to say, 'Let your impeachment have the weight your names can give it, and we will publish it for you in the bargain.' And this exactly is the ground proposed to be taken in the resolutions I have offered. You throw yourselves upon your character. When these five brethren tell you that they 'cannot be responsible for your certificates longer,' you reply, 'We excuse you, then, and we publish your excuse.' This, too, is entirely respectful and even kind to them; for there is no word of

rhetoric or sarcasm in such a disposition of their resolutions: you simply give them what they ask, and nothing else. It is very true that the position they will be in is a hard one for any five men, however distinguished, to maintain; but since it is exactly what they ask themselves, they certainly will not shrink from it. When first I heard of these resolutions, I raised the inquiry what course might best be taken in regard to them, and I came very soon to the conclusion that the course I have now proposed would be most dignified in the body, fairest to the Fairfield brethren, and most likely to make a peaceable issue of this very unhappy disorder.

"Bear with me, brethren, if I suggest that you too can much better afford to take your position of dignity by assumption, than to make up an issue of fact on the real merit of your course as a body in respect to this matter. It certainly does not become you, at this stage in your proceedings, to be over-sensitive to the impeachment of the Fairfield brethren. They did you the greatest affront when they began to ask you to do a wrong; not now, when they complain that you would not do it! First they commenced their action here against me, next against my Association, and now they close by an assault upon your body itself, that you would not do their bidding. Until now you have heard them with a degree of patience and a show of respect. You have not dared, apparently, to confront them and dismiss them, lest some great disaster should follow. You have therefore suffered yourselves to be hectored, and threatened, and worried, and twisted all this time by their agitations, contriving always by what compromises of order and ambiguities of language to get rid of their importunities; but now, when their assault is withdrawn from an individual or district association and turned upon you; now, when they have spent their show of strength on humbler and less capable oppositions, and turned their weakness on your body itself, you begin to show your impatience of the disrespect of their language. It is all too late, my brethren; the time has gone by for taking any such attitude. Doubtless there is something respectable in confronting the strong and subduing their assaults; but to spend your strength on the weak, and scent offences in their words, which but for their weakness you would never think to rebuke, is not, I am sure, any point of dignity. Better is it also, and worthier of respect, to resent the wrongs of others to which they would make you a party, than to wait in patience or partially to connive with them till the wrongs are put on you.

"Let me show you by a brief recital how you stand related to these brethren. I published a book which many declared to be heretical. My Association immediately took it up, in exact conformity with the thirteenth Article of Discipline, to inquire whether there was 'just occasion' in the book for a presentment to Consociation for trial. This preliminary or grand-jury inquest of our system was continued for six months. Every point was carefully debated. I wrote to the extent of a volume,

and read before the body, that they might have my positions more perfectly. And finally the inquest was closed, in a vote of seventeen to three, that there was 'no just occasion' to present me. This, according to our system, was the finality of the case; there was no other method of instituting proceedings against me. Then came the 'Fairfield West' Association to mine in a bitter complaint, insisting that it should reconsider and reverse its proceedings! My Association replied that, holding exactly the same doctrines with their brethren, they had formed a different judgment of my position as related to those doctrines, and that, inasmuch as their finding was in the nature of a 'judicial proceeding,' they had no longer even a right to revise it, unless some new testimony was adduced. But the Fairfield brethren could not rest here. The Central Association of Hartford must not only hold their doctrine, but must judge their judgment under it! Accordingly, in this very presumptuous and disorderly demand, they came to you, complaining to you, and insisting that you should take up their difficulty. You knew that their application was itself a disorder, and that the subject was one over which neither you nor they had any jurisdiction; but you did not boldly say it, and peremptorily dismiss the application. You, in fact, allowed your body every year to be used as an instrument in their unlawful agitations, and so to become a public vehicle of slander against one of your brethren. I complained to you, as a humble individual entitled, at least, to the protection of order, but you did not seem to hear me—as I think you will to-day. You debated, contrived, turned the supposed heresy round and round, looked at it with a degree of solemnity which said 'it is a fact;' almost said the same in form, but did not say it; almost blamed my Association, but did not blame them; almost recommended them to present me for a trial, because of the outward dissatisfaction (that is, without the 'just occasion' of the platform and because of the unjust occasion); but you did not quite do this. And so, under manifold twistings of semblance and compromise, you have continued unto this day, taking no decided attitude, and standing for no principles of order. My case had long ago reached a finality, but you could not say it. The consequence, accordingly, has been,—I hope you will understand how much I mean when I say it,—that I have had this body, which ought to have been my protector, together with the Fairfield Association, on my back for the last five years. And you had no right to be there! While I have been bearing you thus in silence, with none but God and the truth to sustain my integrity, you have allowed this body, by so many agitations, to do all it could to break down my character as a minister and blast the public confidence in me. And not only so, but you suffered these persecutions to go so far, at one time, that my church, having no particular dissatisfaction with our Consociation of churches, were obliged either to withdraw from the Consociation or else to go into a regular campaign, polling the churches of a large region for delegates,

and sustaining the fight of a whole year (for which I thank God they had no taste), in order to get a verdict far less entitled to respect than the one I had obtained already.

"That they would have carried such a verdict there is no doubt; for there has never been a time when they were not certain of a vote of the Consociation in my favor of at least two to one; but they had no character to spend in such a contest, and a good deal that I was not willing they should spend in a manner so gratuitous, and to satisfy a demand so plainly revolutionary. I therefore consented to their withdrawal from the Consociation. In all which you may see that, by your own neglect of order, you have compelled one of your best and most orderly churches to sunder the bonds of the platform, and take itself out of the reach of the agitations covered and nourished by your indecision. I submit whether now it becomes you, at the closing up of such a history, to be over-sensitive to the affront put upon you by the brethren from Fairfield in their resolutions. The document they send you is one that you have, in fact, been asking for all this time; and when they come and lay it on your table, it should seem to be only the natural termination of your course. You never meant to engage in their cause, or take ground with them; but they hoped much, and rightly, from your indecision—which hope is now disappointed.

"I have only to add that while this agitation has been aimed at me, it has also laid its stress and based its expectation on the force it could array against the venerated father in my Association, the Rev. Dr. Porter, who has been foremost and most responsible in all the proceedings of the body concerning my impeachment. He proposed the inquiry exactly as the platform required. He led the investigation and reported the issue, faithful equally to the truth, the order of the churches, and to me; and the effort has been to throw your body upon him, and, if possible, break down the confidence of his character and the authority of his judgments. But the day of his honor is now come, and it is to be seen that in the time of his age he has won the crown of age, the brightest and most honorable crown of his life. Now appears the true wisdom of a mind so tempered in the truth as not to be incapable of enduring other and different forms of thought. Here, too, shines the honor of that fidelity which takes responsibilities when they come, and is silent after they are discharged. Doubtless you have caused him many painful struggles, and I suppose he has many times blamed that wavering, irresponsible course by which you, as a body, have turned so much of public odium on his head. But the greatness of worth, the grandeur of true honesty, the unconquerable force of modesty, are now proved; and it is shown, as clearly as it may be, that no agitations, or criminations, or combined forces of assault, whether here or elsewhere, can have power against a man who is armed before God in the spiritual integrity of his truth."

This was the last shot of the long and weary battle, and in one sense it was almost his first. At last, and most gladly, we may drop the history of controversy, and turn our eyes to the ripe fruition of peaceful years.

In November he published in the *New Englander* an article on the theme around which his thoughts were so often revolving,—"The Christian Trinity a practical Truth." The labor of preparing his lectures on "The Supernatural" went on constantly, and absorbed his best strength and thought.

To the Rev. A. S. Chesebrough.

Hartford, December 15, 1854.

My dear Friend,—I received a very kind letter from you some weeks ago, which I have not answered. I hope you will excuse me on the ground of my many infirmities. The fact is, that for the last seven or eight weeks I have been quite disabled, having preached only twice in that time. The mischief began as an influenza, and ran off into bronchitis. In the latter form it sticks fast. I am doubting now whether I must not quit the field and go off to some other climate for a time. This attack is the greater disappointment to me that I have been in such magnificent health this autumn. It cuts me out by a blow from all my plans and works, and leaves me, as it were, a wreck, a waif,—one of the vestiges of creation. But God is faithful, and I know there is goodness somewhere in his dealing,—preparing, probably, some lesson of grace for me of which I stand in special need. The greatest struggle I have suffered has been over my lectures on Supernaturalism, not yet prepared for the press, and requiring, in fact, to be almost wholly rewritten. I made up my mind very soon that, if I must go, I would sit directly down to this work, and put it in some passable shape, if it cost me a whole year of shortening in the lease of my life. God bless you, my dear brother, and make you faithful. We shall always rejoice to see you.

Yours ever, H. Bushnell.

The present of a rich afghan, the handiwork of a venerated friend, was thus acknowledged:—

My dear Mrs. E——,—I shrink from trying to tell you how much, and how, I am affected by your most beautiful present. There is so much of your assiduity, care, patience, study, and art in it, with, I doubt not, as much of love, that it looks "all beautiful within," as well as in its stripes and colors; and I shall put it on or over, as a web of dear recollections, to warm my heart in it, and if that be warm enough, the body, they say, never chills.

May all God's richest, dearest blessings crowd upon you, my dear friend, to give you peace and brighten the sunshine in which you have always known how to live.

With tenderest affection, I am yours, H. B.

CHAPTER XVII.

1855.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, CUBA, SAVANNAH, CHARLESTON, AND HARTFORD.

GREATLY depressed by the serious break in his health, and not knowing which way to look or how to plan for the future, he went, for a little rest and change, to New York, where he stayed at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Sampson. Thence he wrote to Mrs. Bushnell:—

New York, January 16, 1855.

I was greatly refreshed by your letter, and the more that I feared I might hear from you in a different strain. How true it is that, when God is truly with any one, nothing in the life of nature, or the struggles even of grace, can greatly discompose! Your text, "Hath ceased from his own labors," etc., I suppose was meant to show me that ceasing from mine, in a little more special sense than ordinary, would not be amiss; that is, from my manuscripts, plans, undertakings, etc. It is right; I try to do it,—I say it is done. And yet my heart returns, how easily, to its objects, and here is the subtle spell that binds me revealed. I sometimes try to think that God will have it so; and then, lest this may be my deceit, I kneel down and make a new surrender, and seem for the time to find rest. Prevailingly, God has been very near me since I have been here, and it is one of my comforts that he is always the nearer, the better health and spirits I am in. Since I began this letter Mr. Sampson came into my chamber with the question, "Which way do you look, whither go, if you try another climate?" and finally coming round very delicately

to the proposition that I should go to California at his expense. And, to make the matter as easy as possible, he says, "One talent is given to me, another to you; and you are not to feel any obligation to me in the premises, but only to let me do a benefit to the public which I owe in this matter, as in others, and which, instead of being a burden, will be a real privilege to me." I cannot but feel the very great kindness of his offer. I feel as much, too, the goodness of God in the friends he brings to me in my adversity. What now shall I do?

After some deliberation he decided to try first a shorter trip, and went to Cuba.

At Sea, Bahama Banks, January 30, 1855.

My dear Wife,—To-morrow morning I shall land at Havana, and I write you directly on by the ship, because you will get my letter in this way quicker than in any other. I write in a shaky boat and upon the tray of my trunk. I hope you will be able to spell me out. We have had a very rough passage, and for the first two days it was fearfully cold. On Friday almost every soul on board was sick, even old seamen. But I stood it out, as usual, went to every table, shaved every morning, and kept on my way. We had a snow-storm in crossing the Gulf Stream! But Saturday the "south wind blew" soft and balmy,—a breath of foretaste directly from Cuba. The sea fell, and by evening we were sitting on the deck. Sunday was spent there in breathing,—a kind of worship that ought to have been devout, and probably was,—in such a degree as a good deal of lassitude and depression would permit.

I feel more and more that I must give up my will and my plans, and I think I more and more rejoice to do it. It is a part of my prayer that God will treat me so as to bring me closest to himself, and most establish me in the health of the soul, so that I may say, "Who is the health of my countenance and my God."

I think of you and the dear children how often, and with

a longing how deep! May our God unite us all in the dearest bonds of holiness and duty, and, by all his discipline of trial and the separations he calls us to suffer, purify us to a more complete love and fellowship with himself.

Cardenas, February 4, 1855.

This is Sunday evening, at least by the almanac; and it is a little more to me than that, I trust, though not more at all for any of the signs around me. I arrived here yesterday from Havana, and a most beautiful day it was,—a new day, also, as regards the world of nature. Think what a day it must be that shows you a new world of vegetation! Passing through luxuriant growths of tree and plant, I saw nothing, all the way, that I could recognize among all the growths, save turnips and Indian-corn. Palms, cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane, mangos, coffee, cactuses, trees of all colors from white to copper-color (which latter stood glistening in the sun like brown adders standing on their tails, and, like them, deadly poisoners), logwood, mahogany, bamboo-canes, and I know not what beside, —you can hardly imagine anything more strange. The palm itself suffices to make a new landscape; for it shoots up indigenous, here and there, in tall pillars of wood some forty to eighty feet high, and throws out on the top its magnificent tuft of feathers,—the body almost white, the top a dark, luxuriant green of four to eight feathers ten or twelve feet long —making sometimes a forest, sometimes a social neighborhood of trees, and sometimes standing solitary. When set in double rows for an avenue up to a planter's house, as it often is, it makes a vista which is truly magnificent.

This has been a very strange day to me. I am housed in Madam D——'s house, the National Hotel of Cardenas, the best of the place. The said madam is an immense, muscular, fiery virago of the Scotch order: she presides in the manner of a tempest. My room, which is abundantly dirty, has no carpet, and, like all the other rooms of this island, has no window-glass; nothing but an immense two-barred shutter. Like all the other sleeping-rooms of the house, it opens on the side of a court, on the back of which is the kitchen. In this court

the said madam and her parrot have made quite a day of it. The parrot scolds, calls, laughs, cries, mocks, etc., and the madam carries her part with even greater efficiency. I have sat by my window and seen her flog three of her servants with a horsewhip, and heard their hideous screams, till I could scarce endure the torment longer. Between the noise without and the dirt within (for I do not believe that the floor of my room has been swept for a week or washed for a year), I concluded, finally, with Cowper, "sighing for a lodge in some vast wilderness," to see if I could not find a more congenial place in the fields or woods. And I brought a circuit round the swamp in which the town stands, and sat down on a limestone rock under the bushes, basking in the sun. How different a place from that which God has heretofore given me in the quiet pulpit, among the devout people of God, on a well-kept New England Sabbath! But God was here, and I had a sermon all to myself, and a prayer. I thought of my blessed home, my dear people, my work that was, and, I hope, is to be, with a better preparation; and sought especially of God, as the worthiest and truest engagement with you in your worship, that I might be so purified by the fires I am passing through as to finish my work in a worthier and more believing manner. I hope the day has been a good one to me, and one whose good will remain. So may it be.

February 6.

I have just returned this morning from an excursion of a few miles out to the estate of Mr. Forbes. Mr. F. is a friend of Mr. Harris, and is apparently most hearty in asking me to come out and make a stay with him. He is a bachelor, who keeps house by himself, having his steward to superintend. On the estate next adjoining resides Dr. W——, of Fishkill. He is said to be an excellent physician, is a very gentlemanly man, and has an accomplished family. He invites me to visit him, which I shall do without fail. I hope you will feel with me that God is showing me abundant kindness. Tell Mrs. Harris that her sons are indefatigable in their kindness.

Contreras, February 18, 1855.
Sunday evening.

You see by the superscription that I am at another landing-place, the same that I spoke to you of in my last letter. And here I am so well off, and put so completely at my ease, that I am tempted to change my plan and stay here even till April, if I find that I gain by it, as I begin to feel assured that I do. I have every advantage here that I could ask: a fine sleeping-room and bed, neatness and decency, an atmosphere of balm, a fine horseback ride every morning, fresh milk, and the vegetable springs of cocoa-nut water, which taste like the springs of life—all manner of fruits, the sugar-cane to suck, the hot sirup to drink, the steam to breathe, and friends who appear to have taken a liking to me, and want to do for me more than I am willing to have them. They even urge my stay, and claim a right to have me till they can send me home in full health. On the whole, my tide has so turned that I begin to think it will be no wisdom to set off for Savannah. Nothing makes me doubt but the wretched state of the country, all in agitation—taking possession of steamboats, sending troops hither and thither, multiplying police, enlisting volunteers, and watching night and day for the expected landing of the filibusters. I think it is all a hoax. The agitation began the very day after I landed, but the New York papers down to the 9th make no mention of any supposed embarkation.

You can hardly imagine anything more desolate than a Sunday here in this island. Little dependent as I am on external conditions, I cannot but feel the chill of such heathenism. Slavery and slaves; work, work all day and night; no church, no religion visible by any sign but the tithing. How different from the hallowed peace and the almost heavenly riches of our Christian Sabbath! I go into my room, and get weary with the confinement. I seek the fields and the bamboo groves, and there is no temple. I return; I think of my dear home, my deserted pulpit, my dear flock and work,—my heart is there, and not here. Oh, if my body could also for the time be there! But no; it is for the body that I am here,

and I must take this medicine for the body's sake. I do it cheerfully, and with growing hope or confidence of the result. But my disease is very stubbornly fastened, and will not yield without time. So, then, I consent to the time. Let it be as God wills, and let it be my part to wait until his time shall come. A father's love with many prayers on the heads of the dear children. God bless you and be with you, in the fulness of the promise.

Contreras, February 23, 1855.

. . . The dear faces of the "Graces Three," how often do I call them up and group them, now about the winter-fire, now at the table, now listening to the breath of music! Do you know, dears, that I am with you, hanging round the chairs and putting on the wood? . . .

Thus goes on my regular mill of routine, at whose crank I wait, turning to make it go, else it would stand entirely still. I have omitted nothing save an occasional expedition into the woods or the bamboo-field to cut a cane. I had six or seven on hand, standing up in the corner of my room yesterday,—omen, I suppose, of the number of props it will take to hold me up for the rest of my journey.

Contreras, Sunday, March 4, 1855.

It is very singular, quite unaccountable, that I do not get any letter yet from you. I never wanted so much to get hold of your thoughts, and see whither you are going, as now. I see no way to walk in, myself, but that of faith; and if I could feel the touch of your faith, it would be the greatest comfort. I know not what to say of my health. I am sometimes greatly discouraged, struggle darkly with my symptoms, half let go of my confidence, return with difficulty to my expectations, and finally end with yielding myself to the fatherly sovereignty, falling into it and burying in it all my thoughts, misgivings, cares, and throes. Oh, if I could not go to God and feel that there is a good will at the helm, who will do with me and mine what is best for us, I should sometimes quite break; but here my breaking is rest, peace, and sometimes a new springing confidence that comes out like a gale

of health from Him. The weather here has been very trying of late. They say that the winter, as with you, has been one of the coldest; two days ago it was to the senses like a coldest November chill, though the thermometer did not fall below about 54°. I observe that almost all the negroes are coughing, with a deep hollow note, as if they were in the advanced stages of consumption. In such a case, it is not wonderful, I suppose, that I seem to make no advance. I begin to think now that nothing will cure me but faith, a bath in the supernatural and healing grace of Christ, an inhalation of the Divine Spirit and his new-creating power. I see by the papers that you have had a dreadfully cold winter. But you have cold with a fire; we, less cold with none. To-day I have been sleeping, or taking my nap, on the bed with an open window,—a beautiful summer's day. So we have it a good part of the time, which makes it seem a whole half year since I left you; but the "north comes down" next day "with his airy forces," and the snow-skirt of your winter seems to be spread over us. I used to think that Job had seen some terrible cold weather when he wrote, "Who can stand before his cold?" but I think now that he had tasted cold in a more nearly tropical climate,—that the subtle, back-handed, creeping cold, that knew how to steal through seeming warmth and touch him with a chill, what way he could not see,—that this set him shivering, and then he sung through chattering teeth, "Who can stand," etc.

I can't tell you, dear all—L., M., D., yes, and Jane* too—how much I want to see you. If I could see Jane's face through a crack of the door, it would shine like a good angel's. As to the angels, we have not any here, at any rate no home angels, for that is the kind I most want to see.

Ever your husband, H. B.

Contreras, Sunday, March 11, 1855.

My very dear Daughter,—I shall not get your letter till I reach Havana on my way home, which will either be on the

* A faithful servant.

22d inst. or the 10th proximo, — a question yet to be decided. Welcome be the day, whether it is going home to live or to die.

I ought not to conceal it from my friends, least of all from my family, that I encounter some discouragements and sometimes am pressed with sore struggles. When my prospect of living is darkened in this manner, I need not tell you how fondly, or with what tender clinging, I remember my dear family, and how these form images that are painted in the inmost chamber of my heart, and rise to the brain, claiming to possess even that as their exclusive right. True, I have other friends in the world whom I most fondly love; but these four, God bless them, do none the less appear to circumscribe my love and claim it all. When I think of leaving the world, these meet me as my charge, my care, and I long to know what is to befall them. It is a great comfort, in all such struggles, that I can hope for them as being heirs with me of Christ and his salvation. . . .

God bless you, my dear daughter, and keep you in that way of holy duty and discipline where your graces will brightest shine, the river of your peace most calmly flow.

Written not without some tears of fatherly tenderness.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

To the North Church of Hartford.

Cuba, April 8, 1855.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—I have had it in my heart to write you for these many weeks, but have been delayed by the hope that I might soon be able to write you in terms of encouragement as regards my speedy return and the resumption of my duties; for I well understood that the mere omission to speak in that kind of confidence would be taken as a sign that I am losing ground, and that my return to my work is growing doubtful. I can wait no longer, and, indeed, I ought not. But I will tell you frankly that I am sorely baffled as regards my recovery. In some respects I have greatly improved. Indeed, I have been able to rise above my ordinary pitch in the external indications of a robust and healthy

state. But as regards the particular local affection by which I was disabled, I cannot say that at any time I have made the least advance in a way of convalescence. On the contrary, for the last fortnight I have certainly lost ground. I have no physician at hand whose judgment I may take, and I am very likely, as you will readily understand, to misjudge my own symptoms; but I am bound to tell you that I see no prospect of being able, as I hoped, to resume my work by the first of May; and when I say this, I cannot be blind to the fact that my prospect of ever doing it is diminished. My difficulty is one, as you well know, that may easily take a serious turn, and walks in darkness in a way that cannot be traced till its end is accomplished. I can, therefore, only cast myself on the care of our common Father, and let him turn it as he will. How great a struggle it costs me to write in this doubtful way, concerning the work of my life and the charge that for so long a time has been the burden of my affections and my prayers, I cannot tell you. This work I long to resume, for I should hope to perform it more faithfully than I have done hitherto. I have also things on hand to do, in regard to the interests of Christian truth, which it is a great trial to leave undone. But I must bow myself to God, who loves my work better than I do, and sees, it may be, a want of capacity in me for it, which perhaps I do not. Let him determine for us, and it shall be well. Meantime, let me ask your prayers that God will prepare both you and me for the results which his Providence will bring, and which hitherto are concealed from our view; not forgetting, also, that power of intercession for the things we want, which finds so large a space in the terms of Providence.

It grieves me to hear that some of you have drunk so deeply the cup of affliction. May you drink as deeply of the consolations and comforts of God! I hear also, with great joy, of your exertions in my absence to maintain the attendance and the interest of your evening exercises. I have great confidence in you, dear brethren, that you do and will do anything that is needful, in a way of sacrifice, to maintain the spirit of prayer and of unity in holy things. I believe that

you love one another, and are bound together in the same cause. In this confidence I greatly rejoice. May it never fail, and to that end may the grace of God be ever with you, and the Spirit of Christ rest upon you!

Your pastor, H. Bushnell.

Savannah, April 18, 1855.

My dear Child—(that is, if Young America will put up with such kind of address),—I reached here last evening in safety, and found a good feast of letters waiting for me, one of which was my *first* from you. I thank you for it, and should have been glad enough to answer it long ago, for I knew it was here waiting for me. I have seen a good many curious things in Cuba—such as churches without religion, laws without protection, courts without justice, and children without clothes; but the most curious thing of all, which has been my study every morning in my rides, I will describe to you. It is the yaguey-tree. It is unlike all other trees, in the fact that it begins to grow at the top. And how do you think that is? I will tell you. First, the seed of the tree is dropped by the birds, or lodged by the winds, in the moist branching place of other trees, sometimes ten, sometimes fifty feet from the ground. There it quickens, takes root, and begins to grow, sending out its branches like another tree, and spinning a kind of vinous root along down the body of the tree occupied. At length these vines or rootlings strike the ground and take root in it, and then a growth immediately commences upward in a reverse order. Now it will be seen that the growths upward and downward, crossing and weaving one with another, knit together at every cross, and show you one tree growing as a net, with another tree inside. The outside tree, as the parts of it swell, hugs the inside like a huge girdle of anacondas, causes it to protrude at the vacant spaces as if going to burst, and finally kills it, becoming itself the tree. Sometimes the body shows how it was made by a hollow inside, and vacant spaces or patches where the light shines through; and sometimes it looks quite smooth and solid, except that near the ground, even when the tree is six

or eight feet in diameter, it straddles out into a hundred legs, all separate, looking like a tree that is set top downward by mistake. I have seen one through which I might drive a coach.

Now for the moral; for there is a moral, you know, in trees. There is a class of men that you may call the yaguey-men, who get their roots and take on all their signs of growth by fastening on the top of other men. Never able to have stood up alone, they take on the airs of strength and seem to be great. But, though they try to hide the merit of the victim by whose opinions and character they are supported, still you can always see, by their patchwork look and the vacant spaces where the light shines through, that they are not solid. And as the yaguey is a tree absolutely good for nothing as regards the practical uses of timber and fire, so these parasites and thieves of merit are sure in the end to find as little honor as they deserve. So much for the yaguey, which has been about the only study of my Cuban life. . . . God bless you, my dear one. How I long to see your face!

YOUR FATHER.

Savannah, April 14, 1855.

MY DEAREST WIFE,—This is the fourteenth day of April, the anniversary of that day when a godly mother, now among the glorified, with a mother's pangs brought her first-born into the world, even me, her unworthy son, who have now finished fifty-three years of the short lease of my life. Shall I ever see another birthday, or is this the last? I have been asking the question, as a question that to me has real meaning, and not a question that respects the possible only, as heretofore. I will not say that I do not expect to live. I even hope to live many years, though I am not very confident that I shall ever be a well man again. Be that as it may, I do earnestly long and timidly hope that I may somehow be able to add a closing part to my life which will be better than the part already fulfilled, and more significant as a contribution to the truth of Christ and the power of his Gospel; which if I do, what can it be but that my thinking, discern-

ing, understanding life is concluded and consummated by a discovery of the way and power of faith!

I was greatly interested by what you say of this subject in your letters, and have occupied myself this morning in noting down a few of the reasons that go to raise or justify a new confidence in this matter of faith, or rather to restore an old confidence such as prophets and apostles have held: though, coming up again after an age of reason, and a submerging of Christian piety under the terms of reason, it will, in fact, be new, having a new character and filling a new office in the world, as respects the standing of revelation and the final triumph of the Christian truth. I will give you the notes I have made, only requesting that you will keep them to yourself, for I am not yet ripe:—

1. We should most naturally expect that God would not hide himself from his creatures. He loves them, invites their love to him, asks them to be in terms of friendship with him. And what is this but to say that he will hear, communicate, be open to and receive their desires, doing for and with them as friends do, because they are friends. The infidels have said, "If there be a God, why does he not show himself? Is there anything so important for man to know as God? Why, then, is this kept so ambiguous and dark, when other things are clear?" And are they not right,—that is, right so far as they assume the certainty that a living God will show himself the living God? . . .

5. There is nothing in the world of laws to discourage such a confidence. Laws are the alphabet of our knowledge on the footing of nature. So far, God will show us his way and conduct us into his will. Then, when we come up into the higher platform of faith, what is indicated but that he will open to us higher tiers of knowledge, as he is now able, and make us powers in a higher range of efficacy? Laws are not, therefore, broken up by the specialties of faith, but are only transcended. Or rather we may say that we are now exploring and searching out the higher laws of God, even those of his personal society and goodness.

6. The want of religion now is, plainly, the restoration of

faith, or the open state between the Church and God. We need to see the possibility of revelation or its credibility in the present living fact. We are trying, and have been for centuries, to hold Christianity up in the lap of logic, reason, science, and the natural understanding, and the poor thing dwindles, — inconsequent, impotent, a shadow that has lost out the substance. The question now is whether it can live. Can arguments, replies, ingenuities, make it live? I see not how.

7. There is nothing new in the dangers of such a doctrine. True, there can be visionaries, enthusiasts, fanatics, and all manner of delusion. So there could be, and were, in the former times. There were false prophets, lying miracles, dreamers of dreams. There is only more security or safeguard in the rational and sceptical habit of our times than there ever was before. And, besides, there never could be a time when a want of modesty, a shallow presumption or conceit, would not bring its penalties; and it is really no merit of any scheme of truth that it keeps off the danger of folly, and saves the course of passion from extravagance. It may even be the fault of that rational, negative doctrine which assumes to keep all safe, that it undertakes to make a blind state as good and wholesome, in the show, as any.

These things I have noted on the side positive, and I feel that they make a very strong case. No one, it seems to me, can run the mind through such a review without feeling that the thing most natural to be held is the possibility of a footing of faith in our times, much like that of the apostles. So, we should say, it ought to be. Christianity appears to be adjourned, when we say that so it cannot be. Perhaps there are qualifications to be added; and yet I cannot but feel that the true light of the future is here, and that the Church of the future is to be born in the birth of this faith. Oh that God would teach us, and prepare us, and use us, in what way it may best please him, for the inauguration of such a day of faith! I think I am willing to be used in this manner, and long to be furnished for a part so honorable and so dear to God. Breathe upon us, O Spirit of life, on this day so full of

sacred influence, and tempered by so tender and serious forecast, and turn us into that true way of faith in which our life, so doubtfully useful, may be so certainly raised to a crown. . . .

Pardon this long, heavy letter, and may it give to you what it has taken out of my back. Ever yours, and still forever,

H. Bushnell.

To Mr. Thomas Winship.

Savannah, April 18, 1855.

My dear Brother in Christ,—I thank you most heartily for the two letters I found here from you. It is a great refreshment to hear an old friend and brother speak once more a word of fellowship. Until the last Sunday, I have been, as it were, a heathen, or, at least, among heathen, since I left the warm and loving circle of prayer in the old North Church. I found a young convert, from the State of Maine, on the plantation where I stayed; and with this young cooper I conspired (a most dangerous conspiracy, if it were known) to make out something in the nature of a Sunday worship. We went out to the remote woods, and there we kneeled down, each in turn, to pray. Sometimes I gave a paraphrase of some chapter, like the 139th Psalm, and he, comprising in himself the organ and all the parts of the music,—for I had too little voice to help him much,—sung a song, as by the willows in a strange land. I need not tell you for whom we prayed, or for what. Suffice it to say, that we forgot nothing which we loved, or that we could think of as dear to Christ. It was good; it put us out of heathenism into the circle of the true worship of heaven and earth. Our hearts burnt together, for we understood each other; and when we parted, we parted as they that have refreshed and blessed each other in a dark and godless land.

I am rejoiced to hear that the brethren have been faithful to sustain each other, and keep bright the holy chain of fellowship. Nothing is a greater comfort than to hear well of you in my absence. "For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord." Go on, and may the living fire of the Spirit for-

ever abide with you, making you steadfast, and faithful, and joyful in the Lord.

I am also glad to hear that T—— and his young friend are at work: the more they do, the more they can; the stronger their confidence, the deeper their peace; with the certainty that their labor will not be in vain in the Lord.

Remember me most tenderly to your family and to all inquiring friends.

Very truly yours in the bonds of Christ, H. B.

Charleston, April 21, 1855.

My ever dear Wife,—I wrote you a long letter, just a week ago, on the state of faith and its power as pertaining to a real Christian experience. Let me now add some qualifications, such as Scripture and my own reflections have suggested.

It may be a great omission not to distinguish the state of faith, as a state spiritually renewed, supernaturally enlightened, adopted, witnessed, from a state miraculously empowered. . . . We have it clearly made out that there is, and is always to be, an inspired, in the sense of a spirit-led state, where the secret of the Lord will be in the soul, and Christ manifested as its light. This, of course, in so far as the subject will let the light come unobstructed, which it may require a good deal of refinement and a very chastened state of purity to do; and, therefore, the inspiration will come to maturity slowly, and the secret of God be attained to late, and after some mistakes. . . . The great fault of denial or falling off from Christian truth appears, on the whole, to be in the absolute denial of inspiration, or the assumed limitation of it, now, to a less marked and lower type of experience. There is no evidence whatever that we are required to be less inspired, or in a lower sense, or that we are farther shut away from God and the Word of the Lord, than they were in former ages. Different things are to be done, and God will inspire us for just what we have to do; and it may be that our inspiration, being for a riper age, will, so far, be of a higher quality. Only, be it never forgotten that the

inspired state is a chastened state; that hasty utterances may be rash and presumptuous; and that God will often do the best thing for our real progress when he lets us venture on vaticinations in which we mix our selfishness, and turn our wishes or our vanities into oracles. It will be easy, at all times, to *reason* ourselves into confidences that are not from God—not inspired; or we may take up in subtlety by our *will* what we think we are taught of God.

April 29.—Thus far I had written at date, but did not complete and send the letter, because I hoped you would not be at home to read it. But your letter, received yesterday, extinguished that hope. I was a little disappointed, for I had allowed myself to count on a great advantage to you, as well as pleasure to myself, in having you with me. I am happy to tell you that I have gained a great deal since I came. For the first two or three days I was worse than I had been at any time since I left home. How I am going to take up my charge and go on with my full work,—how and when,—there is the question. I seem to tire easily, and the "perdurable toughness" is gone. . . . I shall be at home probably in the beginning of the third week in May. Joyful be the day! . . .

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, June 7, 1855.

My dear Friend,—I have been meaning, every day since my return from Cuba, about three weeks ago, to write you and let you know of my state, prospects, etc. I wish I could tell you something better than is permitted me. I have many good symptoms, and seem in some points to be improved, but the physicians shake their heads over me. They do not tell me that I am beyond hope of recovery, but seem rather to cherish the confidence that I will recover—that is, by-and-by, ultimately, in some remote period of the world. I need not tell you that I have to encounter some heavy struggles of feeling, as I beat off and on this lee-shore of life. In particular, it costs me a great trial to let go, if I must, before I have done that which I have been regarding as the main work and principal meaning of my life. But I try to console

myself in the conviction of my own folly, and that God, who knows me better than I do myself, prefers to get me off before I have done the mischief I would.

Our friend Bellows, whom I saw and dined with on my way to Cuba, told me quite frankly that he, and I think you also, were unable to look on my letter of reconciliation with Dr. Hawes as being less than a recantation. This quite surprised me, for Hawes himself looks upon it in no such manner, and all the notices I have seen from my orthodox friends, —I don't say my orthodox enemies,—have said plainly that my letter is no recantation, or in anywise different from the published sentiments of my books. I think you have fallen into this error by not attending as closely as you might to certain references, and taking Hawes's construction of some things, where he goes beyond them. At any rate, if I am now to pass to my account, it will be in a spirit of most hearty thanks to God that I have been permitted to say to the world (abating some obscurities and defects, it may be, of manner) just what I have. I could not die in confidence if I did not stand fast in my testimony, so deep is my conviction that I have spoken the truth.

Do not understand from this that I am certainly giving up the hope of life. On the contrary, I *rather expect* to get well.

H. Bushnell.

To the Same.

Hartford, December 26, 1855.

My dear Friend,—I should have acknowledged your book sooner if I had not made my acknowledgments as one of the great public beforehand. I have read it with great interest, both for your sake and for the book's sake. It was a little diverting that I opened directly upon the page or pages where you shoot at me, and that without hitting, for if you had hit me it would have been as little diverting as possible. Somebody has given you a wrong account of my sermon on "The Dignity of Human Nature, shown by the Ruin it makes."*

* The title of the sermon when published was changed, to prevent misconstruction, to another form, viz., "Dignity of Human Nature, shown from its Ruins."

The idea was not by the ruin it causes, but by that of which it affords the material, as where we speak of the ruin Thebes makes. I see, too, that you allude to my Dudleian Lecture. Well, I am getting ready to publish, and then we shall see—what we shall see. Who knows but that we shall some time be involved in a great controversy! One thing I am sure of, if we do, that we shall be the best-natured fighters that have been seen for a long time. Meantime, accept my hearty thanks for your refreshing and beautiful volume. The *good* parts hit me I can testify, if the *bad* did not.

If I should publish in Boston, I may come on to make arrangements by-and-by, though I have not yet decided to publish now. I only acknowledge, for the present, that God has heard my many prayers and granted me the respite I asked for, long enough to prepare this volume. The work is now very nearly done, that is, after a fashion. I am still an invalid. I have not preached at all. I think I shall be off at the break of winter for some drier climate.

With my best regards to yours, I am, as ever, yours myself, HORACE BUSHNELL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1856.

CALIFORNIA.

Between "loafing" and "writing a little nonsense," the year of 1855 wore away. The summer, spent among the hills, in the pure air of his native Connecticut, seems to have done more for his health than the more languid air of the South had accomplished. There was a gradual improvement—a sense of being on the up grade; and with this hopeful consciousness, he was able to do some work upon his long-studied lectures on the "Supernatural." Early in 1856 his mind was made up to try California; and in February, shortly before his departure, he wrote to his friend Mr. Chesebrough, "I have been able this winter, for which I am greatly thankful, so far to revise and arrange my 'Supernaturalism' that it cannot be lost. In this I have a great load thrown off my shoulders. How many strong prayers,—or weak, shall I say?—have I sent up to God, begging for a respite in my disease long enough to allow me to finish this work! I have been heard, and my thanks are a joyous offering for the gift."

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, February 29, 1856.

My dear Friend,—That I may not seem to have eloped, I must let you know that I am off for California on the 5th of March. Oh how I wish I could have your company! What a luxury even that world of barbarisms would be! I have been gaining slowly this winter, but must try to be a little better established before I go to my work. I shall stay in California eight months or a year. Meantime, my "Supernaturalism" must sleep. I expect to return well. But, alas!

how little do I know that I may ever return at all! But I go in good spirits and full of hope.

May our good Father be with you and yours. I always remember you with a peculiar interest, and think of you with appetite; not to devour, but to see, and receive, and discharge my folly at you, in the freedom of my trust. When I return, I must see you, and will. Until then, my heart is with you. Yours truly, HORACE BUSHNELL.

Extracts from Letters written in California.

San Francisco, March 31, 1856.

Here then, at last, I am, with a continent between me and all I hold dear on earth. I arrived on Friday morning,—less than twenty-three days from New York. The voyage was tranquil even to excess, and healthy; which, considering the multitudes crowded in the ship, was a special subject of thanksgiving. I need hardly tell you that I am not as well as when I left home; for such a voyage must, of course, result in some damage. I weigh, however, just what I did. . . .

I have been much alone, as regards men, on the way, but I have not been solitary. The day and the night have been full of God, and with him I have both waked and slept. What he is doing with us and for us I know not, but I am sure that his counsel is good, and will be approved by us both.

Marysville, April 3, 1856.

I have been here now two days, attending the two Conventions of the Presbyterian and Congregational ministers; also their joint meetings and exercises. I have partly agreed to stay here over Sunday, and assist in the installation of Rev. Mr. Walsworth, with whom I am staying, and whom I like mightily. They have an excellent body of ministers here, and I like them very much,—fine-spirited, talented, and generally accomplished men. It has been a real satisfaction to me to find how much of real promise there is in them. The two bodies that meet here now contain about thirty, and their number is all the while increasing. They come together from

points three hundred miles apart, and some of them have not seen the face of a co-laborer for nearly a year.

I am greatly pleased with this country in the matter of natural scenery. The sail up the San Pablo and Suisun bays, and the straits that connect them, in the decline of the afternoon and towards sunset, with the light streaming down the sides of the green mountains, was magically beautiful. The mountains here are very peculiar. They have generally no trees at all, but are covered with wild-oats to the summit; and yet their outline is even metallically sharp, and the shadows, cast by their inequalities and gulches and peaks and ravines, are deeper and more definite than you will ever see in mountains covered with trees. . . .

I rode out yesterday on horseback with Miss O——. We took the vast plain north of the city, wide, and clear of all obstruction, literally covered with flowers, under a beautiful warm sun,—the Buttes, a trap-range most fantastically carved on one side, and the snow-capped Nevadas on the other, stretching off north and west for a full hundred miles,—and it was the liveliest gallop that I ever enjoyed.

To the North Church in Hartford.

Nevada, April 14, 1856.

My dear Brethren,—The breadth of a continent between us does not separate me from you. Still I am with you, longing after you, mingling with your prayers, watching in the Lord, if not with the actual vision of my eyes, for your growth in holiness and fruitfulness of life. It is my comfort that I can have a reasonable confidence, in respect to so many of your number, that you have been truly taught of God. I only fear that you may still consent to live on too low a scale, and surrender yourselves too easily to the spirit and power of this world. It is a great evil of our times that we are so ready to compare ourselves with one another, and not with the apostolic privileges and standards. Living reputably we consider to be Christian living; or, at least, Christian enough to answer our purpose. And yet how certainly do you all know that being at one with God in his standards, walking

by his light, feeding on his promises, is the only real joy and rest of the soul. Why, then, do you ever consent to anything different, or to any lower and more human standard? Or if you say that you do not consent to it, but fall into it by the unconscious gravity of your corrupted and treacherous nature, then why do you fall into it? Is not Christ strong enough to keep you? Has he not engaged to keep you if you trust him? This, my brethren, he will certainly do for you, and more: he will keep you rising, growing fresh and clear, and binding you ever to himself with a dearer and more conscious affinity.

I speak in this manner to you, my brethren, not because I have any special reason to distrust you, but because I am jealous with a godly jealousy. I long after you all, even the more heavily that I am separated from you. And I present you to God in my prayers day and night,—not that he will save you from any public shame or defection, as being worse than others, but that he will take you away from this present evil world, as I fear that you are not yet taken away. I pray that God will make you faithful to him, as you have been faithful to me; and give you to know that height, and breadth, and length, and depth which can be known only by those who are bathing in the boundless flood and fulness of a perfect love. Come out of the world into this divine love, and here abide; loving one another as Christ hath loved you, and watching for one another according to your love. Instead of comparing yourselves with one another, and with other disciples, take your beginning at Christ, and be what he will have you to be. As I am absent, let your responsibilities be extended by accepting my charge, in part, upon yourselves. I hope I may yet be restored to you, and to my delightful work among you. Until then, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. HORACE BUSHNELL.

Nevada, April 15, 1856.

This region where I am is a new and strange scene. There is scarcely a level spot anywhere to be found,—hills and hills, gulfs and gulfs; every hill a stair on the ladder of the great

Nevada, every gulf a deeper cut as the Nevada is neared. We are now about forty miles from the snowy summit, and over two thousand feet above the sea. The hills of the whole region are auriferous; the soil is poor, and yet they are covered with soil,—scarcely a rock breaks out to sharpen the universal rounding of the surfaces. At this time they are freshened by green growths and flowers, and have in many places the show of a beautiful park; for though there is no cultivation, the trees generally, especially where the oak prevails, are not crowded, and there is no undergrowth of shrubs and vines. This leaves the surfaces beautifully clean. Where the pine prevails, as about this town, it is more like a pine-scenery,—a universal peering at the sky of innumerable cones. I paced a common, ordinary one this morning, that fell in my way, and which had just been cut down, which measured two hundred and ten feet. Many of them are very much higher. Mr. K—— told me that he had felled one that measured three hundred and fifty feet, and that sometimes they are found as high as four hundred. But when you have described the flaccid, rounding surfaces and lines of nature, you have done nothing; nature is gone, or is rapidly going, never to return. The sides of almost every hill are gashed and torn, covered with rocks laid bare, and fresh earth of all colors—red, white, and yellow. You could not imagine such devastation as a possible thing to be made in seven years by all the diggers of the world. They go up the rivers ten, fifteen, thirty miles, turn the waters out in ditches, carry them on along the sides of the hills and mountains five hundred or a thousand feet above the valleys, show them meandering around, overhead, underfoot, and criss-cross everywhere, and let them out by measure to the washers. These take them and play into the sides of the steep hills with an immense hose, like that of a fire-engine, with a fall of one hundred feet or more, and tear the hills all to pieces. Here and there, and indeed everywhere, will be an acre, or five acres, all carried off to the depth of eighty or ninety feet. The earth is carried off in wooden sluices that catch the gold; and, with the earth, pour along the stones, thumping and rat-

tling, till they reach the rivers. These they are filling up, so that shortly they will run in broad plains of sand and stone. I have been down to a mill to-day on the river, where the river has been filled up thirty-five feet. This country will shortly be nothing but an immense scarification — a desert of rocks, sand-piles, pits, and tunnels.

As to health, I don't know what to say. The weather is nothing but water a good part of the time. When it comes a fair day I seem to be better, and therefore hope, but my cough is bad enough. Sometimes I am a little depressed, but generally hopeful and happy. I find the best friends, who are ready to do me any favor. Mr. H—— and his wife are plain people, but I like them mightily, they have so much heart, and are so free. But my Heavenly Friend is closest of all, and my peace is like a river. I think it has never flowed with a deeper current, and yet I am straining nothing. I only try to keep myself in the open state by just holding an exact and steady practice. I am content to go if God requires me, and yet I have never so much wished to stay.

San Francisco, April 21, 1856.

This country is most emphatically a new world. Everything is new and strange. There is no such thing as grass, and yet at this time the whole surface is an immense carpet of flowers, not rank and high,—save here and there a few wild larkspurs and a field of escolzias (spell it as you can),—but delicate, minute, modest, sprinkled as drops in a shower of beauty. The climate is not a climate, but climates by the dozen. Three days ago I sat on a high mountain-spur on the Yuba, looking across an immense chasm full into the snows of the Sierra Nevada twenty miles off, in a warm sun and a soft, refreshing breeze. Two days after, I was walking the streets of Marysville in the afternoon, in a sweltering heat. Yesterday I came down by steamer, wearing my heavy winter coat all the way. The soil in the immense broad plain of the valley is generally rich, without a tree or a shrub. The soil of the hills and mining region is poor, yet covered with immense trees two and three hundred feet high. And yet,

with all the growths of wood, there is no wood, in the whole extent of the State, that can be called hard timber, such as would be fit to make a wagon of,—it is all brittle or spalt; or, as they say here, *brash*. What does this signify? If the immense oaks that grow here and there have scarcely strength enough to stand alone, what does it signify as regards the future men? Will there be any better stuff in them? . . .

To a Daughter.

It does not appear that you expect anything in particular to be replied to in your letter, unless it is to have your ears boxed for your laugh about the dear stiff-necked beast and her rider. Ah, Bessie, little does the world know how it stands between us; and when we meet, what a friendly greeting it will be! Only do not wink with your two ears, lest it should frighten our common friend, the dear lady of the buggy.

The features of the country are very grand and beautiful. The hills in this region and to the south are covered now with wild-oats, just in their glory, green as they can be; seen in the distance, with the sun streaming down their sides, all the hollows in shadow, and the high places brilliant as gems, you can almost hear the music of the light, as if it were a hymn. Strawberries are now beginning to ripen, and I saw new potatoes in the street this morning. In short, everything natural is so peculiar that one is lost. There are no seasons here, such as I ever saw or heard of before. While the thermometer at Sacramento runs as high as 110° and 120° in the summer, a good deal of the time, they say that they really suffer less than we do, because of the cool nights. In the mean time they really suffer more at this point (San Francisco) from raw weather in the summer than in the winter. The seasons are inverted. Society, I need hardly say, is quite as strange as anything else. I am going over, day after to-morrow, to visit Mr. Durant;* and then, after a day or two, I am going down to Mr. Beard's, at the San José Mission. I have

* His old friend and classmate.

just heard that he will take me, and invites me to come. This will be my new home; that is, home without home.

San José Mission, April 28, 1856.

I have just come in from my first morning ride in this place, and sit down to give you my impressions while they are fresh. This is Monday. I came down, or rather up, as they say, from Oakland on Saturday, riding through the richest garden of the creation almost all the way. I never saw the like. Fields of wheat and barley two or three miles across, and such a growth! I was very cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Beard, as I expected to be. Mrs. Beard is one of the finest and most interesting of women: sensible, easy, simple as a child, and practical as one of the out-door characters who has seen all sides of the world, the rough and the elegant, and meets them all with a welcome. Their house is one of the old adobe structures, walls four feet thick, built by the monks on three sides of a square of about two hundred feet on the sides. It is only one story high, and one room wide, with a piazza all round, covered much of the way with vines. The connections between the rooms are mostly on the outside, from the piazza, which is the hall universal.

It was something new to come into a vast garden filled with old full-grown pear-trees laden with fruit, and myriads of peach-trees loaded to the ground, and hoary olives, and all these filled with singing-birds in a perpetual chorus of music. I had seen before no civilized tree, and, strange to say, had scarcely heard the song of a bird at all. Indeed, I began to doubt whether any bird could sing in California. I need hardly say that I feel greatly at home here, and mean, as things now look, to be fastened here, as to my centre of motion; which, perhaps, is as near the idea of home as I shall get.

Now for the ride. I turned into the hills, a little way north of the house, and wound my way along at an easy gallop up through the Stockton Pass. I felt well,—better than I have at any time since I reached California, having been upon the gain almost steadily since the last rain, a week before I left Nevada. The air was fresh and bracing; cool enough

to wear an overcoat. The clouds were flying in squadrons, and the shadows chasing across the landscape to give it life. As to the hills, nothing I have seen could match them, or help me, by comparison, to describe them. They are steep enough to hang almost over your head, rounded into piles of graceful beauty, showing scarcely ever a rock or a stone, and never a tree, except in the gorges where they meet, and where the springs and rivulets flow down. Their covering is the intensest meadow-green, save that often the flowers are so profuse in spots that the green is covered. There the light streaming down their sides, set off by the shadows of the clouds, makes them fairly laugh. Indeed, you are like enough to be listening to hear them laugh aloud. I never saw such combinations—so lively, and fresh, and gladsome, and withal sublime. After passing the pass, which I believe is good English, and is a self-evident possibility, I began to catch glimpses and vistas reaching down into a wide plain or valley; and seeing a rounded summit at the right of the road which promised to give me a fine view, I galloped my horse up to the top (it was only a green melon one hundred feet high), and there I think I saw the most exquisitely beautiful sight that ever my eyes beheld. Away to the south-east was another valley or pass,—through which, evidently, one might climb into the upper world,—with a high mountain, whose top was hid in the clouds, on the east. North, west, everywhere, green hills pitching about and about, enclosing the plain; irregular slopes before, and a travelled road winding round and round, and showing itself far down at many turns; a river meandering through the plain; no fence, no house, no other sign of man but the road anywhere visible; and the flowers smiling in their silent beauty before God, and breathing out their incense to him. Oh, it was the nearest thing to a garden of Eden actually extant that I ever saw. After I had reached the plain, I saw far off, in the south part of it, an immense herd of cattle, horsemen galloping through it, dust flying; and I rode down to make out what it was. They were the native California herdsmen, who had gotten all the cattle of an immense range of country together, and were

sorting them, each one getting his own by themselves; or, rather, for the present, one getting his by themselves. Twenty men were in the work; some doing it, and some seeing that it was fairly done, or according to the marks. All are on horseback, all in motion. The owner rides round, wheeling through the immense herd, and, finding his mark, takes after the bearer, chasing it out. Another rides after, a little on the other side. Getting the animal out, half a dozen other men wheel in to head the animal off into the little drove gathering a quarter of a mile off. But the animal wheels, it may be, and plunges to run by, and then they are after it with the lasso. There it goes!—spinning round in the air; it settles on his horns, and is drawn tight by the jerk of his whole momentum. Now he pitches *at* the lasso-man and his horse; and another lasso flies, and another, and, before he knows it, he is held fast by their lines, and can't go any way. Giving him a little play so that he can run, another is after him, and behold! he is caught also by the leg and jerked flat down. Poor fellow! he is caught like a fly in a spider's web. His courage is broken; they let him loose, and he goes where they will have him. The next thing, we see an immense bull rushing out, and two horsemen after him. They have a tight run to catch him; finally, one comes up and seizes him by the tail with his hand, lets him draw awhile, then spurs his horse suddenly sideways, and behold! the old fellow is flat on his side in an instant. Such horsemanship I never saw. To them it was work, but to me it was the most exhilarating show.

San José Mission, May 2, 1856.

. . . I continue to be pleased with my new Western home. I could not be more comfortably fixed, away from my true home. I spoke of Mrs. Beard. I am also greatly pleased with Mr. Beard. He is one of the noblest native characters I have ever seen. He had bought a property here of the Mission, seven or eight miles square, the very richest land of the world; he had fenced it at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. But the squatters came on, went directly into his fields, took possession and built houses; threw

him out of the income from the land, by which he was to pay his debt, and left him to be eaten up by the taxes and his interest-money; so that, while he was getting his title established, he was absolutely ruined. And just now his principal creditor is with him, selling out his land to the squatters, now that the title is gained, in a hope of merely squaring the debt. Still, he never speaks resentfully; meets the fellows with kindness; does them, one and all, any favor he can; and shows a big human heart, full of trust, and public spirit, and personal beneficence, as if they had done him nothing but good.

I am very glad to hear you speak so encouragingly of our prayer-meeting. May the smile of God be upon you there, as I think it certainly will. I have many sweet hours of thought and private communion, and seem to be growing easy, if I may so speak, in the divine presence. God is never afar off, to be hunted for and struggled after. I forget whether I have before spoken of it, but I have been greatly refreshed and blessed, once and again, by reading over, as a mere practical exercise, the Epistle to the Romans. I never before could fully and even rationally enter, as now, into the Apostle's deep and gloriously magnificent evangelism. I can see the mighty fall, the deep, unborn depravity, just as he describes it, without any sense of extravagance and without offence as against God. And when he brings out the rising side of grace,—justification, spiritual calling, and eternal purpose, I can hold a point where the work stands clear, and leaves the visible signature of God. "Oh the depth of the riches!"—this I can say, and also feel.

San Francisco, May 18, 1856.

. . . I find the city in a great tumult of excitement, and the Vigilance Committee brewing their plans to lynch and drive into exile anything and everything that will clear the city of a gang whose rule has become insupportable.

. . . I spent a very pleasant week at San José. It is an old agricultural town, about the only agricultural town in California. It was a sorry affair before the Americans came, and is only a little better than sorry now. . . . I believe I

have not told you, as yet, how to build a California house, such as half the houses of San José, including the church and the hotel in which I stayed, and such as the first crop of houses are very generally. Set up some wooden legs on bits of plank that rest on the top of the ground; on the legs rest the timbers for a floor, and lay on the floor,—all done so far. Then take some rough boards, and nail them on upright round the outside timbers of the floor-platform. On these put clapboards without, or battens up and down over the cracks. Then nail on, inside, a slat to support the timbers of the next floor, and, if two stories high, the next. Then stretch on smooth, and nail fast to the timbers overhead, a cheap cotton cloth; that is the ceiling. Put the same on the sides, and lay on paper on the cotton. *Presto*, it is done,—a house, a church, a hotel, an Oakland college, whatever you will.

But my architectural study takes me away from the town. It lies on a broad, flat plain, twenty miles across. In a good season it would present a scene of the greatest imaginable luxuriance; but now it is all burning over — wheat, barley, everything—into the sere, dry state of autumn, by reason of the fact that the winter was so dry as to get no water in the springs for the summer's use. But this, again, makes the artesian-wells, spouting out their rivers in almost every street and yard, the greater beauty. Some of these wells throw a stream into the air twelve feet high that is large enough to turn a small mill, sweet, clear, beautiful,—a charming symbol of the beauty of God, who is ever a grand water-store under this desert of life and sin, ready to well up in freshness when the conduits of the heart are opened to its flow. I visited the quicksilver mines in the vicinity, at New Almaden. It is a charming spot, with a kind of European air, and really fine Swiss scenery. The mine is up in the hill, a thousand feet above the village and refining-works, with a beautifully grand, zigzag road climbing up the sides of a deep gorge in the hill-side. Here it pierces the hill with a tunnel and railroad, and then cuts right and left, and up and down, riddling the hill like a honey-comb to rifle its hidden contents. Back

of the mine, or just over the top, under a grand overlooking mountain, opens, far down into the lower world, a deep funnel-shaped valley, with a patch of meadow at the bottom, and the side-hills rolling about in fresh green, with oaks sprinkled over like a park, and goats and donkeys grazing, or bearing loads of wood up to the miners' huts on the top. Taken all together, it is one of the finest landscapes that I ever saw.

San Francisco, May 19, 1856.

I have just returned from the Big Trees. The horseback ride was one of the most peculiar and charming I ever took, —all the way in the wilderness of the primitive state, save that here and there a little squatter town appears, and a fence runs around some scoop of moist land between the hills; or you come upon a saw-mill or two, or a miners' ditch cut through the woods, to bring down water from the Sierra. I call it woods, and yet it was not what we mean by woods. There was no undergrowth, scarcely anywhere a rock. The road natural, yet smooth and graceful in its curves about and about the winding surfaces; the sun streaming in, there among native oaks, and here among the conical evergreens towering as giants by the way, and casting all their shadows distinctly on the green surfaces, dotted with the most delicate and beautiful flowers such as no cultivated garden ever produced—it really seemed as if it were some grandest park of the world; and when I was returning, after seeing the Big Trees, I was tempted to call it, without any feeling of irreverence, the Park of the Lord Almighty. In the fifteen miles, we ascended two thousand four hundred feet; and for the first four miles climbed up along a gorge converted into a continual cataract, roaring and tumbling down, by the waters of the miners' ditch turned into it. Then we came out into the softer world above described, having the artificial river sometimes far below, and sometimes leaping across overhead from one hill to another, in a wooden flume sixty or eighty feet high, and, it may be, half a mile long. Finally we parted company with the ditch, and went up into the silent upper world of beauty and grace, and began at length to see that

the trees grew larger and more luxuriant, especially at the foot of the northern slopes and upon the lower grounds between. Descending gently along a northern slope, we came down thus at last, among the files of little giants, to the gate of the big giants, and entered the cleared-ground yard of the "Big Tree Hotel," between "The Two Sentinels," three hundred feet high,—the first of the Washington Cedars we had seen. I seemed never to have seen a tree before; and yet they were only moderate in their scale compared with others. Close by the house lay the first cut of the Big Tree, too big to be split or handled in any way, twelve feet long. All the rest of the tree is cut up and removed. Next this first cut stood the stump, with an arbor mounted on the top. This stump, at the top, was twenty-five feet across by measurement; and next the bottom, thirty-one feet. What a vegetable! I never till now stood in awe before a vegetable, and the stump of a vegetable!

After dinner we were taken the circuit of the grove and shown all. What a family of giants, but only about ninety of them, included all in a space of fifty acres! This, I confess, was to me the greatest, strangest wonder, that nowhere in the whole earth is there another known example of these Anakims of the forest. Their race is small, but mighty. Is there—was there—no other piece of ground but just this in the world, that could fitly take the seeds of such a growth? Why have they never spread? Why has no one of the seeds with which they sprinkled the ground over started anywhere else among these hills and valleys? And what a starting was it when these seeds began! Little did that small germ, about the size of a parsnip-seed, and looking much like it, imagine what it was going to do, what feeling to excite, when it began to send up the Big Tree. This small parsnip-seed going finally to open a road and turn a course of travel for thousands of people!

At the same time, it would be wrong not to add that two things conspired to diminish a little one's sense of effect in seeing these wonders. Many of the trees are badly injured at the root or bottom of the trunk by fire, and great cavities

are opened in this manner, into which I really think that, in one instance, a hundred people could be crowded. That man, a living man, supposed to have a soul, instigated by the infernal love of money, should have cut down the biggest of all, and skinned the next, "The Mother," one hundred and twenty feet upward from the ground,—both sound as a rock at the heart, and good for another thousand years of growth, —oh, it surpasses all contempt! Such a man would have skinned his own mother, I am sure, for the same cause. This fact vexes one unutterably; and vexation does not sort well with sublimity. And yet, to see this Spartan mother still growing on, bearing her foliage and ripening her seeds, and refusing to die, hiding still her juices and working her pumps in the deep recesses of her barkless body, which the sun of two whole years cannot season through, is a spectacle so grand as almost to compensate for the meanness and baseness of the scamp who has moved our contempt so inopportunely.

The other detraction alluded to is the loss of poetry occasioned by a discount of the certain extravagance of the calculations that are circulated in respect to the age of the tree; as if it was growing when Athens left the quarry, or Thebes displayed her hundred gates, or before the fall of Troy, or, perchance, before the old red-sandstone age of geology. It is old enough, magnificently old; but, as we proved beyond a doubt, by counting the circles, not a day over twelve hundred and seventy-five years.

Yesterday was a strange day for Sunday. A sermon in the morning that encourages the Vigilance Committee to take the law into their own hands; arriving at the hotel, a vast multitude of people, seen from the four-story piazza, thronging round the prison far up on the side of the hill; shortly, a rush or moving current pouring across our street down to the Vigilance Committee rooms, showing that Casey and Cora are in the hands of the people. To-day they are to have their trial, I understand, before a jury not of the law, and will undoubtedly be hung.

May 20.

I have been hoping that the steamer, now due for more than a week, would arrive and bring me a letter. But she does not appear. Meantime the steamer that was to sail to-day broke her piston, and waits till to-morrow. It seems to me that everything is out of order here. Commerce and trade depressed, agriculture discouraged by unwonted drought, the Panama difficulty, the Nicaragua difficulty; the steamers in confusion, and friends waiting anxiously for the one that does not arrive; and, more than all, the city hung to-day with mourning for the death of Mr. King; and the Vigilance Committee sitting on the life of two malefactors who will undoubtedly be hung to-morrow. Never did I see such an excitement, or one so full of sadness. Everybody is sad; only there is a marvellous agreement of the people in the terrible proceedings on foot. Guards are patrolling night and day; the street before the committee-rooms is filled with people, business all suspended, stores shut. Well is it that in so great disorder there is no violence. Dreadful retribution this for villanies that were riding down all law and justice! The day could not but come at last; if not *per fas*, then *per nefas*. God grant that now a deliverance may come to this unhappy city and people! But I fear the remedy itself is almost as bad as the evil.

Mission San José, June 3, 1856.

I had a nice bit of a walk, one afternoon of last week, up what is called the Mission Peak. The Peak is quite high, four times as high as the Bolton Mountain or the Waramaug Pinnacle; that is, about two thousand five hundred feet. The walk, besides the heavy climb, was about eight miles long, and I got home abundantly tired. The mountains about here are very different from ours, you must know. They have no trees, except that where there is a deep gorge winding round, so as to get away from the west wind, there will be scattered evergreen oaks, and sycamores, and buckeyes,—a kind of dwarf horse-chestnut,—with here and there a close undergrowth. Rocks and loose stones seldom appear, but the smooth, meadow-sided hills are piled up one upon another,

and tossed about in wild confusion, covered in the early spring with a fresh growth of green wild-oats, and later with the same dried white. The change is now going on, and is about half made. But far up in the higher regions the landscape is still green, retaining its profusion of wild flowers. Away up in this upper world there are vast ranges of the most beautiful pasture; and the Peak looks down upon them, dotted with their dark tree-tops, and the sheep-flocks, and the fancy-colored herds grazing on their surface,—taken all in all, a most charming scene. A very different scene it is from Waramaug; more naked, more pastoral, less rugged, and all on a larger scale. Oh, if it could have that lake in it, what should we say of it then! But God does not put every good thing in one place. . . .

I rejoice to see that the Common Council are bringing the Park matter to a close. I am also glad to hear that our church are about moving in the matter of a new building. They will do it, of course, very deliberately. The more I think of this, the more desirable it seems, and I really hope they will be able to get on. If they can get their plans the coming winter, and be ready for a start in the spring, it will be all they can expect to do. I want no gaudy, tricksy thing, but a sober, rational, right-looking structure, adapted to worship,—one that will look well when it is old, and dingy, and cracked by time, having its commendation in the religious chastity and propriety of its arrangement.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Collins.

Mission San José, June 19, 1856.

My dear Friends, — The hills and the plains are now spread over with one universal Quaker color, and we expect no rain again to green them till October or November. The state of the community is not Quaker, however, by a good deal; blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke, pistols, bowie-knives, hemp, and chivalry, and all sorts of hanging and blood-letting ever heard of. Oh, it is a beautiful Aceldama, the like of which has not often been seen on this young world of ours! I am sometimes half a mind to be sick in

spite of the healing, so dismal is the moral picture of this new world. You have no conception of it at the East, unless you look to a point midway between both East and West;* for there, as I read, I am sick again. I got *The Tribune* in my hand yesterday, and read one line; and it tore my heart so that I could not read on, but lay down aching on the bed, and waited till the afternoon for nerve to proceed. I did not know that a man's heart could make his body ache so, though I had read Paul's "could wish that I was accursed" many times. I can find no relief to these oppressive clouds that just now overhang our dear country but to pray and be still. . . .

Mission San José, July 4, 1856.

It really looked, for a time, as if it was about an even chance that I had come here to die. That feeling is now gone. Thanks to our heavenly Father that I am here, and that he gives me to see so much of his goodness. It makes me quite a child sometimes, when I sit down or kneel down, to recount the mercies of God to me. It seems to me that few men have been so much favored of God: my education, my marriage, my settlement, and the wonderful fidelity of my people, and now my good friend raised up out of a stranger to give me the best possible opportunity to prolong my life, the prayers of the righteous, and, above all, of the poor! Had I been given free play in early life for my wishes, what could I have wished that would have been so good, so glorious a token of God's care for me, and his consideration of my personal welfare? Other men are nursed by their afflictions, and I have had a few trials myself; but the wonder is that I could have been kept so uniformly in the line of favor. I have not been made rich, nor popular, nor a mark for envy in any way, and yet I have been always on what men call the fortunate side,—not on the sea of fortune, but coasting gently along the shore, with the nicest harbors and landing-places at hand whenever they were wanted. So I have had much comfort and little care, and my little skiff has been kept sailing as

* Referring to Kansas.

bravely on as if it were a galley. Shall I founder at last? I think not. In the past I see a pledge for the future. Not to trust God now would be even a kind of folly, saying nothing of the wrong.

I need hardly tell you, what you will see in the papers, that California is in a truly wretched state, never so wretched as now. It is really depressing to me in this quiet nook of retirement, and a mere looker-on. I can hardly be a looker-on when such dangers are pending. It would be no surprise to me to hear, almost any day, that fire and murder were loose in San Francisco, rank as in the days of Robespierre. I hope better things, but there is no security for anything. The arrest of Judge Terry, and the question of his life and death, known to be pending, makes the revolution more dreadfully critical than it has been at any time before. The Vigilance Committee are the best men here; I believe they really mean to do good, and also that, in plucking down the shoulder-strikers and rescuing the ballot-box from their usurpation, they have done a really great and necessary work; but they ruin their cause when they come to state it.

I have written one article for the papers, hoping to shed a little light on the difficulties. I have heard it spoken of with commendation, but it was printed with such awful mistakes that I have no pleasure in it. I am to deliver the installation* sermon the day after to-morrow, and have written a special sermon on the text, Jeremiah i. 10, undertaking to show that, do what we can or will, nothing can make a happy community but religion. I took this subject because I shall speak, in fact, to the whole State, and hope to do good by it. They will hear nothing else, and this, I think, they will.

I have been very unfortunate in losing my gold watch. I fear I lost it upon the highway, in which case I shall never see it again. It was my *vade-mecum*,—a kind of mechanical wife, and I miss it more than I can express, putting my hand to my side for it twenty times a day, for a new disappointment. Well, my good Brother Steele will never have to re-

* Of the Rev. Mr. Lacy in San Francisco.

pair it again for nothing. By-the-way, I am in a quandary as to whether I have written him or not. Give him my special regards, and tell him how much I think of him now, by compulsion! And yet I want not that to love him. He is one of the men that *keep time* in the heavenly march.

These are dark times. I could not read the Kansas news without throwing down the paper and waiting till next day. When I told a Nantucket Yankee in the house what was the news, and he replied, "I am glad on't," I blew out on him in such an explosion as I think he will remember. I never gave such a setting down to any mortal, and was half a mind to be ashamed of it next day, but he had absconded before breakfast. Here, too, are we waiting for the wounded man Hopkins to live or die, on which probably depends the life of Judge Terry, on which depends I don't know what,—I tremble to guess. But God reigns. Amen, my soul, to that. Oh, how good it sounds!

To the Rev. Samuel H. Willey, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the College of California.

San Francisco, July 10, 1856.

Dear Sir,—The resolution of your Board, inviting me to the Presidency of the College of California, I have sufficiently considered to return the qualified answer that appears, by the terms of it, to be expected.

I am duly sensible of the honor conferred on me by their appointment,—an honor which is only the greater, in fact, that the College can hardly be said to exist, and is, as yet, to be created.

I will interest myself at once in the institution, and will endeavor to do what I can, privately, during the two or three months to come, to excite an interest in it, and to assist you in plans regarding its endowment and its final location, if a change in this latter respect should be deemed desirable. In this manner I shall be able to learn what friends it is likely to have, or whether it will have any whose views are sufficiently expanded to fulfil conditions that must be fulfilled, in case I should finally assume the office. Further than this,

I can make no definite answer at present; but that you may take up no expectations which will lead you into disappointment, I feel it to be my duty to state to you frankly on what ground I choose to stand.

I am a Christian pastor, holding a very peculiar relation to my flock, because of their most honorable and very unexampled steadfastness and fidelity to me in times of public trial. I can never think it honorable, either to me or to religion, that I should leave them, unless by the compulsion of a stern necessity. Whenever it is clear that I can be of no service to them longer, they will rejoice, I know, to have me placed, if possible, where I can serve others. Such a contingency may happen. I have ascertained, I think, that I can live here in sufficient force to be useful. I may find that I cannot there. In that case, I may be willing to assume the office you tender. I say not that I will. It will depend partly on the prospects I may seem to have discovered of the necessary endowments; partly on what may seem to be due to my family.

In the mean time, if you fall upon the name of any person who, you think, will sustain the office effectively, and you become convinced that longer delay is likely to be detrimental or fatal to your undertaking, I will make room at any moment for another appointment.

With high consideration for your Board, and a most fervent interest in your undertaking, I am yours,

HORACE BUSHNELL.

To the North Church and Society.

Martinez, Cal., July 14, 1856.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,—You will hear from the papers and otherwise that I have just received the appointment of President of the College of California. The appointment was tendered to me in the understanding that I was neither to accept nor decline it absolutely, but to wait on Providence. To prevent any misunderstanding that might loosen at all the tie which has bound us together in a relation so dear to me for so many years, I thought fit to give a written answer that might be published. This answer you will see. If you

receive it in the impression I myself entertain of it, the chances of my separation from you will be neither increased nor diminished. The understanding I have with the Trustees is positive, that I will never allow the thought of a separation from you, even for a moment, except in a contingency that involves, in itself, the fact of a practical separation. My health is now so far restored that I have a strong confidence of being able, in about four months, to resume my duties. This is the desire of my heart, and the burden of my continual prayer to God. No earthly attraction draws me but this. Day and night my longing is after my dear flock. Still, I cannot hide from myself the possibility that a return to the moist climate of the East may bring on a recurrence of my difficulties; and it may be God's design to compel a change and bring me into some other field. If so, I must submit to him, and I have confidence in you that you will also submit to him as implicitly as I. Assuming that you will deem it an affliction, it cannot be as great an affliction to you as to me. I have always had it for my hope, if not my ambition, that I might be able to close my work in the place where it began—to do my whole work among you, and die with you. . . .

May God put it in our hearts to review the past before him, rectify all our omissions, and restore all our defects of duty. So let all obstructions be removed, that we may still abide in our happy union, as in the many years gone by. The grace of our God be upon us evermore.

Your pastor, HORACE BUSHNELL.

San Francisco, July 18, 1856.

To give you my history for the last fortnight in order, I left the Mission, the day after I wrote you last, for this place, to preach Mr. Lacy's installation sermon. I preached on Sunday evening, and had a grand audience, whom I occupied for about an hour and twenty minutes. I remained here five or six days, to see the sermon through the press, during which time I was honored with the appointment of President of the College of California. Don't be frightened. I am not yet settled in the office. I gave them my answer at once, which

you will see. I also went directly into the Board of Trustees and told them what I should answer, and, by their request, consented to act with a committee, already raised, to select a final location. Accordingly, I set off on Friday for Martinez, a small town with whose beauty I had been struck in sailing by, some eight weeks ago. Here I have stayed, examining, trying climate, riding over the whole region adjacent, etc., till yesterday (Thursday). Last night I came down in the steamer, on my way back to the Mission, staying over to-day, consulting, etc. In about three weeks I shall come up again to visit Martinez with the Trustees, or with as many as can go. I have been to two or three other locations near by, and there is also another near the Mission. I have gone into this *con amore*, as you know I naturally would. It is an occupation, and a most pleasant and refreshing one.

Mission San José, August 19, 1856.

It is very fortunate for me that I have this matter of prospecting for a college on hand, as it is an employment out-doors, and one that exactly suits my taste. Only it would not exactly suit my taste to be eaten by a bear, though it might the taste of the bear,—a strangely vicious bear, if it would! There is a ravine four miles north of this place, where the Alameda Creek breaks through the mountains, which are twelve hundred feet high on one side, and twice that on the other. It is a fearfully wild place; but I wanted to see how I might get through it, and arranged with Mr. B—— to go a-fishing with him. He became tired, and sat down,—for it was a fearfully hot day,—waiting for me to go on and complete my explorations. After I had got on through the bushes and rocks fifty or sixty rods, it occurred to me that it would be a beautiful place for a grizzly to make his appearance, and I had not got ten rods farther before I heard the bushes crashing as if a bull were trampling them, just over a little swell or dike between me and the creek. I saw no bear, and really did not want very much to see one; but I did want to run very much, only I had a little pride about it, and so I compounded for a walk. Meantime, as I

had left Mr. Hosmer's dirk-knife at home, I took out my small knife, opened the largest blade, and carrying that in my hand for defence,—about as good defence as a pin would make,—I marched back *very straight*. That it was a grizzly, I have no doubt. There is no track or sign of cattle passing here, and the tracks of grizzlies are often found. So it is my felicity to think that I have been within four rods of a grizzly, and got off safe! At the upper end of this gorge it opens out into the Suñole Valley, the place which is in itself my favorite location for a college. It is not very much like college life to be eaten up, so close at hand, by a bear.

Mission San José, September 3, 1856.

I went out yesterday morning to my College paradise, to go through a series of levels and measures of distance, to find whether the water will run to the ground, and how far it must be brought. I drove a pair of mules ten miles and walked twelve miles, working at the engineer's tools all the while, and keeping my feet all day from morning to night, except what time I was in the wagon. I ate nothing till dusk, when, out of a sense of the need, when I did not want it, I ate a pretty full dinner. But I had no power left for digestion. I went to bed and rolled all night, sleeping only about an hour just at dawn. I was never so completely fagged, though I really did not know it till after I went to bed. This morning I was obliged to go over again on horseback, and I have just now returned (three o'clock P.M.). I was obliged to press this matter so hard, because Mr. McLean, an engineer, one of the Trustees, had come up from San Francisco to make the examination, and could get on with it only by the help of another. I hurried and pressed yesterday afternoon to get on, but we could not finish. You would have laughed to see me running with the rod from one station to another, sometimes half a mile.

The Republicans are now getting on here finely; I think they will carry the State.

My friend Mr. Rankin, greatly to my surprise, is nominated for Congress. If he succeeds, California will for once

have an incorruptible and spotless man in the national councils. I can hardly tell you what a relief it is to hear how the fire catches on the eastern shore. God grant that we may now, at last, see the tide of barbarism and misrule turned!

Mission San José, September 18, 1856.

I omitted, or forgot in my last, to follow up my bear story in the previous letter. I was up in the hills over the gorge, where I *didn't* see the bear, and asked a squatter there if they ever saw anything of bears thereabout. "Yes," said he; "my son found the tracks of one this morning, a little way off, prowling about to get hold of my cattle." The very next day I heard that he and his son had been very nearly killed by the bear. Happily they are now recovered, but it was a narrow escape. Since then the bear-tracks have been seen down in the gorge itself. In my rides and explorations, I have grown a good deal shy lately; and clambering up through the deep ravines and bushes alone in search of water has come to be quite out of fashion.

The weather now is coming to the turn here. It begins with now and then a day of east wind, blowing hot from the San Joaquin Valley, reversing the cool west wind of the summer. We have had three such days—days baking hot—and this is one. But I keep in my adobe shell, as cool as a cucumber. We have even had a shower,—a most remarkable thing for the season; only the mere skirt of it, however, has moistened us. I forgot to say that we had thunder with our shower, which is here a great curiosity,—more curious and strange even than an earthquake. I am doing very well, I think, still, in the matter of health. I have preached in all seven times,—the last time more like myself than at any other, and with no bad effects. I am almost tempted sometimes to go upon the stump, when I see such cringing of Northern men as I do here; the devil tries to make me think it a religious duty, but he won't. I get off only by telling him that I am not open to conviction.

Now to your catechism: Does God make direct revelations to men now? Did he of old, then why not now? Does not

the personality of God imply it? In some sense I think it does, and that a kind of *latent* pantheism is a considerable ground of unbelief on the subject, which latent pantheism reaches farther than is commonly supposed. To this general view I have been held in writing, before I was put to the question by your letter. The more I ponder these subjects, the more my mind runs to this conviction—that as God is what he was, and men what they were, so what has been between God and man is likely still to be. But this, too, I begin to see more clearly, is not the end of the subject. Going thus far, there are yet considerations which must be admitted as having a qualifying power.

1. We do not see all the mental struggles through which the prophets, for example, passed. It was not a sceptical age, but they must have had a great many doubts at times whether they were this or that, taught or not. We occasionally discover this in their modes of expression. But they commonly spoke at the flood, when they were most positive, and we, therefore, see little of the ebb; still less of the process by which the young prophet came on so as to dare to think himself a prophet. The true method here is to invert our law and say that, as we look to see now what has been of old, so we are to judge that the men of old had just such struggles of thought about themselves as we have now, apart from our pantheism and habitual unbelief. Considering, then, how few times they came to the flood and spoke, we have a considerable limitation on our revelations, or the hope of them.

2. These prophets and men of distinct revelation were few in number. We look back, and think we see many. Put the centuries in between them, and they scatter into extreme rarity. Why should they be more frequent now?

3. There are two kinds of inspiration, as I have lately seen more distinctly than before. There is the inspiration of character, and the inspiration of use: one that God gives to make us better and reveal himself in us; the other to qualify us for a use, to write a book of scripture, for example, to "devise cunning works," etc. The grand general principle is that he works or breathes in men for their own

benefit, and to prepare for the uses of benefit to which he will put them in the world. To all men he gives the first inspiration, and to all men the last. But in the last they are not all wanted to be revealers or prophets, but some to be shoemakers and bankers, etc., etc. Therefore, the kind of power he is in these is a power in their natural judgment and executive force, and not any power of revealing his secrets to men, or writing scripture for them. He wants only a few for this use, and gives only a few the requisite inspiration. Are all prophets? Are all workers of miracles? No. It is even competent for him to say that he wants no more scripture written, and he is the judge. The fact that it is written may be a good reason why it should not be any more. The inspiration of use is measured by the want of it. The other is universal, because it needs to be.

4. The kind of handling God gives to his people will respect their age, modes of thought, life, and state of advancement. While he is thus as nigh as he ever was to any age, communicating to us as freely, it may be that the very thing he wants now is to square us down to laws and terms of order; not to amuse us and call us off by casual things, wonders, prophecies, and the like. That, after all, was a poor, vagrant age. If he can finally get us to looking after gifts, and graces, and answers by fixed laws, that may be the real harvest of the Spirit, as it is the harvest of physical production.

On the whole, not excluding visions and revelations when God sees fit to give them, I do not think that we can argue from the past to their commonness now or hereafter. As to the hearing of prayers, that appears to be the want of every age, and comes to a little different point from the matter of revelations. If we knew how to pray by law, it would be all the better.

Mission San José, October 3, 1856.

I do not feel very much pressed with the final question as yet. I recoil from it. And yet, while I shy the subject in this manner, I am haunted, about half the time, by the feeling that I am getting so far into the matter that I can never get out. Whom can I trust with one of my ideals to

take it up and go on with it, when it is a mere ideal, and nothing has come into the solid to guide the future development?

. . . We talk of water here just as the Scriptures do. It is precious. I never could understand why so much should be made of water. But the springs, the dry brooks, the running brooks,—all these water terms come to me here with real scriptural meaning. No gem, no crystal, no gold, no fruit,—nothing compares with water. And it will not be fifty years before we have vast overarched reservoirs here for storing water underground, as in the East.

You would think that we must be desolate beyond expression, surrounded by such dryness. But it is not so. We take the time much as you do the winter. It is our winter, only it is in the summer, and is the time of harvest. Nature is torpid. The leaves begin to fall off by dryness, the sap falling away as it does with you for cold, and the dry torpor coming on instead of the cold torpor. And, strange as it may seem, we have really beautiful scenery now, though nothing that we ever call scenery at home; the colors are all different, and yet strikingly beautiful. I wish I could transfer a scene to you that I looked on to-day. I rode out with a clerical friend to the summit that commands the gorge of the stream, where it breaks through the mountain. Such a gulf—a thousand feet deep, yellow on one side, spotted with evergreen oaks, and purple on the other (the shady) side, spotted with the same, and with the brilliant, glossy shittim and bay woods! The colors put on a landscape would be called absurd, impossible; and yet they are fact. How many other impossible things are fact in the same manner! Distant objects, or far-off backgrounds, too, have a peculiar depth of effect; the smoky blue resting on the yellow, and gloriously lighted up by it, so that as you look you seem to hear a kind of music ringing in the colors.

My book is done, and ready for the press. But mark! in writing the last head the subject of another book came upon me as never before, though I have before spoken to you of it, —"the Laws of Grace," or "the Laws of the Supernatural."

I see the subject in a shape that makes me more desirous than ever to lay hold of it. This would bring all to practical issue, and I think a great contribution would be made to the life of religion. If I do not fall into the College, here is something else that I think I will do.

To the North Church of Hartford.

San Francisco, October 19, 1856.

My dear Flock,—It is a little presumptuous, it may be, to address you by this title when I myself am so little of a shepherd to you; but I can satisfy myself with no other appellation. Indeed, I seem, in these ends of the earth, to be about as close to you as if I was locally with you; and it is even a Scripture idea that we are always where our hearts are. This it is, and not the body, which fixes our locality. We are even said to have our conversation in heaven by the same law. We are there among angels and glorified men, because our longings and the strong affinities of life are there. We share their company, talk with them by a kind of holy anticipation, and so we have our conversation there. And so my conversation is with you. If I hear your prayers, if I enjoy your unity, if I rejoice in your constancy and the confidence of your common love, where am I more truly than among you? Watching, and waiting, and striving, with you, is no matter of locality. Geographical degrees do not pertain to love; climates, and zones, and seas are not its boundaries. The concert of prayer is none the less real because it is inaudible. If I think of you in the night-watches, that is to be with you by day; for time is no boundary, any more than space or place. So I call you my flock, and must, till something more potent than either time or place separates me from you, and that, I think, will never be. When you betray my confidence or I desert your welfare, when some root of bitterness grows up between us, it will be time to imagine that we are separate. Anything which breaks the cord of remembrance or separates us from our common Lord, which neither height, nor depth, nor any other creature can, will finally sunder us. Until then, I must call you mine,—my friends, my brethren, the compan-

ions of my toil, the supporters of my weakness, the patient endurers of my faults, the wall God raises against my enemies. How, then, is it with you, my brothers in the Lord? Does the world get no advantage over you? Are you still instant in prayer? Are you faithful as you were in good works? Is your communion lively and clear? When I come among you, shall I find you such as I would, or be compelled to mourn over some of you that have fallen away? It will be a sad day to me if I find that you have lost ground. If, then, you have, any one of you, slidden but a little, return with a hasty repentance, and let me find you standing fast, the same that you were. No, not the same, but stronger and better. It is not enough that you hold your ground; a living Christian can do better, and, if he truly lives, he must. Not to grow is to die. May God be ever with you and keep you,—keep you alive! He alone can do it, and to him only could I look if I were with you in the flesh. As ye have learned Christ Jesus, so be ye rooted and built up in him. If we have sometimes been accused of denying Christ, the accusation will be true when we are seen to have no root in him. But if our life is the manifestation of his, if we feed on the eternal bread of his sacrifice and resurrection, then no adversary can harm us or rightfully blame us. I shall now be with you bodily, in a time that is rapidly shortening. Oh, that I may come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ! The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, till then and forever, be with you. HORACE BUSHNELL.

To Mr. Thomas Winship.

San Francisco, October 20, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I enclose with this a letter to the Church, which I beg you to present to Brother Hyde,* with my regards, and my earnest prayer for his success. I should have written to him; but when I took my pen I thought of you and yours, particularly of your afflicted and blessed

* The Rev. James T. Hyde filled the pastoral office in Dr. Bushnell's church acceptably to all during his absence.

daughter, and felt so drawn to her solitary lot of trial and pain that I turned from him to you. It is not for M——'s sake alone, however, that I write you, but also that I so much love the man, in whose heart God has put it to be found among the faithful. I have seen you bearing your load patiently and steadily, and have learned to value you the more highly, that I think I have seen you blooming in adversity, and bringing honor upon it. God himself puts a special honor on them whom he loads heavily, and why should not I? I have known something of trial in these two years of suspense and nothingness, and I sometimes think I am as much honored in this as in things that have worn a more prosperous look. "The trial of your faith is precious," says One who had a right to know. Do we not know as much? I suppose that M—— continues,—continues, I hope, to maintain her peace, and wait in patience for her time. That room is a small place for one that has so large a title; that bed and gathered-up position a narrow cage for one whose wings are plumed for so wide a flight. But the future eagle is not any the less an eagle that it is gathered for awhile in the compass of a nest. Besides, the imprisonment of the body does not hamper or confine the soul. That can range and occupy the universe. Thanks be to God, the mind that loves him must be free. Many a *soul* is in prison that has the body free, and flies in eager travel round the world. Many a soul is loose, having all eternity and space, that cannot lift the clod it inhabits. It is even the nature of true faith that it scorns all outward restrictions, all bodily weakness and pain. Tell your daughter that when we get some spring or leap, we must needs have some reacting base or object, and that so God is holding fast her body that she may spring the higher. I say, tell her this; but she knows it. She has found her emancipation coming out of her bondage. She knows that her pains and disabilities have brought her peace and strength. The chariot that drives fast must be shaken. The silver that is well refined must be melted by a fierce heat. And God is said to visit every morning where he tries every moment. Hold on, pain-stricken child of God, and you shall see what in no

mood of health could ever be shown you. "Be of good cheer," says One; "it is I." He said it in the storm, never says it in the calm or on the peaceful shore.

In true Christian love, I am yours, H. B.

Mission San José, November 3, 1856.

I am just in, this morning, from my last horseback ride, having preached yesterday at Centreville, six miles off, and then gone down two miles farther, to spend the night with Mr. Beard's father. I have been staying here now a whole week, in order to vote. I expect to do this to-morrow morning, and jump directly into the stage and be off for San Francisco, thence to Sonoma, to do a little more thorough prospecting there; when that kind of work, or rather play, will be done, except two or three days of it at Clinton, after I return, and before the meeting of the Trustees, which will be on Thursday, the 12th. The dear little filly that has been wings to me in my rides for some time past, fairly danced with fun as I came home this morning; and I could not help thinking that she had some additional sense of lightness from sympathy with me, in the sense of my last ride and to-morrow's first step homeward. I speak of it as a matter of joy, and yet it is a matter also of real sadness. I have had a stranger's home with these dear friends, and I leave them with great reluctance. They have done everything, and spared nothing, for my comfort or even pleasure. There is no place in the whole world where I could have been as happy, or as well cared for, as here,—*i. e.*, none away from my real and true home, where my heart centres in my blessed wife and my dear children. I take it as one of the providences of our Heavenly Father for us that I was directed to this place, and allowed to be settled in the favor of these strangers. In this fact I see a large part of the healing influence that has set me in the way of recovery. I cannot tell you, therefore, how tenderly I love these friends,—so liberal, bountiful, affectionate, and noble-hearted. I shall go a long way before I find their match. If I had been a brother, they could not have been more free or careful of me, or more

ready to sacrifice anything for me. God bless them and theirs forever,—their trials, their children, the very walls of their house! And it is a great comfort to me that they seem to be as much attached to me as I to them.

We have had, as yet, almost no rain here, though enough has fallen at Oakland and vicinity to freshen the hills a little. We have had several heavy frosts on the plain below, but we are a little elevated, and have escaped. Our garden is rich in the finest grapes, pears, and figs, and we had a fine dish of strawberries on Saturday, November 1st. Think of it,—strawberries from April to November! The nights are cool, but the days are often even hot as in summer. The plains below are covered with flocks of geese, and the air is alive with their clamor. Another peculiarity,—two or three kinds of birds have renewed their song as in spring. I saw one with food in her mouth, a few days ago, indicating a provision for her nest! This fact concerning the birds I never heard spoken of, even by the Californians. I began to notice it several weeks ago.

I begin to guess that we shall finally settle on a site at Clinton, a city that *was* to be on the opposite side of the bay from San Francisco. The last time I went up in the stage I noticed, while passing over the plain about half a mile across, two promontories setting out endwise towards it, and presenting beautifully graded eminences, with a gently scooped valley between, which runs back upon the same level six or eight hundred feet. I said this must be looked to. I rode out with Durant and McLean two or three days after, and found the view from these points magnificently beautiful. Back in the hills I clambered down into a deep ravine, and found, to our surprise, a stream of mountain water that will run one hundred and fifty thousand gallons per day, which can be brought in, a distance of less than two miles, so as to have a head of at least one hundred feet. I don't know as yet what terms we can get for the plain. It was laid off years ago into a regular quadrated city, but has come to nothing, and the owners talk well. But then we have also to get the right of the stream, which I think will not be difficult,

because it sinks as soon as it reaches the plain, and is seen no more. The geography is like this:—

[A rough outline map is sketched here.]

You will be struck by the amount of green in the foreground of Oakland and Alameda; by the city sloping towards the Golden Gate, the shipping and the open sea to be seen straight through it; by the island and the mountains right and left of the city. It is really magnificent. There is only one fault, viz., that the city is too near, too easily reached by the ferry-boats continually plying. This one fault staggers me; and yet it will make it more convenient to live, and the College will excite a more living interest in the city, before which it stands beautifully prominent. There is also more real virtue and more of good influence in the city, with all its vices, than anywhere else — a more elevating and conserving power of society.

San Francisco, November 15, 1856.

It is a great relief and refreshment to me to hear that the Park is going on so finely. But the thing that refreshed me most, and came most like a visitation from heaven, was the tenderness and brotherly love of dear Winship. Oh, what a depth of reason there is in that holy anxiety! what an indication it is of real insight into human weakness! Few of my acquaintance, I dare say, will ever think of such a possibility; and yet it squares, how perfectly, with all that I know of myself and the struggles of weakness and real frailty in my heart! I cannot say, my dear wife, that I have not lost ground in my nearness to God, but my heart leaps up, how quick, and freely, and full, when I come to what I may call a resting-place of thought and busy travel. I wrote Winship a letter by the last steamer (I think it was). I wish I had known what your letter tells me before mine was written. How strange some of these things are! Twice you have written me to write others just when I was doing it. Winship is weeping over me, or for me, in his prayers, just when I am turning aside to refresh my soul in communion with him and get a spring in that communion.

I left the Mission a little more than a week ago, and since that time I have been up again to take a more deliberate view of the Petaluma and Sonoma valleys. I have also been taking the gauge of the Clinton site, and of all the country north of it on the opposite side of the bay, getting water-levels, terms of cost, etc. For the last two days the Trustees have been at work to settle the question. I read them a full report, describing, as definitely as I could, five places. The point is not yet quite decided. I am off this afternoon for Sacramento, to preach for Mr. Benton, and stay there and at Marysville eight or ten days, prospecting now for the *gold*.

If I can get a university on its feet, or only the nest-egg laid, before I return, I shall not have come to this new world in vain. You seem to fear that I may be ambitious in it, after some bad sense. I have as good reason to fear it, probably, as you, and yet I cannot think that whatever any one may have done with a certain respect to good name is wrong. The Scriptures even make a reward of it. If we only look for a good name in such a temper as will just as certainly encounter a bad, should it come, trusting God for the name, be it good or bad, I do not see that we need be afraid of it. At any rate, I must own the impeachment so far as this: I should like to be known as having started into life, on these new and distant shores, a university that hereafter will be looked upon as a great source of light and Christian power; nor, any the less, to have done it, when seeking my health, as a substitute for idleness.

I am now in good heart, wearing down every man, young or old, that undertakes to go riding and climbing with me. Everybody says, "How well you look!" But the play is over; what remains is work in comparison. However, I shall not kill myself in carrying the bag; for I am more likely to drop the thirty pieces as a sordid business, and give it up. To go a-prospecting in nature will do, but to go a-prospecting in the hearts of mankind is different.

Sacramento, November 18, 1856.

This is Monday morning, and I preached twice yesterday, for the first time, partly in the way of experiment. I feel

very well, able to work, and stir, and do, and wear, and yet I have certain vestiges of bad sensation which shake a little my confidence of the future. Still, I should be in excellent spirits were it not for the terrible depression I feel for the gone case of the election. Everything looks bright enough but that, so that I am permitted to see, in the terrible sinking of heart I feel for my dear country, how much I love it, and how great a stake I have in its honor and its true liberties. I am glad to see that your heart is so deeply alive, and your hands so earnestly engaged, in the cause of the poor Kansas people. If I had a son, there is no cause in which I would more willingly see him die than in theirs. One thing more: this fight must never be given up; we must take it as now begun, and only begun. On we must go, working, reasoning, fighting as for life, till we conquer.

San Francisco, December 3, 1856.

. . . My great infirmity is, I know, that ideals are apt to be my tempters, and yet they should not be. If they are good and great, they ought to draw me closer to God. They would, I am certain, if I did not sometimes drop into the external of them, and rest in what is medial. . . . Our late meeting of the Trustees did not settle the question of location, as I believe I told you. . . . I am going to set off, this afternoon, up to San Pablo, east of the bay and north of the city, to see if I can discover another location, so as to be ready, when the Trustees meet, to report another. . . . I am not going to shoulder the subscription business myself, but only to get the question ready for others by seeing personally the principal men, and then calling together some hundred of them to make a statement and appeal. Then my work is done.

December 5, 1856.

I am a good deal baffled in my efforts to fix the College site. Out of the five places I selected and recommended, two have failed, and the third, I think, will. The Sonoma site I could not get at all. The Clinton fails because of one or two obstinate fellows on the stream, who will not let the water go out of its natural channel. The Suñole I expect to fail of,

partly because of an unexpected difficulty of expense in bringing the water, and partly because I am likely to get no favorable terms for the land. My excursion just referred to has brought out another site, as beautiful as any, and having some advantages over all. I can have water in abundance, and the best, at moderate expense in the bringing, and two hundred acres of the very best land for nothing. The scenery is water and mountain scenery combined, and that as fine as need be. The difficulty here is the wind of the summer months, which I think is too cold and too continual,—the few trees of the region being all combed in their tops in a slope, or slant away from it, and the very stubble of the fields leaning off in the same direction. The place is called San Pablo. It is a little like this:—

[An outline map follows here, with a description of the scenery.]

I arrived just at dusk, and found no place open but a little dirty shell of a place, where hostlers, drivers, and a drove of rough fellows who came up to rent the lands were the guests. We ate our supper by three tables-full of fifteen at a time; and such a supper! The host kindly volunteered to get me a place to sleep, and succeeded in begging me into Mr. ——'s bed with him, at Señor C——'s. Here, between dirt, and cold, and fleas, and a very good-natured bedfellow, I spent the night. Going over to breakfast at the dirty hole aforesaid, I was obliged to tell them that I had not washed. They gave me the nastiest tin dipper of water I have seen; and when I went in to notify my want of a towel, they brought me one that must have been used by the whole company for some days. I looked it over, and told them that I preferred to dry off. But I recollected my pocket-handkerchief, and came off nicely. A breakfast of griddle-cakes and molasses, eaten, not because the cakes were good, but because the molasses was like to be no dirtier than it is always, made my outfit for the day.

San Francisco, December 16, 1856.

Only one month more,—that is all. I say it very easily when talking to you, but not so easily when talking to my-

self. God is certainly very good to us all, and it is no time for us to be sad over any little privation that comes with the blessing.

San Francisco, January 3, 1857.

This is my last letter; I am down for a passage by the *Golden Gate* of the 20th. . . .

The location of the College is finally determined, and, what will a little surprise you, at a place never before mentioned, viz., in the Napa Valley. I will give you the history of the last week, that will show you how, and some things beside. As I was going down to San José last Saturday to preach, the captain of the boat told me of a beautiful site about three miles north-east of Napa City, where there was a fine stream of water. I decided instantly to go there on my return. I left San José on Monday morning, and a terrible gale took us on the bay, that made a rather serious time for us, carried off one of the wheel-houses, poured a heavy sea across the boat, carried off one of the scuttles, and sent a grand cascade into the hold, filling it ten or twelve inches deep. The prospect was that we should be swamped in the middle of the bay, where it is ten miles wide. The sailors thought we were going to Davy Jones's locker, and began to get drunk. But we fenced out the water, pumped out what we had taken, and in half an hour were comparatively snug, arriving only three hours behind our time, all safe. Tuesday morning I set off by boat for Napa City, which is a little western town at the landing, or head of tide-water, in the valley of that name, and is the third in order of the three valleys that open on the San Pablo Bay, beginning at the west,—Petaluma, Sonoma, Napa. I made a rush to the spot just in time to see it and get back to the hotel before the rain of the night began to pour; found a very nice stream of water, and nothing else! Lay awake with rheumatic pains, which for some reason took me that night, and heard the roaring, driving storm all the night long. Thought I had not exhausted the place,—that I might possibly take the water to another place and get a good lookout. Gave the morning to another trial. Forded the stream, where the water came almost to my sad-

dle-top, dipping in my knees with my legs drawn up. The new spot no improvement. Took the afternoon stage to Benicia, thence to go down in the night boat from Sacramento. Before leaving the hotel, I pointed several persons to a fine, lofty terrace in the hills on the other side of the valley, the western, inquiring whether no water came out of the deep gorge close by it. Some said, "None;" some, "A little." All agreed that there was no good stream at all. I had made the same inquiry two months before, with the same result.

I found on board the stage a gentlemanly passenger who lives right in the spot itself, who said there was water there. Running water? Yes. How much? That he could not find any terms to show. By-and-by, when about half-way down to Benicia, it came out that there is a saw-mill on the stream! I reached San Francisco that night, and took the steamer again, the next morning, for Napa. Went to the ground as fast as I could ride in the awful mud of three miles, and got back just at dark. Attended a great ball that night,—*i. e.*, the noise of it,—went back to San Francisco, wrote my report describing the place at full length, and was ready for the adjourned meeting of the Trustees last evening, when the new site was unanimously voted; and if the conditions are met, as I think they will be, it will be absolutely taken. I have great comfort in it. The climate is perfect, the scenery is beautiful,—a fine, rich valley, about eight miles across in all directions, surrounded by mountains on all sides, sprinkled over with trees; the site imposing beyond all others, the background magnificent, tide-water only three miles off.

In a Statement and Appeal for the College, published by the Trustees, Dr. Bushnell gave this *résumé* of the work which he had attempted and accomplished:—

"Regarding this out-door employment as precisely adapted to my wants, and as being actually better than none at all, I entered immediately upon it, and without charge to the Institution, which I am most happy to have served in this manner. I have occupied my whole time

down to the last of December in examining views and prospects; exploring water-courses, determining their levels, and gauging their quantities of water; discovering quarries, finding supplies of sand and gravel, testing climates; inquiring, and even prospecting, to form some judgment of the probabilities of railroads; obtaining terms, looking after titles, and neglecting nothing necessary to prepare the question for a proper settlement. I have reported on a site at Martinez; also on another in the Petaluma Valley; on another in the Sonoma Valley; another in the valley owned by Señor Suñole, back of the Contra Costa chain, and five miles distant from the Mission San José; another at the Mission San José itself; another at San Pablo; still another at Clinton, or Brooklyn, opposite the city; and still another in the Napa Valley. The site at Clinton, or Brooklyn,* was, on the whole, preferred to any other, as uniting the best advantages; but the endeavor to procure it was obstructed by a demand so exorbitant for the small stream of water which was indispensable to the feasibility of the site that we were obliged to surrender the place. In the mean time, while these negotiations were pending, the site in the Napa Valley, which had not before been discovered, was brought forward, and conditionally adopted."

In the delay of several years before the College was finally located, the difficulties in the way of obtaining water at Clinton were obviated, and the choice of the Trustees gravitated again toward the site which had been most preferred by Dr. Bushnell. There, in April, 1860, a formal meeting was held, and the location and name of Berkeley were decided upon.

He had attempted to help the College of California by finding its proper location, and by publicly presenting to leading men in California and at the East its claims upon their consideration. At the request of the Trustees, he left open the question of the presidency while it was not necessary practically to fill the office, and did not formally decline it until 1861. In the uncertainty of his future he was glad to delay his decision, and meantime endeavored to be of use to the Institution.

The Rev. S. H. Willey, who accompanied Dr. B. in many of his prospecting expeditions, says that "the Suñole Valley, near Pleasanton, was the Doctor's Paradise,—water, landscape, retirement, and all. But there no railroad was then project-

* The site finally adopted.

ed, and that site was too far off without a railroad. But Dr. Bushnell used stoutly to maintain that any overland road must get through the coast range along that Alameda Creek, and so now it does. Furthermore, he said it must reach San Francisco by a piling across the bay!"

On this point his friend Mr. Twichell has said:—"It was when he was in California that he manifested, in as marked a manner as ever he did, the original habit of his mind. He had scope for it there, for the State was new, and everything was forming. Stranger as he was, and an invalid, he interested himself immediately in all great public enterprises that were on foot, and very soon had his own views with regard to them. The Pacific Railroad was then only a project. There was a difference of opinion among engineers as to the route of the California end of it when it should be built. And so the Doctor, as he journeyed up and down, had an eye to that matter, and, before he left, had surveyed out in his own mind a route that he believed was the right one. And when at last the road *was* built, it pleased him exceedingly that *his* route was the one adopted."

CHAPTER XIX.

1857–1858.

RETURN FROM CALIFORNIA. — SERMON OF REUNION. — WEEK-DAY SERMON TO BUSINESS MEN. — THANKSGIVING. — REVIVAL OF 1857, '8. — OVERWORK. — LETTER FROM THE NORTH CHURCH AND REPLY. — CHOICE OF A COLLEAGUE. — PUBLICATION OF "SERMONS FOR THE NEW LIFE." — PUBLICATION OF "NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL." — EXHAUSTION.

Dr. Bushnell left California, apparently in perfect health, but reached his home in January, 1857, after the long voyage, with a severe cold, the natural result of a sudden exposure to our winter climate. He was well enough, however, to express his joy at the reunion with his people, in a sermon drawn from one of those peculiar texts in which he found so much fresh meaning. That "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed," was to him only an Oriental form of expression for the truth, "That we require to be unsettled in life by many changes and interruptions of adversity, in order to be most effectually loosened from our own evils, and prepared to the will and work of God. We need, in other words, to be shaken out of our places and plans, agitated, emptied from vessel to vessel, else the flavors of our grossness and impurity remain. We cannot be refined *on our lees*, or in any course of life that is uniformly prosperous and secure."

The following paragraphs, selected from this sermon, disclose the depth of his feeling in his long separation from his people and his work:—

"What good man ever fell into a time of deep chastening who did not find some cunning infatuation by which he was holden, broken up,

and some new discovery made of himself? The veils of pride are rent, the rock of self-opinion is shattered, and he is reduced to a point of gentleness and tenderness that allows him to suffer a true conviction concerning what was hidden from his sight. Nor is anything so effectual in this way as to meet some great overthrow that interrupts the whole course of life; all the better if it dislodges him even in his Christian works and appointments. What was I doing, he now asks, that I must needs be thrown out of my holiest engagements? for what fault was I brought under this discipline? He has every motive now to be ingenuous, for the hand of God is upon him, and what God declares to him he is ready to hear. And ah! how many things that were hidden from him start up now into view! How could he be allowed to go on prosperously, when there was so much in him and his engagements that required rectification, and ought, if it be not removed, to forever exclude him from these engagements? Perhaps he will be thrown out of them entirely and turned to something else, that he may there discover, in a second overthrow, other evils that are still hidden from his knowledge.

"But there is a use of this subject that has many times occurred to you already, and to this, in conclusion, let us now come. By the visitation of God upon us,—upon you, that is, and upon me,—the tenure and security of our relation as pastor and people has been interrupted now for two whole years. Whether it was God's design, by this interruption, to refine us and purify us to a better use of this relation, or to bring it to a full end, remains now to be seen. The former is my earnest hope and my constant prayer. Was there nothing in us, on one side or on both, that required this discipline, and made it even necessary for us? Is there no reason to suspect that, in our state of confidence and security, we were beginning to look for the blessing of Moab, and not for the blessing of Israel? For myself, I feel constrained to admit that I had come to regard my continuance here too much as a matter of course, an appointment subject to no repeal or change. I had learned to trust you implicitly as my friends, and knew that you could never be less. I had let my roots run out and downward among you, in a growth of nearly a quarter of a century. Invitations to other places I had even forbidden or cut off beforehand. Under the semblance of duty and constancy, I had undertaken to die here and nowhere else, knowing no other people, place, or work. And under this fair cover crept a little foolish pride, it may be, that really needed chastisement. As if it were for me to say where I would stay or die! Just here, unwittingly, my imagined constancy became presumption. Furthermore, I had always been too much like Moab, as I now see, and bitterly needed some kind of captivity more real, some change more crippling, than the mock adversities I had heretofore tossed aside so lightly.

"And so, both for my sake and for yours, he has brought this heavy trial or adversity upon us. By this he takes us off our ices, and his de-

sign has been to ventilate us by the separation we have suffered. He means to purify us, to take away all our self-confidence, and our trust in each other, and bring us into an implicit, humble trust in himself. And the work he has begun, I firmly believe that he will prosecute till his object is gained. If two years of separation will not bring us to our places and correct our sin, he will go farther. He will finally command us apart, and tear us loose from all our common ties and expectations. For myself, I am anxious to learn the lesson he is teaching, and I pray God that a similar purpose may enter into you."

On February 17, 1857, he wrote to Dr. Bartol: "My book is now ready for the press, and I mean to be out with it before long. I do not hear that you are blossoming again,—a very good figure for you, but a very bad one for me, who bear my fruit, like the fig, on the naked limb, without any flower at all."

Under the same date, to Mr. Chesebrough, he said, "I have a good deal of fear that the attempt [to start a college in California] will fall through. It is a hard time there. Should they get on, I may or may not go there. Everything depends on my ability to stay, or not to stay, here. I shall never leave my people till I am compelled."

Again, early in March, he wrote to Dr. Bartol: "As soon as I can make it right, I shall be in Boston. I am now fresh married to my people, and cannot leave them till I get a little old. Two years, remember, they have been without me, and they are as eager to keep me as I to be kept."

The people of the North Church were now planning for another building, and he went into the architectural study as ardently as he had done into the business of prospecting in California.

Hartford, April 18, 1857.

My dear Daughter, — . . . I had a very pleasant visit, taken as a working one, in New York. It is a good deal of a matter, we find, to settle on just the church we want, where as yet there is an infinite liberty as to forms. It is like choosing a face out of all possible shapes and colors; one will be a little critical about it, especially if he has got to wear it forever after.

Your aunt is expecting to see you this week, as I presume

you are expecting to see her. I have no doubt you will do what you can to make your visit a pleasant one to her. Now that your education is complete, you will shine, of course!

But this is nonsense; think nothing whatever of shining. The sun does not shine because he has a will for it; no more does a man or woman. Even the moon, which shines with only a borrowed light, has no thought about it, but only lets her unoriginal beams play off their glistening into what quarter they will. And so it is universally, both in the original and the unoriginal, the first and second rate characters. Their real merit is the unconscious show of what they are; and there is nothing so refreshing in this world of affectations as the natural, unstudied revelation, whether of goodness, or beauty, or genius. . . .

Your loving father, H. Bushnell.

In the early summer he went with his friend, Mr. Sampson, and a party of friends, including his daughter, on the delightful round trip to Niagara and Canada, and through the White Mountains.

He was at the Yale Commencement in New Haven, and after his return wrote to his wife:—

Hartford, August 5, 1857.

. . . I preached a Niagara sermon last Sunday, *i. e.*, a sermon suggested by the Rapids. It seems to have excited some interest. It looked on the affairs of life, and took their sense as the preparations of eternity,—the only real sense they have; they roar with a sound of eternity.

What I shall do for the next Sunday I do not know. I am at work thus far on old matter for a volume. What a blessing it is to be well again! It comes over me occasionally like the sound of a hymn, and I stop to listen. I wish you could tell our dear friend, Mr. Sampson, what I think of him at such times. May God bless him! Give my love to all *seriatim*, according to the Jewish style, beginning at the oldest, etc.

Preaching almost every Sunday fresh and stimulating sermons, he seemed to feel that he was doing little,—in no dan-

ger, he said, of overwork. He complained that while he "dreaded a long pull," he seemed "to lack short designs;" and yet one might have thought that he had both in abundance, in the preparation for publication of two volumes, and the frequent writing and delivery of new sermons. He was now getting ready for the press the first collected volume of his sermons, those "For the New Life," allowing his work on the Supernatural to stand and become thoroughly settled under revision, before it should be given to the world.

Early in the autumn, the terrible financial crash of 1857 "burst upon the world of trade and overwhelmed it, as earthquakes do cities and provinces." Alarm darkened to despair, a dense cloud settled down upon the business community, and there seemed to be no light ahead. At a time when courage and hope were the most needed cordials of fainting hearts, and even the first requisites to an improved condition in affairs, Dr. Bushnell spoke brave words of cheer in "A Week-day Sermon to the Business Men of Hartford," which was printed in the *Courant*, and found many grateful readers. The simple text,—"And when the ship was caught and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive,"—was a suggestion of good seamanship in all storms whatever; while "the wisdom which consists in a dexterous and timely submission to the evils we cannot help," was brought home by the sermon in a thoroughly practical way. "See to it," he said, "that, in finally yielding to the storm, if yield you must, you let go in no manner of despair or panic. Yield because you must, and deliberately, as a matter of counsel, and then sail down the storm in counsel, just as before you endeavored to sail up. Choose your time and manner skilfully, and when you go about, stand by the helm. No vessel can live for any length of time that is wholly given up or abandoned to the storm. It must be steered away before it, and kept to its course as carefully and skilfully as if it were still making its point of destination. Now, in fact, is the time for a talented and brave seamanship. Just so to steer a suspended and protested business as to bring it out safe, or to make it yield most for the creditors when it can no longer yield anything

for itself, requires great skill, firmness, pertinacity, and a truly heroic fidelity. All the faculty you have is wanted now, and that in its best and bravest order; for now your seamanship is to be tested. Set yourself to it, therefore, if you must fall away before the storm, to keep your shattered craft in the best trim possible."

On Thanksgiving-day, too, when he felt the mood of the time to be very wide of festivity or praise, he found abundant subject for thanksgiving, and even for a very hallelujah of rejoicing over the check given to slavery by the vote of Kansas to be a free State. "Human slavery is now doomed in the United States,—doomed, not by any philanthropic scheme of abolition, but doomed to feel a pressure on its border; to be crowded farther on and away by the press of freedom and its emigrations; so to give way, lose confidence, crumble in fatal demoralization, and finally to cease and be a fact forgot. And this year (Anno Domini 1857) is the year that marks the change. Come out, then, oh ye drooping ones, from your moanings over the money; come and see what God hath wrought! Make the day thanksgiving. Crown it with a hymn!"

He had been to Cambridge to exchange with Professor Huntington; and after the little festival of Thanksgiving at home, which had been dimmed in its brightness by the absence of one child and the sickness of another, he wrote to the daughter in New Haven:—

Hartford, November 27, 1857.

. . . We had a nice little time at our dinner, but it wanted you much. D—— put it thus: "How much I miss ——, she is so lively!"—in which, possibly, she meant something more than a compliment, viz., to reflect to disadvantage on the dull, humdrummy old gentleman she calls her father. Poor child, I am very much of her opinion, as far as that is concerned.

I had a very delightful visit to Boston, abating the cloud I was under, and the half-capacity I was in. There is something in Boston that I find nowhere else,—a finish, an intellectuality, a culture of all kinds, society, good-manners; the

very common people behave better, with less loutishness, as if they felt the *sense* of something, which in *fact* they do not know. This matter of an atmosphere,—what a power there is in it, what profound reality! You can feel it, when you go into a house, as perceptibly as the furnace-heat blowing up into the apartments. You can feel it in the church, in the social gathering; nay, you can feel it in the open precinct of a person, for every person carries about an atmosphere with him.

I want you to get hold clearly of the religious connections of geology as you listen to these lectures. Here is the grandeur of geology, that it looks on the hand of the Creator, and sees the stages by which he goes on. I want very much a conversation with Professor Dana myself. Give him my best respects.

There are several streams of love—four of them—flowing criss-cross at the other end to as many more. Conduct them to their mark.

Your father, with great love, H. B.

The financial crisis was, as every one will remember, followed by that great and unexampled religious revival which overspread the country, and moved society to its very foundations. The excitement of it lasted through the whole winter and late into the spring. Ministers, and all those who took an active part in the direction of the great and frequent meetings of the people, were called to make unwonted exertions, and were themselves kept at a sustained pitch or strain of feeling that was more exhausting than the work. Dr. Bushnell did not spare himself in the services held at his own church, or in the daily Union Prayer-meetings of the city. Under the pressure of work, and by the aid of sympathy prepared for him in his audiences, he resorted, for the first time, to extempore preaching. He achieved in this a success unlooked for, as he had always doubted his ability for off-hand speech. Some of these sermons were very remarkable and impressive, and commanded the fixed attention of several intellectual and not hitherto religious men. One day

his good friend, Deacon Collins, who had listened to his preaching ever since he came to Hartford, said, as he walked down the aisle, "Dr. Bushnell must never preach any more written sermons. He may write to print, but not to preach."

Besides this public work, he did much in his study. An article on California came out in the February number of the *New Englander*. The proofs of his volume of sermons were passing through his hands. The bulletin sent by his daughter to a family friend was this:—"Father is not very well now, as he is obliged to work harder than is good for him. He writes a new sermon for every Sunday [this was before he had begun to resort to extempore preaching], preaches Wednesday evening, talks Thursday and Friday evenings, besides meeting people for conversation on Monday, revising or sometimes rewriting one sermon a week for the press, and looking over the proofs of two or three more." No wonder that, before May came, he was obliged to confess himself utterly broken down. Looking back, he realized that in these services, and especially in the prayer-meetings, he "had been strung up to the highest point of tension." On the first Sunday of May there was a great throng of newcomers to the table of communion, and he insisted on conducting the service and preaching himself. The "Sermons for the New Life" were now out. After this it was imperative that he should have rest. His people meantime were unwilling that he should do so much, and were urging him to consent to their calling a colleague. And so, after a little rest in New York, he went off himself on a stolen errand to Fall River, where he heard and accepted the man of his choice, unknown to anybody, and, above all, unknown to the object of it.

To his Wife.

New York, May 11, 1858.

. . . I am living here in the utmost quiet, and enjoying my ease as much as it is possible with this wretched cough upon me. Yesterday I had the two poles—hearing Beecher in the morning, and Professor Shedd in the evening. Beecher preached the most dramatic and, in one sense, most effective

sermon I ever heard from him, but in all the philosophy of it unspeakably crude and naturalistic; and yet I was greatly moved notwithstanding, and, I trust, profited. The close was eloquent enough to be a sermon by itself. Professor Shedd gave the Address before the Society of Inquiry for the Theological Seminary, in Dr. Adams's church,—scholastic, badly-planned, and, with much fine thought and expression, a virtual failure. I was the more disappointed because it is not his way to make a failure.

This morning I took breakfast at Professor H. B. Smith's, where I met Shedd and Bancroft and others, who are more or less among the celebrities. They talked about Goethe, Kant, Jacobi, Schelling, Hegel, and other Germans, and we had a good time of it—after we got through with the Germans.

I hear much good for my book. Even the *Puritan Recorder* is out for me!

But this is moonshine all; why do I name it? My heart is not in it, but with you and my dear brethren of the church. With you, as drawn to you by a most assured and truly resting love, that we may be kept on earth just long enough to do up our work, and have it complete. With them, that they may not faint in their faith, but hold on till their faith is crowned. They have how many, waiting and already half prepared to the harvest! These that are so nigh, shall they not enter? Oh, they must! My heart aches to see them in the Lord, and greet them as his.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, May 19, 1858.

My dear Friend and Brother,—I thank you for your kind invitation, and will avail myself of it for a day or two. I shall probably come to Boston from Fall River some time on Monday.

As to the devil getting you, I don't believe a word of it, and scarcely more that I am getting more orthodox, which may be very nearly the same thing concerning me. I believe nothing in orthodoxy, but all in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Did you see the commendation of my sermons in the *Puritan* the other day, finishing off with the suggestion that probably a good drubbing had done me good,—in other words, whipped me in? It quoted from two sermons to show this, one of which was written twelve years ago, and the other twenty-three! However, I do dare to think that I am growing more adequately and more Christianly true. And, in just that way, I am brewing now a new heresy, which, if God spares my life, I shall certainly give to the world, even if I must die in the smoke of it. Of all this when we meet, and more. I am, as ever, yours, H. Bushnell.

In a July paper we find the following published statement and correspondence:—

"The North Congregational Church have unanimously voted to call the Rev. J. Lewis Diman, of Fall River, Mass., to be an associate pastor, or colleague, of Dr. Bushnell, whose health has become so infirm as to prevent his further preaching for the present.

"A committee has been appointed to notify Mr. Diman of the action of the church and society. Whether he will accept the call will soon be seen.

"In connection with this subject, we append the following correspondence between the members of that church and their pastor:—

"Hartford, May 17, 1858.

"Rev. Horace Bushnell:

"Beloved Pastor,—Desiring in some way to embody and express the feelings and wishes of this church and society respecting yourself and ourselves in the peculiar and trying situation in which we are placed, as pastor and people, by reason of your present feeble health, we are moved to write you this letter. We desire to encourage and comfort you, to remove from your mind all care and anxiety, and cooperate with you in such measures as may be thought best for the restoration of your health. To this end we would assure you of our united affection and sympathy, of our ardent attachment to this church and society, and our sincere and unanimous wish that the pastoral relation so long and profitably sustained may be, under any circumstances, continued....

And while we earnestly pray God to give you health, and restore you again to those daily ministrations so pleasing to you and profitable to us, we would also thank him for what he has already enabled you to accomplish in the temporal and spiritual benefits conferred by your ministry upon us and our families. We feel ourselves under a lasting debt of gratitude to God and obligation to yourself; and whether you are able to preach or compelled to be silent, to lead in our public worship or to be absent from our meetings, we still desire to call you our pastor, and to feel that this relation, which has existed for a quarter of a century, will cease only at your death.

"Signed by all the members of the church and society.

"Hartford, June 15, 1858.

"NORMAN SMITH, A. M. COLLINS, AND OTHERS:

"DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS OF THE NORTH CHURCH AND SOCIETY,—I have been hoping to make some public answer to the note bearing your unanimous signatures, of the 17th of May, but my opportunity is delayed, and may be for some time to come. I cannot tell you what emotions I feel in reading this roll of names, affixed, in unanimous consent, to such terms of affection, and the tender of such pledges as your letter contains. Could I know that my God will accept my ministry as you do, and give me a seal of his divine approval as clear and free, I would ask no more. And it is just because I am less confident of this that I am moved so tenderly by so great a partiality in you. It seems to be a very simple and obvious matter of justice that a disabled minister, who has worn out all his best powers in serving his people without enriching himself, should not be deserted by them. But the difficulty is that we are commonly conscious of so many neglects, defects, false motives, and only formal fulfilments, that claims of justice are very much out of the question; and we are apt to be considering rather by what conditions of helplessness and desertion our good Father may well enough be preparing to chasten us. Thus it is that I accept your good-will; not because I discover in it your sense

of honor and justice (which I knew as well before), but as a token that my God is willing to let you exercise forbearance towards me, and cover my defects with the generous mantle of your Christian affection. What, then, can I do more fitly, or how express more truly the sensibility your kindness stirs in my heart, than to go apart into the secret shadow of God's presence and ask him to crown these outward tokens and pledges of yours, by adding his own forgiveness. Here, too, as my more direct ministry is suspended—or if possibly it is not to be resumed—let me wait before him, asking his dear blessing on my faithful and ever-dear flock. The Lord bless you by name, you and your children; give you in your hearts the riches of his word; keep you in holy unity with each other; deliver you more and more completely from this present evil world; conform you more and more fully to the great image of his Son; and give it to be the crown of our blessing as pastor and people, that we are gathered home together at last, to the greetings and common recollections of a renewed and eternally perfected union in Christ.

"In strongest bonds of love and confidence, I am your pastor, HORACE BUSHNELL."

Greatly to the regret of Dr. Bushnell and the church, the Rev. Mr. Diman declined the call; and no other choice was made, in part because Dr. Bushnell became convinced that the colleague relation was one for which his active habit disqualified him.

The "Sermons for the New Life" were very cordially received in all quarters, and that volume has doubtless been more widely read than any other of his, and with more of simple gratitude for its religious guidance and instruction. There was no complaint heard of its theology. The following significant letter is pleasant to read:—

Cambridge, September 8, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER BUSHNELL,—As I once regarded myself called on, with others, to write in opposition to sentiments

you had published, a sense of duty equally now constrains me to perform a more grateful task. I have been reading your "Sermons for the New Life." I need scarcely say that no opinions I have yet met in them contravene my belief of the teachings of Scripture. But this negative statement refers to the past. I thank you for writing and publishing these Discourses. They occupy a ground of supreme importance, which I have no recollection of traversing under the guidance of any other teacher. . . . I regret not having earlier known the style of your ministrations at home; for I unfortunately knew you only through those Discourses which presented views contrary to my conceptions of Gospel doctrine. May God furnish you with abundant grace still to proclaim that ever-blessed Gospel which you so forcibly exhibit.

Your affectionate fellow-servant, EDWARD N. KIRK.

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, October 25, 1858.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I meant to have thanked you sooner for your Address at Cambridge. I think it is the richest and most vigorous thing you have done. It has the merit, also, of being profoundly true in certain leading aspects. But there are matters in it which I want to quarrel with a little, such as your very unjust assumption that you alone propose to hold the Unity. Every orthodox man proposes the same, only some take up views of their Trinity which to your and my conception involve a real tritheism.

You seem to assume that Trinity, such as you qualifiedly acknowledge, is a human invention, to be finally overreached and antiquated. This I very much doubt. Much more likely is it to me that our human limitation, as finite, requires it, and always will,—that the infinite Unity becomes relational, and eternally will, through it.

I must also protest against your classing "trinity" with "idolatries," "mythologies," and the like. You cannot do it with a just respect to Scripture.

But the grand central truth of the Address is a truth beautifully, strikingly set forth; so great a thing is it, requiring

so much machinery, and so great strain of thought, to recognize and receive the Unity.

I will send you my new book in a few days. Love to all.

Yours truly, H. BUSHNELL.

The book which had been so long the subject of his most profound and patient study, that for the sake of which he believed his life had been spared, the greatest work which had yet been given him to do—"Nature and the Supernatural"—was now at last ready. He felt that it struck a new key, and was the best contribution he could make to the thought of the world. Naturally he was most anxious to know how it was received, and what thinking men would make of it. He was like one who drops a pebble into the ocean, and waits to see the circles spread from that point outward. Seeing and hearing nothing, for the fall was into deep waters, he wrote once to Dr. Bartol, asking what was said in Boston,—"Boston above all,"—and again, in answer to him, he wrote once more:—

Hartford, December 3, 1858.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I really hope you did not think I was weak enough to be wishing for some Boston commendation the other day. I wrote you only to find what they say, be it good or evil. I have such perfect confidence in the argument of my book that I can bear anything. I cannot even conceive the onset that will shake me. Still, I am human (that is, a fool), and wanted to know what the word may be.

This morning you tell me that you are going to review. Don't do it for my sake; and if you do it, do not spare me because I am your friend. Understand that I have whole cargoes of conceit, and lay on. . . .

What I say of charity and liberty is in this view. Not that every man who calls himself a liberal, or rejoices in the epithet, is therefore off the balance. He is only on the way to be, and, holding on under that flag, he certainly will be. There is a certain under-force in words, which many make no account of, and which yet is too strong to be permanently resisted by anybody. Thus there is a loosing element in the

type of the word liberal. I found it having finally an effect on me which I did not like, and I made up my mind that charity was good enough for me; wondering not a little that Jesus, so abundant and free in the charities of his life, had yet the more than human wisdom to assume no airs of liberalism. No man or denomination of men can make a flag of that word, I am perfectly certain, without being injured by it. The under-force of it would finally move mountains.

I want you to think nothing of me, and everything of truth. I don't ask you to be liberal to me; I am not so much as that to myself. God give you the truth, and then the heart to say what belongs to truth.

Yours ever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

In later letters, written after reviews had begun to come in, we find such bits as these:—"I will try to comfort myself in the hope that I am about right when you, on one hand, set me down as the demolisher of nature, and the *New Englander* complains, on the other, that I defer too much to nature, and am too much under her power." And again:—"It is really hard times with a poor fellow. The *New Englander* tries me all through by the New Haven theology, and Dr. James makes me a ninny for being in the New Haven theology. About everything said on one side is thrown back on the other, and I am pelted all round. Give my persecuted love to the dear quiet house of the B——'s." But this was only a humorous attempt to make a victim of himself. His real and unchanging feeling was expressed, at a little later time, in a letter to Mr. Goodwin:—"My day has not yet come, and will not till after I am gone. So, by a kind of foolish conceit, it may be, I contrive to think. I should fare better if I would get up a school or sect, or raise a party of *ites*, have a publication, etc. But the work I am called to do moves slowly, and yet it moves."

Perhaps that is still true. It may be, even now, too early to say what the book has accomplished. Nor is that necessary. It is known wherever Horace Bushnell is known, and speaks for itself, better than any voice can speak for it. But

this one thing we may permit ourselves to say, not so much of the book as of its author. His subject being the reconciliation of reason and faith, of science and revelation, of nature and the supernatural, we shall perceive, on a little reflection, that he was prepared by nature for a free range in both these spheres as few men have been. The imaginative and the practical faculties were rarely balanced in his organization, and the whole training and education of his life, from earliest years, had been such as to bring out and cultivate both sides. Nature was his school-mistress, and he early tested the rigor of her laws by a multitude of practical experiments. But a devout and loving mother enveloped the tender soul of his infancy in a spiritual atmosphere, till the fledgling imagination could grow its wings and make ready for flight. In college he turned first with avidity to the study of natural science, and yet he only fell in love with philosophy when he found he could transmute it into poetry. The same was true of his work in life. A glance lifted from one of his books and resting in pleasant survey upon Bushnell Park, would easily take in its twofold meaning. And thus, as a teacher of religious truth, his every instinct and mental habit led him to make reason the willing servant of imagination. His belief was firm that science and revelation might together scale the heights of all mysteries, exploring and discovering a whole upper world or universe of nature and the supernatural.

Working up to this time under the strong impulse of a purpose, to him all-important, he had performed an immense amount of labor, hardly conscious of the physical expenditure he was making. Now the ebb-tide had begun to flow. During the ensuing winter his symptoms were worse than they had ever been, and he was unable to preach. The Rev. C. D. Helmer occupied his pulpit for several months, and took upon him most of the work of the parish. Dr. Bushnell was at home, as quiet as it was in his nature to be, and finding his chief recreation in riding and driving a spirited little black horse which had just come into his possession. Robin proved the best of friends, both intelligent and

sympathetic, and as full of pluck as his owner. Rides were taken on very cold days; and sometimes Robin tempted his master to stay out in the wintry weather till he was chilled through, and so none the better for his exercise. No important writing was on hand, but a gleam of something yet before him to be done fell upon him through the clouds, and cheered him on. On New-year's-day he wrote, with the greetings of 1859, to a friend, "I think the day is at hand when something can be done for a better conception of the work of Christ. Here is the great field left that I wait for grace and health to occupy."

CHAPTER XX.

1859-1860.

LEAVING HARTFORD.—MINNESOTA.

As the spring came on, and no gain was made in health, it became apparent to Dr. Bushnell that the time had come when he could no longer feel it right to hold his place as pastor of the North Church. In April he sent in his resignation, and insisted on its being accepted, in spite of the urgency of his people that he should reconsider, or consent to retain his connection with them in some partial way. He made his plans for breaking up his home, to leave Hartford for a time, and early in July spoke his "Parting Words" to his people. The text,—"Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country,"—was the prelude to a dirge such as no other sorrow had drawn from him.

"The hand of God is upon me, and I must go. I have struggled long with this dark necessity, and you on your part have also detained me. Were I dislodged by you, I should probably go with greater pains and fewer regrets. It is even a part of my happiness that I can go with these regrets upon me. They are heavy enough, indeed, to create a pain, but the pain were much heavier without them. I perceive as distinctly beforehand as I can at any future time that when I am finally separated from this dear flock, who have been the home of my heart for so many years, I shall be sick and weary, and look back, with longings not to be suppressed, on these pastorly works and cares, these answering words and faces left behind. . . .

"You have kindly urged me to stay with you, and have generously offered to have me as a burden, when you could not have me any longer as an effective pastor and servant. You have even claimed it as your right to repay in this manner what you have generously agreed to consider a debt fairly incurred. But the sense of being a burden, and living as a pensioner, you can readily see, might, to persons of a certain temperament, be insupportable. I acknowledge it is so to me;

not because I distrust your constancy in such pledges, but because it involves the being consciously a drawback on your prosperity as a congregation, which it has been the habitual study of my life to advance. Your interest plainly requires me to be gone, and obediently to that I go. . . .

"I ought, perhaps, to say that it is not merely to gain a lengthened lease of life that I am induced to make this trying sacrifice. If I had nothing to live for, I certainly would not wish to live a day longer. But I am encouraged in the hope of being so far recovered in health that I may prosecute, in a careful way, objects and themes of study that appear to me to have no secondary importance. I hope to support a fractional ministry by the press, when I cannot the full routine of the pastoral office. In this hope I consent to go into exile, though to sever these ties and tear myself away costs me a struggle which I will not trust myself to describe; a struggle which I try to compose, by indulging the further hope that I may yet return to Hartford, and here may close my days. My dear people I cannot have again; they are mine no more; but it will be something, if I may, to die among them and be finally lodged, as a resurrection guest, in the dust of a city whose people I have loved the more that I have tried to serve them, and have experienced at their hands so much of confidence, good-will, and forbearance. . . .

"As confidence begets love, and love begets returning love, we have grown together in a kind of conjugal understanding, and felt community of life and character, such as seldom is known in the happiest of pastoral relations. With you thus for twenty-six years, in all the tenderest issues and subtlest windings of your life; by you in your disasters and troubles, and in your holidays of success; close enough to you to feel the touch of your anxieties and tremblings for your children, and the throb of your private thanksgivings on account of them; at your weddings; by you in your sick-chambers and your funerals; with you in your struggles under and with and out of your sins; sometimes crossing you a little and sometimes a little crossed by you,—with no other effect than that pulling the cord has tightened it,—in this manner my ministry among you has been a kind of course in trust and well-experimented affection, a good element for courage and growth, an element, at once, of stimulus and rest for the heart. . . .

"The end is now come. This day's sermon is the last of my ministry with you. The really sad thing with me is that my experiment with you is ended. I look back on you now as a ship looks back on a receding shore. . . . The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all: in this, Farewell."

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, July 4, 1859.

My dear Friend,—Your "Key to the Kingdom" fits the lock, I most certainly believe. I have read it with delight;

nothing else for a long time with so much. Everything is admirably put, and it cannot but have an excellent as well as powerful effect. The only fault I find with it is that now and then your wits are too nimble, zigzag, too chain-lightning-like, for us slow mortals to keep up with you. But it is a noble sermon, and will do good. The only distrust I have of it is that, when you come to show the way of arriving at this "consciousness of God," you will too nearly hold that we have it already, and that we come to it by no arrival at all. The arrival out of a sin-state, the grand, new-creating, all-transforming discovery, the being born into it, — will you make room for it, or will you be too shy, in the Boston fashion, of sin, the dark, wild, terrible, world-desolating fact of Plato and Paul?

I took my leave of my people last Sunday, and am gathering up my affairs to be off. I shall go the last of this week or the beginning of next. Give my best love to Mrs. B. and L. When shall I see them again? You will always be a bright spot to me.

Yours ever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

Before the day of departure came, his people gathered about him with increasing tenderness, and a lingering care for his welfare that grew as the opportunities diminished. What they would have gladly done for him he had not permitted them to do. But to make some generous provision for his future was still in their power, and this they quietly agreed among themselves to do. The result was a gift of ten thousand dollars, offered as he went, and unhesitatingly accepted as the genuine offering of their love.

Detroit, July 14, 1859.

MY EVER-DEAR WIFE, — You see that I am so far on my way. I arrived here yesterday about one o'clock P.M., all in good keeping. The night part of the journey was really the best. I slept a great many sleeps, one or two of them rather big ones, so that I was in good case to go on at the Bridge in the gray of the morning.

I fell in with an old college acquaintance in the street last

evening, and with him I took a long stroll, saw the lions, and called on the cousins. I find them to be all nice people, in high estimation here, one of them a judge of the Supreme Court. With these lives the old lady-mother, about seventy-five years old, clear-witted, crank, and smart as steel. I had not seen her before, since I was a mere child, but had always a strangely fond feeling, older almost than memory, for the good Aunt Lois. Is it true or not, that the feelings have a memory, older and deeper, even, than the intelligence? And what a mixture it is when these old, lingering un-evanescences steal in, among, and through the fresh love of to-day, enveloped all, and eternized by the all-time love of God! . . .

Milwaukee, July 17, 1859.

I arrived here on Friday at one P.M., striking the Lake at sunrise, and having a nice cool passage across. It was even so cold that I could not stay on the fore-deck with my blanket-shawl, and so hot on landing that the epithet *suffocating* might be used as a cooler. I like this Milwaukee much; it is one of the finest of all the new cities of the West. . . . I am thinking all the while of the undecided things left behind, and wanting to hear that they turn as I wish. Robin, dear fellow, the house, etc., when I get these all disposed of and finally set right, I shall feel more like being a "*certain man.*" They trouble me now, because of the feeling that they must trouble you. And yet, what a fool am I, when I know so well that God will always take care of us. Looking back over the spaces now marked off by this separation, what do I see but that God has done everything for me, and I nothing for myself! . . . I ought in such an experience to be quite easy as regards the rest of the chapter still to come. If I were an atheist I should call myself one of the fortunate men. Being a Christian, I can use a term dearer and more significant,—child of Providence. That child let me be to the end. Why should I send my love to you dear ones at home, when I am so much with you myself?

He reached St. Paul, the objective point of his journey,

on the 18th of July; but happening to go on soon to St. Anthony, he was led to tarry there, and make it his head-quarters.

St. Anthony, August 1, 1859.

My dear Daughter,— . . . You must make up your mind to have a complete mastery of everything you teach, and then to really teach it, *i. e.*, to quicken the minds given you to work upon, to make them curious and quick. In a word, you must have fire enough in the subjects to start enthusiasm for them. Suppose, for example, you have the subject of geography, what is geography in the teaching but to get the topical memory of places, names, etc., charged with answers to questions? No such thing. It is a great deal more. There is a scheme of reason in geography. The water-sheds determine the rivers running down them. Altitudes, winds, and degrees of latitude determine the productions; these the occupations; and these, to a great extent, the character of the people. Inland regions make one class of people, shores and commerce another. What you want is a complete and full perception of what is relational in parts, localities, religions, etc.; and this requires thought and study. So you will drop in thoughts, not in the books, and raise questions that have to do with world-making. So in grammar. Grammar-books have to do with mere uses; but there are reasons back of the uses by which they themselves are determined; and a few glimpses given at these will start curiosity, and give a wholly different complexion to studies. You have a great deal to do to thoroughly qualify yourself. If you teach nothing but what is in the books, you want to get, for your own sake in teaching, as deep insight as possible. Of course you cannot penetrate everything to the bottom in a day, but you can do something, and continually more. . . . God bless you, my child, and prepare you to all best things. With unspeakable love,

Your father, H. B.

St. Anthony, Monday, August 14, 1859.

Dear D.,—I should have written you a letter days ago, but I guessed that you were up in the mountains, so happy that

you would not want one. Tell your mother that I am angry with her. That breakfast! She had no business to say anything about it. Bread, butter, baked apples, coffee, whortleberries, and Jane's potatoes! We have no fruit here, absolutely none, except some poor dewberries. As to the nice Jane-potatoes, nobody has them that has not Jane.

I am looking still after a second Robin. Surrounded by horses and circumvented by jockeys, I have tried and rejected about two a day, sometimes three or four. This morning after breakfast I am to try another, which stands well in description, and perhaps I shall be through soon enough to tell you the result before my letter is mailed.

Half-past 11.—Well, I have tried the horse, driven him, and ridden him, all in the hottest of hot days. I think he will do. He is a light chestnut, sprinkled with white hairs just like old Bessy, a rather superlatively *fine* horse, a hundred-weight bigger than Robin, taller, longer, without as much inspiration or love-making power. The fact is that I am almost spoiled for a horse; and when you speak of Robin, and the good name he has won, I am half ready to weep. When you see him, give him my special love, and tell the C——'s how much I envy them.

St. Anthony, August 30, 1859.

My dearest Wife,—I got your letter of expostulation, remonstrance, etc., this noon. You are quite unnecessarily troubled by your auguries about my writing for the *New Englander*. I am doing no such thing,—have scarcely had a thought of it. I am doing absolutely nothing but loaf, ride, eat, and sleep. I do not even read. And I think I just begin to see the benefit of it, which benefit, if it come, I shall not make haste to lose. I have ridden horseback to-day about twenty miles, enjoyed it mightily, and have even been tired enough to sleep.

I am affected by the tender, always wifely, care of me shown by your letters, and none the less that you lecture me a little in your watchfulness; nor any the less that, in the jealousy of your watch, you sometimes try to keep me from the suicide I really do not mean to commit. The watch of a wife

is a very close one, and sublimely tireless,—a kind of feminine Providence that never sleeps. God be thanked that my love to mine is worn so deep into me by her tender persecutions. But I must stop, lest I say something a little softer than is becoming. The good Father watch that pillow to-night, and whisper peace into its dreams. The angels, I doubt not, love to visit the slumbers of all faithful wives, just to see how a true heart beats when the will is laid. But I am getting deeper and deeper into this poetry, if you please to call it so. And, lest you should call it something else, I will go to bed, and have no more of it. Good-night.

St. Anthony, September 5, 1859.

My dearest Daughter,—I have just returned from a few days' fishing excursion, the place being twenty-five miles off. Mr. Winthrop found buggy, and I found horse, and a right beautiful drive it was. One of his clients, who had invited him out, met us at Excelsior (think of that!), and took us up to his log-hut and home, seven or eight miles inland, where we had our centre of motion. This log-hut, pioneer life is a kind of new experience to me, a phase of work and trial such as no one can at all know or think of with due sympathy, without being in it. Here was a man and woman, intelligent, spirited, correct people, who had been living in trade in Pittsburg, and came on here to cut out a hole in the big woods on the shore of Lake Minnetonka, and pre-empt a farm. The woman was delicate, and had two children (and now another little one five weeks old), and the man had no experience of work. He had his house to build with his own hands, the sturdy trees to cut down, no team to plough with, no means to buy a horse or a cow, and yet in three years' time he has cleared ten acres, planted it with his hoe, got it covered with corn, rich and tall, and all the finest garden vegetables. His wife has helped him plant, kept the house surrounded with flowers, and even taken hold of the cross-cut saw with him to cut up the logs, growing healthy out of a poor, almost dying, invalid; a little wiry, slender, mercurial, cheerful woman, who was all wife, as her "father" was all husband, and only con-

fessing that she had cried a few pailfuls over the washing, which went most against her of all. She was the daughter of an Independent English minister, just now with her,—an old man, red-hot against the Pope, and talking himself into regular harangues or sermons, till his audience burst out laughing at him, now and then, and stopped him. We had a good bed in the "parlor," where much weather-worn furniture graced the show,—including a well-filled bookcase. But the kitchen was the centre of life. There we sat round the fire, roasting ourselves, while madam roasted the chickens, fried the fish, baked the biscuit, and talked well and sensibly. If you can believe it, I took it on me to tell her how to make a chowder, and a capital one it was: a layer of fish, then one of pilot-bread, and potatoes, and onions; another of fish; and having no pork, a little dash of lard; having no milk, a large cutting and scraping of green corn, with the water in which it was boiled; a little pepper and salt,—so a dish for a prince. Try it and see. By-the-way, we caught about a hundred fish, one-third of which we brought back to the hotel with us, filling a large market-basket full. The largest bass which I caught weighed six pounds. The weather was cold, windy, rainy at night, unfavorable, uncomfortable, but we managed to have a good time. I like Winthrop; he is a real gentleman, a good deal witty, and very correct and pure.

Well, I have talked a long yarn, telling you nothing about the Lake, the strangest compound of bays, promontories, islands, and straits ever put together—a perfect maze, in which a stranger would be utterly lost.

My letter is now ashore, stranded; so I stop and go out to a morning ride. All-love to all. YOUR FATHER.

September 8, 1859.

Winthrop and I have been talking of a trip to the wild lake-country of the North, but I don't know that it will end in anything. I really feel now as if I wanted to make a pitch into nature, back on first principles, back of all conventionalities of tables, beds, and such-like. My rough trip to Minnetonka has done me good.

St. Anthony, September 19, 1859.

My dear Daughter,—I am glad that you and D—— had such a nice time in the mountains. Your mother did not tell you that the road you went up by the stream dashing down, was the road we descended on our wedding tour, after eating the live rooster* on the top of the hill. I agree with you that it is very beautiful, and enjoy it over again with a new kind of pleasure, paternal and marital mixed in about equal quantities. We seem to be fast becoming a kind of vagabond family, and we know as little as possible where we are coming out; but our good Father has never deserted us, and I do not believe that he will. Enough that he lets us see our future as fast as it comes along, and we must be content to see no farther. Be it the great thing with us to meet and worthily fill the present. God's approbation makes a home for us anywhere.

It seems to be a very clear matter that I am to winter here, and I have a good deal of confidence that I shall be much improved, if not restored. This latter, I sometimes think, is altogether too much to be expected. Yet even this is possible. Make it a fact, and then comes the question which I specially dread,—What next? Whither to go? what to be and do? An antique gentleman, with a wife and children, coming up to begin life over again! What a predicament! Well, if God says it, I will try, somehow and somewhere, to do it.

It was now settled that the household in Hartford should break up for a season, and that Mrs. Bushnell should join her husband in Minnesota, to spend the winter there.

St. Anthony, October 5, 1859.

My dear Daughter,— . . . This breaking up, and these little notes that I am writing, have a kind of sad meaning to me. It seems to be putting by a home, not completely gone before. It is a little like going out of life; for what is life to me but to be with, or have about me, those dear conver-

* A bird of repute in the family, as one too hastily beheaded to grace that wedding feast.

sants of the house and table, and the thousand other minor offices in which we have been held, with a peace and sweetness of feeling so nearly unconscious, but only the deeper and more necessary on that account! But we shall not be long asunder. God forbid!

I had the most beautiful solitary ride yesterday that I ever had in my life. The day was perfect, a soft blue Indian summer, a good match for Italy. I undertook to visit a high ground that I had seen here and there in my rides, the highest, probably, in Southern or Middle Minnesota. I mistook my road, for there are no settlements in the region, and crossed a marsh where the road vanished into a trail. Shortly the trail vanished, and I was out in the lone world like a deer. But the mountain, if such it is to be called, I had in sight about three miles off, and I picked my way through grass and bushes and among marshes, till I reached it. Here I had a wide champaign of lakes and woods, with one or two roofs barely discernible at my feet; twelve lakes, great and small, were glittering in the landscape, some five, or six, or eight miles long. Returning, I found a blind but beautiful natural road, and took it, in a kind of pensive, solitary glee, through oaks and oaks, by lakes and lakes, and so got back a little after twelve.

Thursday, October 6, 1859.

So now we are fairly afloat and without a home. Another sad thing it is, is it not? And yet the necessity takes off much of the sadness. We can do anything or bear anything with a good will, if only it is necessary. This strong master, pushing behind us, makes us brave and strong. The coward and faint hearts, I sometimes imagine, are all made by the fault of a necessity. After all, necessity, I have found, is a good mother, even the best. She has nursed me up to this time, and compelled me to grow. God forbid that I should now deny her motherhood! Let me have it to the end, and let it be the nurse of my children. For they will be, or become, only as she helps them, I am quite sure.

Do not call this a hard kind of comfort; hard comforts are the best for us all; soft ones ruin us.

St. Anthony, December 6, 1859.

Dear L——,—Your mother told me last evening that I owed you a letter, which I had really forgotten; so I take hold of the case with a ready appetite before breakfast this morning, not to pay a debt, but to warm myself up by a talk, through my just now dreadfully cold fingers. Washing in ice-water, which one gets by pounding into a pail with a stick of wood, is almost enough to cool down his love to everybody.

Last Tuesday your mother and I took a ride into the woods and bushes on a bright, soft, sunny day, looking after a gem of a lake which has filled our imagination a good deal, and enjoying mightily the scenery and the day, and the wholly new experience of a ride, away from all roads, in the depths of nature. Everybody was saying, "What softness and beauty for the last of November!" The next day the thermometer was 6° below zero, the next 22°. And now this morning, after a lull of the hyperborean wrath, we are down again at 22°, with a sky perfectly cloudless, a frozen crystal sky, which the sun pours through but cannot warm. We get very little snow as yet; the weather is too cold for snow. And yet I have a certain liking for this kind of weather, and I suppose partly because it does me good. I preached Sunday evening at St. Paul before the Young Men's Christian Association. It was a little refreshing to me, this visit to St. Paul, and the scene of a good large audience. It was a little like being somebody for the time,—a really live man.

I must not omit to tell you that I have had one new experience in the freezing of an *ear*,—very uninteresting! But it has brought me a new fur cap, in which I hope the outworks will be a little more safe.

With all that is trying in our present broken state, there ought to be some benefit accruing to us all, and I trust there will be. And so, when we come together again, at just the right time, I have a certain confidence that we shall be somehow enriched, and better qualified to what is before us. You daughters will have settled into practical and just views of life, gotten hold of the proportions of things, and will be the better qualified for a dignified and sober office of industry in

the world. After all, there is no teaching so good as that which we get in the solid training of works and duties. Let your religious character come into the same good drill of practice, in the family, in the care of yourself, in society, in your works; for religion is that nobler half of life without which nothing stands in a true balance. It wants the same kind of practical training as the other side, and will marvellously help and steady that. . . .

Your loving father, HORACE BUSHNELL.

To Dr. Bartol.

St. Anthony, February 7, 1860.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I do not forget you when I do not write, for the not writing itself is a kind of tormenting remembrancer. The fact is that I have joined the barbarians since I came out here, and feel hardly justified in trying to talk with the Athenians. You may understand from this, as well as from my conduct generally, that I am really inclining to be a Minnesotian. I have been here now for seven or eight months, and find that the climate agrees with me. Such a winter climate, so dry and bright and still, I never saw. The cold is sometimes terrible by the thermometer, and yet I do not suffer from it half as badly as I should in Boston, for it is a still, dry cold. I came home from church on Sunday in a kind of clear, light, ice-cake transparency of a day, enjoying the air as a luxury, and found the thermometer 16° below zero. Not a drop of rain have we had here since Thanksgiving; only half a dozen little featherings of snow and no snow-storm; no thaw but a slight sun-thaw; nights of the seventh sphere, and none of the lower. What do you say—will you come and settle down in this paradise, and farm it with us? Seriously, I have a little thought of some such possibility. . . . With great love to you all,

H. BUSHNELL.

To —— ——.

St. Anthony, February 14, 1860.

I do not feel quite sure that I got hold of your precise point. You certainly ought to love Christ, "because he is

good" and "the impersonation of the good;" his "beauty" ought to be the rest of your heart. There is nothing selfish, so far; on the contrary, it would be a good deal more like selfishness if you were to love him because he has come after you in good offices of help and deliverance. Not that you necessarily would be selfish in that, but that, if your love turned on a more personal benefit to yourself, apart from his excellence and beauty, and from the inherent worth or worthiness of the state into which he would bring you, you would be. You ought also to "please yourself in being good," and even want to be pleased in the same; it would be no better, certainly, for you to seek good as a hardship and drag yourself on to it, or towards it, by compulsion. Liberty is the element of all true good; and the state of liberty is that which has the spontaneity of play in what it does, following after the good for its own sake.

I suspect that your difficulty is not so much that you are selfish, precisely, in the matter of your love to Christ's goodness and beauty, as that you love him only artistically. There are two modes of love,—admiration and felt affinity, the practical or practically Christian and the artistic, neither of which is at all selfish. When you admire a landscape, or love a beautiful child, there is no self-seeking in it, no computation of self-advantage, and yet it is not Christian. It is a disinterested, artistic or æsthetic love. You may be a selfish person, thus loving, but this is not your selfishness. In the same way, we may love Christ artistically, as being the perfect beauty and good, where there is nothing selfish in the love, but only full room left to be a selfish person. Now the practical love, the Christian love, is being joined to Christ so as to be in self-sacrifice with him, and be, in so far, an unselfish person.

The former kind of love requires no self-sacrifice, but only a natural capacity of sentiment. The latter begins in the loss of all things, in the taking up of Christ's cross with him. The former love rises out of the heart, when it is full and ready. The latter breaks into the heart, when it is emptied and broken. That requires contemplation only; this re-

quires faith, and is a fire of God's own kindling in the heart of faith, an inspired or divinely inbreathed love. Nature works in one, grace and regenerated nature in the other. The real difference lies in the fact that one kind of love simply plays out the life as it is, and the other takes deep hold enough of it to change and work it *into the semblance* of Christ's.

Let me advise you, now, not to fall into the mistake of requiring yourself to love without any motive. That will make a knot which no Alexander can cut. It lands you in a state where there is no impulse left for anything, like that sweep of the ocean which the sailors call the Doldrums, because there is no wind blowing there to waft them out. Don't require yourself not to take the good and Christ artistically; only lift more sail and take in more scope, and try to love him more practically and conformably. Put yourself on the footing of sacrifice; give up your poor broken humanity in a radical dependence, to be wrought in as God only can work. Make no quarrel that you seem to be in a mixed state, and not an angelic, and be careful not to lose momentum by stopping all the while to see whither you move and how you move. Only see how tender Christ will be of all your inferiority, and how certain to struggle with you and help you on.

I fear that I may not have touched your case so as to be intelligible to you. Tell me, and I will try again. Only do not forget that nothing is clear which is not cleared by the Spirit.

St. Anthony's Falls, March 22, 1860.

My dear Mrs. E——,—I have been pressed a long time with the matter of a word to you, but the real fact about it is that I particularly do not like to write to you. I have been accustomed to swing that hospitable, easy gate, and drop in at almost any hour with your cheery, lively circle, then to be off, the more light-hearted for the little campaign of lively talk, and the more freshened in love and good-nature that love and good-nature have found such easy play. This has been my way so long that I really distaste writing you a let-

ter—what can a letter do for me? It is much as if one's right hand should begin to write to his left. Well, so I suppose it must be. The past must be past, whether we will or not. God be thanked that it has been so happy and bright a past. If only I had been as faithful in all things as I ought to have been, my remembrances of this time gone by would be welcome enough, even totally, joyfully welcome.

We are living here in a kind of majestic solitude and dryness, having, in fact, no society, except as we go down to St. Paul occasionally. We expected to have wintered there, but could find no place of residence where we could be half as comfortable as we are in a good, hospitable New England family here. I am very glad it so happened, for I have enjoyed the total silence and peace mightily. I hope I have made some gain, but do not feel quite sure of it. We have had nothing to do, literally nothing, but to enjoy our old friends over again, and they are excellently good, used in that way. Did you ever imagine how you would taste, when ruminated upon as cuds of old acquaintance? Well, you are better than you think.

God bless you, dear Mrs. E——. When shall I see you again? Above all, when shall your kind face and voice ever come back to greet me anywhere else, under any other name? Give my dearest love to your daughters.

Yours truly, H. B.

St. Anthony, April 17, 1860.

My dear D——,— . . . It will do you good to play with these poetic modes. The first thing I ever wrote was in rhyme, and by that I was put on to try my hand more successfully at something else. I was then about your age, or, rather, two or three years younger, and I had a whole winter at school as my first gale of inspiration.

Put yourself to it to write a large, full, regular, and free hand. Bring in no quirks and flourishes. Write a straight, natural hand, without ambition—downright honest.

I got caught, three days ago, by a chill in riding, with a resulting derangement, which was not a cold exactly, but

something not any better. I had been engineering a way over a trackless sand-hill prairie, in a cold, raw wind, and became so interested in the problem of coming out right, that I did not know how cold I was till I reached home, when I found myself quite chilled through. But I am coming out of the damage, I think. We have had a wonderfully clear, dry, beautiful spring, a great deal better than I ever expected to find, or have ever seen elsewhere.

Tenderly yours, my child, H. Bushnell.

CHAPTER XXI.

1860–1861.

CLIFTON SPRINGS.

In the autumn of 1859 the Rev. G. N. Webber was made the pastor of the North Church, and the next winter, during Dr. Bushnell's absence in Minnesota, occupied his house. When Dr. and Mrs. Bushnell returned in May, 1860, it was not at first to their own home; and not knowing whither to turn, or what plans to make for the future, Dr. Bushnell drifted for the summer to the Water Cure at Clifton Springs, New York, where he spent about three months. He busied himself there with preparing for a republication of "Christian Nurture," in a greatly improved and amplified shape, and also in arranging for a reprint, in separate form, of the tenth chapter of "Nature and the Supernatural." The little book stands alone very well, and is known as a beautiful and searching study of the "Character of Jesus." Thinking that he had been somewhat benefited at Clifton and not judging it best for the present to stay in Hartford, after an autumnal visit there, he left a part of his family established again at home, and returned to the Water Cure for the winter, taking his eldest daughter with him as a companion.

Clifton Springs, Monday, June 18, 1860.

My dear Wife,—I am here in the general slop of Water Cure. I look on everything about it with disgust; but as I used to have a certain pride in taking picra without crying, when my blessed mother gave it to me, so I am trying to take this.

I arrived here on Saturday about half-past four o'clock, having one of the most beautiful railroad rides I ever took.

The weather was a charm, and the country in its best trim of freshness and life, played on by lights and shadows as by an instrument of music.... When shall we have a home, and become *a certain people?*

YOUR HUSBAND IN ALL LOVE.

Clifton Springs, June 27, 1860.

MY EVER DEAR DAUGHTER,—I know not why it is that my thoughts are unwontedly turned towards you. Not that they were ever slack in their tendency to visit you, or that I have now begun to love you,—a great way from that,—but that I think of you more as bearing the burdens of life, and hope, with great fondness, that you are preparing to bear them well. And when I say "the burdens of life," I understand that life is to be a holiday affair to none of us. All the better that it is not. I was never so well satisfied as now with the working order and law under which we are set; for I can see that the best and happiest days of my life have been those most pressed with labor, and that all I have been able to become has been forced, so to speak, by the pressure of my duties and burdens. It is a great point, therefore, to be practised, in the tissue of youth, in bearing some earnest charge of labor and duty. No one is at all fitted to life without it, whether man or woman; for though it is getting to be a kind of general impression that women,—*i. e.*, the lady style of women,—have nothing to do but to dress, look pretty, and enjoy themselves, I have no sympathy with any such impression. It even bears a look of contempt; and, what is more, it is utterly unpractical. It covers also a very great lie as regards the happiness of women. God,—I lay it down as a first principle,—has made her to be happy in being something and filling some place, that is, some place that has an office of power and a touch of magnanimity in it. She is to be Christian somewhere, and that she will be only as she gives a meaning to her life.

I am going on here in the rather dull practice of washings, and have a little hope that they may turn out better than the washings of the Pharisees. I only hope that I may be in a

condition to gather my dear family once more in the autumn. I am tired of this scattering and being scattered; homesick, not as we commonly speak, to get back to a home, but homesick for the want of one. God bless you, my child.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Thus he passed the summer, "playing in the water, and waiting, in sublime inefficiency, for time to run away," as he said in a letter. One who had seen him preparing two books for the printer might have given a different account of it. It becomes a question at times whether, in suppressing the trying details of illness and physical suffering, we have not also obscured the impression of that victory over the body, which was so striking to any observer of his invalidism. The exhausting nights of fevered sleep, and the weary hours of coughing which overtook him at early dawn, sapping the life of the coming day, were the almost daily experience of many years. And yet he would go from such a night to a vigorous game of ninepins while at Clifton, and forget the night-watches in the delight of a good score; or, at home, start off on horseback to explore some new "Paradise" whereon to build an air-castle, with all the ardor of a fresh boy. Of course there were times when he must succumb, but he made them as few as possible. So nature kept on repairing the waste, and life renewed itself from day to day.

Clifton Springs, November 29, 1861.
Thanksgiving-day.

MY EVER DEAR WIFE,—I have been preaching to-day, and am not in the mood, exactly, to write much of a letter; and yet, when I fall into the thanksgiving mood, it carries me home with such a tide to my dear wife and children that I must let myself out a little for relief. I think of you there in the bird's-nest, with such other birds as you have chosen to gather, and figure to myself a quiet, lively day. Perhaps I idealize it a little, looking on from afar, but it is not difficult to idealize the dear home on a Thanksgiving-day from any outside position. How many recollections throng back on

such a day, dotting the way along down with lights, since we had our names and fortunes entered into unity of life! I can truly say that I find a great part of my thankfulness here. This is the one goodness of God that throws a most sweet light on all his other goodnesses. Thanks for them all, and all because of this.

Clifton Springs, December 8, 1860.

You want to know about every where and what and why and wherefore of our very idle, insignificant life. We go to bed, we get up, we look about, we yawn, stretch, and yawn again. And to this I sometimes add a little coughing. As to weather, we do not have any, or it is so mixed that nobody can tell what it is. The cold I had has either not left me, or it has left me not improved.

The state of the country discomposes and untones everything. What is to be the end of it? I do not exactly like the temper of our Republicans,—*The Independent*, for example, and *The Tribune*. There is too much of a provoking uppishness that wants dignity, and can only be mischievous in its effects. My Thanksgiving sermon was on this subject, the same that I delivered on the census a year ago, with some filling added. My conviction of the want of such a view just now has induced me to send it on to Hartford, where it is setting up for the press. You will see it in due time, and I guess will not be displeased by it. If you are, why, then I will secede.

December 15, 1860.

These are fearful times for our country, but I begin to think that I see streaks of light,—mere streaks, of course. How dreadfully is it shown that slavery is barbarism! The amazing thing is, that there can be such a tempest raised, with so little perception or counsel, or decent show of character, saying nothing of statesmanship. I sometimes think that in "precipitating the matter," as they talk, they are going to precipitate slavery itself into the gulf of utter annihilation. Still, it is dreadfully mortifying to our American feeling, a sad blow on our great example. But if the blow blots out blackness, it will only brighten us out again.

Clifton Springs, January 5, 1861.

My ever dear Daughter,—I have just written "1860," and rubbed it out, replacing the cipher, as you will see, by a 1. This is my first 1861 letter, and the year has stolen in so silently, signalized by so few duties and responsibilities, that it has scarcely started me into attention. Well, 1861—it comes, and will go; and who goes with it, or before it, we have not the power to say or to guess. I have no present expectation of being called home very soon, as I had a few years ago; but I have to bear, what is a good deal more oppressive, a kind of increasing doubt as to the prospect of being in force for any such work or engagement as would make my life a matter of life or positive enjoyment. I do not entirely give over, I keep on trying and hoping, but victory does not come as yet.

We had yesterday Buchanan's fast, which we kept by a service of talk and prayer in the morning and evening. I led in the morning, and did all the talk, reading the story of the secession of Israel, 1 Kings xi. and xii., for the topic; and then in the evening I did all the talk but a few words again, making our sins, especially our co-slavery sins, the first topic, and the true economy of fasting, especially public fasting, the second.

These are really sad times for our poor country, such as I never expected my children to see. And yet I am by no means unhopeful. I fear the worst, but really expect to see the best,—viz., to see it proved that our government is only made stronger and more consolidated by it, and also that slavery itself is greatly moderated and weakened by the dreadful schooling of experience. I really pity, and from the bottom of my heart, those wretched slave-holding sections of the country. Between so many fears, so much pride and poverty and jealousy, so many wild tempers and so many appalling weaknesses, it must be, just now, next thing to a hell upon earth to be in their lot.

I am sorry, dear child, to hear you say that you do not get life from the Bible. My own experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull; and that when I am really alive, and

set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living affinities, it opens, multiplies discoveries and reveals depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit, in some form of indifferentism, shuts the Bible; the Spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meanings and most glorious truths. Great love to you all. God bless your Sunday nights, and set our hymns all singing in your feeling.

Your father, H. B.

Clifton Springs, January 21, 1861.

My ever dear Wife,—I was greatly touched by your letter this morning, partly because it was a thing to work thus, and partly because I was in a state to be worked. I think it is quite clear that God is handling us for some good purpose, and I pray that we may be able to see it. What his design is I know not, but I have a conviction that he is preparing us to some good. Perhaps it is to be the good I have been wishing and praying to be prepared for. He certainly could not do a better thing for me personally, and probably not, as far as the use of me is concerned, for his own cause. My last letter, which crossed yours on the way—I think the two must have greeted silently—will tell, or has told, you what I mean. Was there not some sentiment of this same thing in you and your letter?

I do not feel specially exercised about the question of leaving here just now, and that is the reason of what you seem to be referring to,—the reticence of my habit. You may misunderstand here a little. Where I do not communicate and refer and question, it is never because I want to hold my own counsel and have my own way, or because I am averse to the addition of your wisdom in the matter; but it is because I am taking counsel of time, referring the question to the going-on power of times and causes. Instead of working at any oracle of my own, I let time chew my question for me, and am simply looking on. This habit has grown out of my theologic habit of referring questions I cannot answer to the same arbitrament. But I said I was not specially pressed by the question of leaving here, partly because I

have nowhere to go, and partly because I do not feel quite ready to leave here. I am taking a very good turn now, and am wanting to see where it will carry me. Perhaps there is a divine healing for me better than water, though not opposite to water, which will finally reach the body. Stand still and see the salvation.

To his Wife.

Clifton Springs, January 29, 1861.

. . . I think I am doing very well, and feel more confident of a considerable improvement than I did. I have good exercise and diet, and just now a very agreeable helper in the talk-world of religion—Dr. James. I am using him to great advantage in my studies and thoughts on the work of Christ. Things now are getting into some shape in this great field, where, you know, I have been toiling after *shape* for these two years. I mean to realize my original, heaven-given thought of a book on the Vicarious Sacrifice for Christian experience, and propose to make it possible by a volume, to precede, on the doctrine of the Sacrifice,—to precede, however, not in time, but in order, and to be published, both, as separate, and also as volumes I. and II. Call the one, say, "Vicarious Sacrifice in Christ;" and the other, "Vicarious Sacrifice in Believers," or by any such-like title.

I have had some very fresh and delightful musings of the morning on this last. Following out the theme yesterday morning for two hours before rising, I seemed to be set on by another great stage in my heart's life. I never saw so distinctly as now what it is to be a disciple, or what the key-note is of all most Christly experience. I think, too, that I have made my *last* discovery in this mine. First, I was led along into initial experience of God, socially and by force of the blind religional instinct in my nature; second, I was advanced into the clear moral light of Christ and of God, as related to the principle of rectitude; next, or third, I was set on by the inward personal discovery of Christ, and of God as represented in him; now, fourth, I lay hold of and appropriate the general culminating fact of God's vicarious character in goodness, and of mine to be accomplished in

Christ as a follower. My next stage of discovery will be when I drop the body and go home, to be with Christ in the conscious, openly revealed friendship of a soul whose affinities are with him. God help me in this expectation, that it may be fulfilled. At any rate, I see now what it is to be a Christian, as never before, and that in such a light as, I am sure, is hidden from too many of his followers. Is it wrong to feel a desire of a renewed lease of life, that I may get ripe under God's teachings in this way, and be able to add some light to the very partial light of our times? . . .

The plan for his book here indicated is not the less noteworthy for the fact that it was replaced, in the advance of his thought, by a more unified and comprehensive one. The book was published in *one* volume, with the title, "The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of *Universal* Obligation." In the orderly outline of the stages of his own growth in the religious life, given in the foregoing letter, we have allusions, first, to his early conversion before leaving home; second, to his "dissolving of doubts" while a college tutor; third, to the revelation of "the Gospel" in 1848, which opened to him the thought of "God in Christ;" fourth, to his conception of sacrifice and forgiveness, then unfolding and still to continue to unfold its greatnesses to him as long as mortal vision lasted.

Clifton Springs, February 20, 1861.

My dearest Wife,—I am not unaware that the spirit of sacrifice comes by sacrifice, and not without. And it is precisely here that I am in a strait. It is only a *something* that I see the truth as never, but not *the* thing. It has, accordingly, been much of a question with me,—and I had long conversations about it with Dr. James before he left,—what the true Christly spirit requires of us.

This, at any rate, is clear, that I am getting more light, and piercing deeper into the great question that has long been engaging us. And I hope I shall be as much enlarged in spirit as I am in understanding. It will be delightful to me to sit down with you and talk over these things, as we have

both these and many others. These blessed communings that I have had with you for so many years, and especially the last ten or fifteen, come across me, every few days, like waves in the memory, and my soul is bathed in their refreshment as by nothing else in this world. I count just these to be the best and richest gifts of good that God has bestowed upon me, next to the gift of his dear Son himself. And it ought to be a very great comfort to you to know that I connect all my best progress in truth and character with your instigations thus received. I have some hope that I may have helped you somewhat in return, though in a different manner.

We are drawing on now, rapidly, towards our decay-time, but I hope we have yet some good and fruitful impulse to communicate; though it is with a kind of sad feeling that I remember the necessary flag of impulse to anything new, and the burning low of the youth-fire towards the necessary going-out of the same. It is here that I lose hope, in a degree, of becoming as much better as I want to be, and regret with much discouragement and misgiving the years that are past. Alas for the limitations of age, and the diminished quantities of life and good possibility! . . .

February 26, 1861.

Well, it seems that Lincoln is finally safe lodged in Washington. Perhaps it was necessary to run Baltimore in the night. If so, he is not to be blamed; only, the figure it makes is not agreeable. Probably the fault, if there was any, was in his advisers. Nevertheless, it is really something to believe that we have an honest man once more at the helm. Shall we not have a chance to see that wisdom, weight, and even the highest statesmanship, are in a simply honest mind? We have had a man who knew how to figure in all high society, but an inveterate huckster in the *art* of being wise,—and behold what a fool! Never touching the bottom where principle is, but always asking what will pay, what will please, what will or will not be popular, will or will not be safe; and behold he is whiffed about by every wind,

timid, inconstant, a man to blast the life even of his country. The "honest man" coming certainly cannot do worse, and I have a considerable faith that he may turn out one of the best and even ablest Presidents we have had. Alas! how dreadfully is he wanted!

March 7, 1861.

You have seen with me that we are finally to have a President. It is really a comfort that we have a man to lead us, even if we go to pieces. We shall, at least, be sure that not *everything* is omitted that ought to be done. What a load poor Lincoln has upon him! If any man ever wanted light and strength from above, it is he. Good people, praying people, ought to pray for him now, not as by ceremony, but with a meaning. May God save the dear country!

L—— and I are beginning to count the weeks till we get back to our dear home and the loved circle. This, I think, is going now to be our lot from this time forward,—a stay in old Hartford, and no more experiments, letting the clock run down as it will. I have sometimes thought that I was improving, but just now have my doubts. I find that, when I have seemed to feel improved, it takes but a little to break me. If it were not for the satisfaction I have in my family, and my hope that I may be able yet to write something of consequence, I should be willing, I sometimes think, to adjourn. This weary drag of waiting, do-nothing, and *ennui* is getting to be less easily supported than it was, physically, —I hope not religiously. I could even make a luxury of it, if I could use my mind; but the waiting, always wind-bound, for that, takes the flesh crosswise. Still, I hope I may have just as much of it to feel as I need, and then the grace to thank God for it.

Clifton Springs, March 21, 1861.

My ever dear Wife,—I write for communion's sake, and not because there is anything to talk about outside of that. I am doing better again now, and it adds quite as much to my satisfaction that I am all the while getting deeper into the great subject of which we have talked so much. I have let out twice on points in it in the prayer-meeting lately, just

because they came up and I could not hold, and the interest excited quite surprised me; and I am going next Sunday evening to preach on the "Intercession of the Holy Spirit" in this strain. The sermon was written days ago, and cost me nothing, I was so well prepared for the subject. The Holy Spirit now is about as much transformed to me as Christ himself; truly all things are getting new, even Gospel itself among them. Oh that my heart could be opened wide enough, in these matters of the love of God, to understand the height, and length, and breadth, and depth, and all that so plainly surpasses knowledge. I don't know what I have done that God should bless me so, in giving me such a call, and work, and subject, and leisure, and means, at the closing of my days, that I may fill up my measure.

As to you, my dear wife, I can't think that God has let any sh[illegible]w fall on you, unless it is the shadow of a great rock. R[illegible]here in the heat, and don't forget to sing.

Clifton Springs, April 1, 1861.

My dear Wife,—I thank you always, you know, for your lectures,—that is, when I can't help it. But you must have a little allowance now for L——'s *official* responsibility. However, I have been passing through a bad cold, to justify her, and appear to be coming well out of it, to justify you. I preached again last evening, to justify myself. Perhaps I have been imprudent a little in preaching two new sermons, but I have discovered such a hunger prepared for just the things God was preparing me to say, and making me hunger to say, that I could not hold still. I hope to be forgiven, if not justified.

I shall probably be with you some time in this month,—think of it, this month! I feel a kind of sad interest in going home this time, as it bears a look of going home the last time, till I go to the final home of all. The experimenting seems to be going by, and the sitting down, to wind up all, appears to be all that is left me.

I feel a great satisfaction, in which you will sympathize with me, in the fact that I have still a call; one that is good enough and great enough to content me.

Henceforth, my dear wife, we are like to be much together to the end of the journey, for the long separations appear to be over. I hope we shall be able to be enriched, and comforted, and filled with each other, as with Christ, and make our downhill hand-in-hand, with great peace and ever-helping sympathy. We have much to be thankful for; let the rest be thanks; and if there be anything not to be thankful for, we will leave that behind. With great love,

Yours ever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

To Mr. Thomas Winslow.

Clifton Springs, April 12, 1861.

DEAR BROTHER W——,—It is really good to hear you speak again, and, above all, to testify, as you do, to God's faithfulness in the helps he gives you, and the advances he allows you to make. I was blessed in your new anodyne, [illegible] in the use of it, for I generally can sleep, at least when I have not been doing myself wrong in over-exertion, but in the fact, thus proved to you, that God has new gifts, or special or peculiar gifts, for each man's wants. Why should not the art of sleep be made a Christian attainment as well as anything else? What a beauty have you found in the promise, "He giveth his beloved sleep!" And he has not done giving you good things, my brother. He has a great many more in his treasury, and of different kinds. I expect to hear that you are getting hold of them, and being always enriched by them. It seems to be a very small thing, in such a connection, to speak of riches; and yet there are how many, even of those who take the Christian name, who cannot understand that you are a rich man, and sometimes wonder a little that such an industrious, honest man as you, and withal so much of a Christian, is yet so poorly rewarded! They cannot well conceive you as being the best rewarded, richest, fullest of all the rich people,—having most of wealth closest to your heart, most abundant in the feeling. Well, God be thanked that he has favors, riches, fulness of blessing of these better kinds to give, and that such as will may have them.

I have sometimes seemed, this winter, to be getting a

spring, and I certainly have been let into some wider pastures of God's truth. Every now and then I seem to get hold of Christ and his work at some deeper point, where I am let farther in; and when it is so, I seem to be stronger and better. That I am raised and blessed in feeling is a matter of course. But I should hardly dare to say that I make all the progress which I seem at such times to be making.

My devil is a devil of invention, ingenuity, discovery; and perhaps he is none the better sort of devil that he is willing to amuse me in schemings of religion or religious truth. And yet it would be wrong, I think, to give him credit for some of the better things that are opened to me. They come, I am sure, from a better source, and I must render the due praise to their author by a tender acknowledgment of Him and his goodness.

I am sorry to hear that the dear church is not as much alive as it should be. But the dark days, you know, are the faith-times. When we can see, it is easy to believe, only there is no faith in believing. With many thanks for your letter, I am yours in truth, H. B.

And now the day of experiments was indeed over, and he came back to settle down in "old Hartford," but by no means to "a weary drag of waiting, do-nothing, and *ennui*." The busy hours which closed the working day were centred all in the dear home, for so many years the pole-star to which, in all his wanderings, his compass was ever turning. It is good to think of him as there, and to recall the associations of that spot as clustering about his figure, the life and meaning of them all.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOUSEHOLD RECOLLECTIONS.

Looking back upon the long course of events, now linked in the chain of history, a throng of those undefined impressions, slight, significant facts and tender recollections which belong to the sacred circle of home, come crowding in, claiming their place among the worthy belongings of the life. I will therefore, without ceremony, make way for them, and, for convenience' sake, drop into the simpler form of the first person.

The memories of childhood, however rich their colors, are so shadowy in form that it is most difficult to reproduce their images, and make them distinct to other eyes. I might as well try to analyze the blue sky which spanned the narrow horizon of the home-garden, as to attempt to resolve into its elements the overarching fatherhood which sphered my childish days. The blue dome itself seemed to my thought not more comprehensive, high and pure, than my father's nature; and I looked up to it with the same free reverence, and with neither more nor less of questioning analysis. But there are delightful facts which remain, and may be given, even though they lose, in the telling, that rare aroma which floats about my memory of them.

First among my recollections of my father are the daily, after-dinner romps, not lasting long, but most vigorous and hearty at the moment. No summit has ever seemed so commanding as his shoulder, where we rode proudly, though sometimes carried about at what seemed a dangerous pace. Thanksgiving-day was always a day of special and rare frolic. After the sermon had been given, and the turkey and pumpkin-pie were disposed of, father and children joined in a

unique and joyous celebration, whose main feature was the grand dance, in the course of which my father would occasionally electrify the children by taking a flying leap over their heads. Those who had wrestled with the knotty heads of the morning's discourse, to the subsequent detriment of their dinner, would have been amazed could they have seen the joyful antics by which the minister promoted digestion. The frolic sometimes reached a mad pitch, but in it my father never seemed less dignified than in the pulpit, and we always realized that it was an honor to have him play with us. A playful use of the faculties seemed ever to present its ideal side to him, and it was thus that he joined with his children "in the free self-impulsion of play, which is to foreshadow the glorious liberty of the soul's ripe order and attainment in good." Thus he made of our childhood "a paradise of nature, the recollection of which behind us might image to us the paradise of grace before us." It was while watching the play of his own children with a graceful kitten that he conceived the idea which animates his Work and Play; and in the same manner he drew from his own home experience the child-loving chapter on "Plays and Pastimes," in his Christian Nurture. Fun was one element of his playfulness, constantly bubbling over from the deep spring of his most earnest thought, sparkling in unexpected places, and ever refreshing the long and dusty stages of life's journey. He was no story-teller or professed wit; but the droll side of a subject was always peeping out at him, and he let it flash from his speech along with his more serious conceptions, as if it had a right to be there. Twenty years of ill-health did not quench this light, nor, even at death's door, extinguish it.

In one thing only did we ever find him unkind, and that was in his treatment of our dolls. Such was his respect for human nature, even "in its ruins," that he could not bear to have its dignity insulted by anything that seemed to him like an effigy or caricature of humanity. The sight of a doll or a monkey was abhorrent to him, and he could not restrain his expression of the disgust thus awakened. The organ-grinder with his monkey was sure to be ordered off

peremptorily, and woe to the doll which lay in his path! It was in this direction only that he impulsively indulged a purely instinctive feeling, and here not even his regret for the wounded feelings of the children could keep him within the bounds of his usual considerateness.

Summer mornings and their dewy freshness are forever associated with him. The *reveille* which waked us from healthy slumber was often the brisk whetting of his scythe. Many a time have I risen, to watch him from the window, as he put in practice still his early theory of "making the cross frictions correct each other." He swung his scythe easily, cutting rapidly a broad, clean swath. Another labor which roused us to matin protests was his favorite pastime of cutting down a tree. The sharp ring of the axe proved him, indeed, no bungler, but he loved, alas! too well, its mettlesome sound. Before its ruthless strokes went down the silver poplar, because it sent up so many shoots through the turf; the catalpa, because it was crooked and its pods disfigured the ground; the black alder, which was out of place near the front-door; the hawthorn, the tulip, the English oak, the Norway maple, the hemlock, and many a lusty tree beside. He tried, but all in vain, to console the children by putting the sundial on the stump of the last victim. There were, indeed, too many trees about the house. He had planted them all himself, but their growth had been unexpectedly rapid, and the axe was needed. One, a straight young hickory, and a favorite with him, was long spared, though too near the dwelling; and among our earliest recollections is that of his showing us how the swelling of "the papooses' feet," as the Indians call the young hickory buds, is, according to their saying, a sign that spring has come. That was the season of corn-planting, and all the delights of laying out the garden, where he worked most industriously on spring days, as well as in the early mornings of summer. It was then his habit to rise very early, and to work for an hour or two in his garden before breakfast, barefooted and roughly dressed. Work done, he took a heroic shower-bath, made a neat toilet, and appeared in the shady breakfast-room with smooth locks

(they were usually, at other times, the reverse of smooth), and with a cheerful, composed mien, as he conducted the family prayers. I have the most peaceful and sacred recollections of those prayers on sunny summer mornings, when all was still and clean in the well-ordered room, and no sound broke upon the praying voice but the songs of birds. Sometimes we sung at family prayers, and I can almost hear now the deep tones of the bass voice in Heber or some other favorite tune. "By cool Siloam's shady rill" was in perfect harmony with the early coolness of a June morning; and so was another of his favorites, "Oh cease, my wandering soul, on restless wing to roam." "Blind Bartimeus" he sung to please the children. And, later on, what a resource in the family was his sacred music, and with what fervor would he join his strong bass to his daughter's treble in, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;" or, still better, "Who is he that comes from Edom?" with the tunes to which Greatorex has set those hymns in his excellent collection! No one who went to church at the "Old North" will forget how often he gave out "Love divine, all love excelling," or with what unconsciousness he joined heartily in the singing of it. But he loved music of all kinds, and often came down from his study to table with the question on his lips, "What is that new air you have been singing?" or with some expression of pleasure at a good selection. Beethoven was his favorite composer, and, in the grand simplicity of that great master, he found a fit refrain for his deepest thoughts. In his writings a musical ear often appears in the harmony and rhythm of a sentence, where feeling, strong or tender, swayed his pen.

At breakfast the daily paper became, through him, the epitome of the world to us all. He was not one of those absorbed and silent readers of gossip who, after an hour spent over the list of casualties and murders, hand you the paper with a yawn, and the assurance that there is nothing in it. He brought to the reading all his resources,—his thought on social philosophy; his knowledge of geography, chemistry, and geology; his love of adventure, of mechanics, of archi-

tecture, and of engineering in its various branches; and throwing his own light on every subject, evolved from the daily telegrams a fascinating panoramic view of the world's life for the past twenty-four hours. Under his magic insight the most commonplace events assumed an unlooked-for meaning, and took their place in relation to all other events and histories. He had no unrelated facts. In all matters pertaining to our national welfare his patriotism was ever on the alert, and he saw on the horizon "the cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which to other eyes had hardly yet begun to threaten storm.

At the dinner-table he came to us from his thought-world, from the writing of sermons or books; and then he was no more of the outward, but of the subjective and inward life. Then his every hair stood on end, electric with thought; his eyes had a fixed and absent look, and he forgot the name of a potato. His mind being far away, the present body fed itself hastily, and with little note of food or drink. It was no wonder that he experienced the horrors of dyspepsia. But for the enforced exercise of the afternoon, he would have been earlier the victim of untimely brain-work.

Never was there such a companion for a walk or a drive, though he was a very careless driver. He saw twice as much as most people do out-of-doors, took a mental survey of all land surfaces, and kept in his head a complete map of the physical geography of every place with which he was acquainted. He knew the leaf and bark of every tree and shrub that grows in New England; estimated the water-power of every stream he crossed; knew where all the springs were, and how they could be made available; engineered roads and railroads; laid out, in imagination, parks, cemeteries, and private places; noted the laying of every bit of stone wall, and the gait of every horse; buildings, machinery, the natural formations of geology,—nothing escaped him. And the charm of it was, that whether he was planning some improvement or observing some natural beauty, it was all done easily, while he cut a cane from a roadside thicket, or brushed the flies from his horse.

In the parental relation, he was, without effort or self-assertion, possessed of an unbounded influence. Always amiable and gentle at home, he rarely reproved, and gave few commands. I think I can still count on the fingers of one hand every occasion on which I received from him a real reprimand. Then every word told,—for words were few,—and brought a burning shame for the wrong. It was not the voice of his personal authority, but Right and Truth incarnate, which spoke through him, and spoke always to a convicted conscience. I cannot now recall a single harsh or unkind deed of his at home, unless I except the above-mentioned cruelty to our dolls. He was singularly obliging and considerate, and never called any one to wait upon him, preferring for himself and his children a habit of personal independence and self-help. Even after he had been many years an invalid, he would not allow any one to carry up the wood for his study fire, and would arrive at the top of the second flight of stairs with his armful, panting, but still rejoicing in his victory over nature. He encouraged his little girls to help him in many a piece of domestic work, such as raking up the door-yard, or piling wood in the cellar; and if he was overlooking our good old William, would generally do rather more than half the work, finding that easier than to show some one else how to do it. "William, that isn't straight." "And please, sir, I don't know what is straight." And then, rather than try to make a geometrical definition of a straight line clear to William's willing but somewhat darkened understanding, the master would seize the spade and make the straight line himself.

It must be allowed that his memory was of the poorest. Not only did the willingly taken orders for the butcher or grocer occasionally slip out of mind among so many more worthy thoughts, and letters, considered at home of vital importance, tarry for days, unmailed, in his pockets; but he was liable to yet more inconvenient lapses of memory concerning sermons, and handkerchiefs, and notices on Sunday mornings. More than once has he been forced to descend from the pulpit to borrow a handkerchief at his family pew, or to send

home a reluctant child for the missing sermon. On one occasion he did not discover that he was *minus* a sermon, until the service had already reached the stage of the second hymn. He brought me the door-key, and told me to make all haste to bring the missing document from his study-table. It was a warm July afternoon. Heated already by burning blushes as I stole down the aisle, I sped on the wings of the wind from the church door, and found, to my great surprise and relief, the right sermon in the right place. With it I tore back again to church, and might perhaps have run up the pulpit stair with it, driven by the fear that I was too late, had not a kind gentleman, dubiously waiting at the door for results of my mission, relieved me of it and given me time to take breath. Thus it came to be the fashion to inquire every Sunday, before starting for church, whether the sermon and handkerchief were safe, and our good father, conscious of his shortcomings, submitted with meekness to be thus catechised by his children. We had also a comical feeling of responsibility for the length of his sermons, and trembled when Dr. C——, in the front pew, loudly clicking his oft-consulted watch on the stroke of twelve, settled himself for a comfortable nap.

When listening to his preaching as a child, I naturally thought more of him and of how he looked, than of what he said. I could not better suggest a picture of him than by words of his own, which he applied to another:—"His brow hangs heavy over his desk, and the glow of his majestic face and the clear lustre of his meditative eye reveal the mighty soul discoursing with the inward oracle." When kindled by a strong thought, his whole face glowed with a spiritual beauty; and sometimes, in moments of deep feeling, the tears would spring unbidden to his eyes, and brim over, as from a child's eyes, with a beautiful unconsciousness. How well I remember that nervous swing of the right arm, which set an exclamation-point to an important sentence! It expressed will, ardor, insistence, impulse,—all in one motion. He carried a truth home by the momentum he gave it. His voice was naturally a good and strong one, but he never learned to

manage it well, straining it sometimes, not by loudness but by emphasis, and doubtless laying thus the foundation of bronchial trouble. I think that, in my childhood, I can remember his subdividing his sermons more than he did later, and giving them a more formal shape. A little boy once complained to me,—a little girl,—"Your father said 'Sixthly,' and then he went back and said 'Secondly.'" This was indeed a grievous ground of complaint to a child who was impatiently waiting to hear "Seventhly and lastly."

I recall with rare pleasure a little excursion on which we children were once taken by my father at a time when my mother was absent from home. He said one morning, before breakfast, with the air of a school-boy out of school for a holiday, "Now, children, we are going on a picnic to Bolton. The train starts in about half an hour. Get ready." A hastily swallowed breakfast, a hastily seized basket of cookies for luncheon, a rush to the cars, and we were off. It was a glorious summer day. We had never been in that direction before. We looked for, and found, elysium on Bolton Mountain. We spent the day there, scrambling over rocky ledges, and browsing on huckleberries. We had no cup to drink from, and nothing to eat but our cookies and the fresh berries; but all was sunshine and pure delight. I dimly recall an hour of dreamy rest at noon upon the hilltop, when my father's thoughts absorbed him for a time, and all was peaceful stillness. Wishing, later, to descend the steep eastern slope of the mountain, he took the youngest upon his back, and plunged headlong through the underbrush, singing joyfully, as did the two who followed. We also explored the deep Notch through which a railroad-cutting had recently been made, and which was probably the objective point of the day to him. According to his ideas, the railroad had been laid out on a mistaken plan and the expensive cut through Bolton Notch was unnecessary. I believe he took the trouble to expound his ideas on that subject to his children, who were willing if not understanding hearers. We returned home, tired but jubilant, after a day of perfect, unbroken enjoyment.

In this connection I am reminded of the out-door life we sometimes led with him on the shores of the New Preston Lake, where he was fond of spending his summer vacations, and of reviving in declining years the pleasant memories of boyhood. He usually drove there from Hartford—forty-five miles—in one day, over the rough hills of Litchfield County, starting in the very early morning, and stopping for a nooning by the way-side. I have often heard my mother speak with great pleasure of these journeys through a beautiful region of country, and of the charming little lunches, seasoned with intimate talk, by some sparkling brook. On one occasion, when accompanied by one of his daughters, and while lunching in a pretty spot near the road, where shade and a fine spring had invited them to rest, they were roused by the rattle of the Litchfield coach, loaded inside and out with passengers, presumably summer boarders taking their homeward flight to the city. The young lady of the dinner-party was a little embarrassed at being thus surprised by the city public. Not so her father, who, spying an acquaintance on top of the coach, rose and enthusiastically waved the drumstick of a chicken, shouting his friendly salutations, which were heartily returned by the company on the stage.

Once settled comfortably with Deacon Hopkins, whose house overlooks the lake from its northern shore, we began a long series of rides, drives, and walks, always in sight of the loveliest scenery. Horseback rides with one of the daughters he seemed always to enjoy; and we compassed the lake many times on these excursions. Once, when I was riding with him on a rough mountain road, we met an old man in a wagon. My father hailed him by name, and meeting no recognition, but only a look of blank inquiry, said simply, as if he were still the boy whom he wished to recall, "Don't you know Horace Bushnell?" The old man scanned him slowly, as if trying to reconstruct the boy out of the man, and at last answered, with a quiet simplicity, like to that of the question, "Yes; are you Horace?" This answer pleased my father greatly. His old acquaintance had apparently never heard of him since he left New Preston in youth,

and yet it was evident that the recollection of the boy awoke a cordial and kindly feeling in the old man, who, but for the slippery steepness of the rocky hill-side, would have liked to pause for a little friendly gossip over old times.

For several summers' fishing upon Lake Waramaug, the constant companion, nay, the chosen comrade of Dr. Bushnell, was a boy of twelve to fifteen years, the son of an old friend whose family shared the house with us. The man who had grown gray in thought and the fresh boy seemed to recognize no division made by years. They were both boys in their sport, both men and equals in the intimacy of their friendship. In broiling sun or drizzling rain, they fished together from one boat, always cheerful and contented in spite of all discomforts, if they could bring home a good string of fish, and especially exultant when a large bass hung from the end of it. This fishing was a daily occupation, the serious pursuit of the day, however they might dispose of the rest of their time. They were never tired of it or of each other.

One summer it became a custom for the household of friends assembled under the Deacon's roof to spend the sunset hour of Sunday on the grass-plot close to the house, in conversation and discussion upon religious subjects. That the talk might not be too rambling, and so lose point, we took up the practice of dropping each our written question into my father's hat. From these he would pick out a few of the most suggestive, and start them for our discussion. We all said our say,—and very comical commentaries they often were,—leaving the final words to him. These words were few, and were generally meant, not to settle the questions, but to help us to do so, if that were possible, or, at least, to think them out as far as we could. The whole household, including our host, the Deacon, and his family, took part in these talks, and enjoyed them heartily.

One autumn, when we were about to leave New Preston, my father said to his daughters,—"You may never be here with me again, and I want to take you to my old home and over the old farm." We went, and saw the stalwart maples before the door of the homestead, which he had himself

brought down as saplings from the mountain upon his shoulders and planted there. We drank of the delicious cold spring beneath a fine tree, where he used sometimes to take his nooning when at farm-work, snatching perhaps a little time for study as a seasoning for the dinner-pail. There was his boasted piece of stone wall, proof of the accuracy of his eye, as firm now as when he laid it fifty years ago. Each stone fits snugly in its place, the corresponding surfaces having come together as if by some law of hidden affinity. It is doubtful if he was ever as well satisfied with any of his writings as he was with that stone wall. There, too, in the same field, if I mistake not, was the big bowlder, in the shadow of which he had once prayed in youthful doubt and distress, with, perhaps, some unconscious allusion to the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and whence, even in boyhood, his heart had exhaled in mist at sunrise the dew of its heavenward aspirations. He spoke to us, as often before, of his good and wise mother, the notable housewife and care-taker, the discreet adviser and patient manager of wayward boyhood. Yonder, on the hill, was the church, — the meeting-house, rather, — whither he used to trudge on Sundays at his mother's side, to listen to that old-time religious teaching, on whose "hard anvils of abstraction the blows of thought must needs be over ringing." There, down in the hollow, was the dam which he built for his father's mill. The mill is long since gone to ruin, but the dam remains in good condition. Recollections crowded fast, and time was too short for all we would have liked to see. We were on our homeward way, and I believe it was indeed the last time I was ever there with him.

During his years of failing health he always owned a horse, and many and great were the family excitements attending the sale of an old horse or the purchase of a new one. His occasional long absences from home in quest of health, during which he could not afford to keep a horse unused at home, made these changes somewhat frequent. His excessive honesty was certainly not good policy in dealing with horse-men. If his old horse had a fault or two, he did not content himself

with mentioning it, but dwelt upon his failings and set them forth in all lights, till he had left the unfortunate animal not a leg to stand upon. He once sold a horse to a good friend, as honest as himself, who, after trying old Robin for a week or two, came to say that Dr. Bushnell had not asked enough for him, and generously handed over another hundred dollars.* If, on the other hand, my father was about to buy a new horse, his easily roused enthusiasm would lead him to speak so heartily in praise of the animal, that the owner would at once see an added value in him, and fix his price accordingly. No experience of these facts availed to alter my father's course at the next opportunity; the temptation to say all he thought was too much for him; nor would he consent to limit his freedom of speech out of any paltry considerations of policy. It was the same with horses as with theology—he was a little more than honest.

One amiable peculiarity of his was his ready admiration for very young men of his own profession. No matter how slight the sapling, he saw hope in the growing tree, and had his encouragements and praise always ready. During his years of ill-health, men of every stamp, young and old, at various times supplied his pulpit for a Sunday. A thoroughly matured man, who had tested all his powers, and perhaps elaborated his faith into a system, might fairly be judged and criticised as *un fait accompli*. If his belief had hardened into dogma, he might not find a sympathetic critic in the hearer who sat behind him in the pulpit. A man was apt, moreover, to be judged, first of all, by his legs and his manner of standing on them. He who could not stand straight and square upon his foundations, or who wriggled and twisted a body supported on weak, unsteady columns, found little favor in my father's eyes. But youth has infinite possibilities, and his imagination revelled in the possible greatness to be evolved from its chaos. At least, it was in this way only that we could account for his estimate of many

* Robin outlived both of his fond masters, and departed this life, through an accident, in the summer of 1877, aged twenty-nine years.

young ministers. The most recent graduate of the divinity school, still floundering in things too deep for him, accepting and offering as equivalents for ideas the terminology of the schools, and struggling somehow to get expressed the thoughts he had but half thought, found in him a patient hearer and indulgent critic. We used to say that he was wont to attribute to the young speaker the thoughts which he had himself had leisure to think out during the service. Sometimes in his closing prayer he would, in a few living words, throw open and light up the subject with which his young friend had been skirmishing all the morning, and send home its truth and power to the heart of every worshipper. Then he would go home, kindled by the glow of his own thought, and believe that it was the youth who had laid a coal upon the altar. In the case of young preachers of genuine promise there were no bounds to the generous sympathy with which he welcomed them to his own field of labor. Many of them have remembered this with grateful appreciation. At the same time, he had perhaps too little regard for the supersensitiveness of morbid youth. He liked a sensibility which was large and full-toned, and which responded with harmonious vibrations to the touch of great inspirations. But that kind of sensibility which is only a source of irritable suffering to the subject, he might pity, but could not understand.

Going back again to a time of earlier recollections, we can well remember, as children, the period of controversy and theological combat when our father stood almost alone in his opinions, and was the object of attack on all sides. We dimly discerned that this was the heroic age in his history, and watched with childish awe the stages of the drama. The combat had doubtless its charms for him, and yet we could see how keenly he felt the hostility of old allies, and that he sustained his lonely position with fortitude but not with indifference. Solitude and suspicious avoidance were bitter to his social soul. I distinctly recall the solemn day when he was on trial before his own Association in Hartford. Two or three of his brother-ministers dined with him before go-

ing to the final and decisive meeting of the afternoon. All were grave, and full of the morning's debate. My father wore a look of deep emotion and anxiety new to me. He dreaded the ordeal most sensitively, as I, a little child, could read on that usually fearless face. And he was fearless and unflinching still,—that I could see too,—but none the less suffering as only a strong man can. Did not our childish hearts beat high with mingled courage and dismay? And yet any one, even a child, watching him that day might have divined that his generous heart and unwavering purpose would ere long live down the dreaded, impending evil. He said once, referring to those days, that he was never tempted to hate but one man, and him only because he was a liar. He never spoke bitterly of his opponents, but he had no conscientious scruples about a little harmless raillery.

Of my father's paternal tenderness, shown daily in little ways, and sometimes, in rare moments, finding exquisite expression, this is not the place to speak openly. It may be guessed what warmth he radiated, if we recall that luminous revelation of himself when he said, "It is the strongest want of my being, to love." Nor can we reveal the gentle, fatherly counsels, and the attractive personal religious talks, all the more prized because of their rarity. In such conversations it was always the winning, never the compelling side of religious experience, which he presented to us. In the light of such sacred revelations of himself, the life which he had been living before us day by day, year after year, was known by us to have its source, not in his own will merely, however high and fixed its purpose, but mainly in such inspirations as come from God himself. It was impossible to live with him and not recognize the freedom and spontaneity of his action. Every sacrifice was voluntary, and all his effort resembled play. And although this was more easily possible in a nature which worked with the ease and power of his, yet he believed, and we felt, that it was a living faith which made and kept him free.

There is one incident in his life, to me most profoundly and exquisitely significant, of which he has left his own rec-

ord in his book on the Supernatural, beginning at page 486. I have my own recollections of it, which have recurred to me at intervals through all these succeeding years, with a constantly deepening impression of reverence. The circumstance was this: An old colored man, once a slave, whose face and attenuated figure have long been familiar in the lower streets of Hartford, and who had been for some time known to friends of ours as a man of somewhat remarkable religious experiences, called one day to see my father, and, learning that he was out, requested to be allowed to wait for him, as he had brought him "a message from the Lord." He was, of course, admitted, and I sat down with my mother to listen to his talk, having a young girl's sceptical curiosity about him. His conversation was a monologue, and related mainly to revelations and visions, which he believed to have been divinely granted to himself. He told us of seeing in his dream the ark of the Lord, and of how "a trail of glory kep' a-windin' out of it, an' a band ob angels was all about, an' de angels kep' a-comin' up an' a ketchin' hole ob de trail." Regardless of his interpretation of the vision,—for it had one, though I have now forgotten it,—I rejected it all as "the stuff which dreams are made of," and burned with silent indignation when at last the old man intimated that the message of the Lord for my father was a warning that he should disengage himself from the Park and other public matters, and devote himself altogether to work more distinctively religious. Should ignorance and superstition guide enlightened genius, with its many-sided gifts? Would the Lord send such a messenger to such a man? Surely, if there were a divine message for him, it would be whispered in the depths of his own Christian consciousness. How would my father receive an emissary of such pretensions? Question soon and beautifully answered! He entered, and "Old Law" was briefly introduced, with some partial explanation of his errand. There was a moment for observing the contrast between the two men, placed by nature so widely apart in the scale of being. The old African, at his lean height of dilapidation, with his narrow skull and visionary aspect, had yet a dignity of bear-

ing which expressed his sense of the importance of his errand. On the other hand, my father's clear-cut features, alive with all the vital powers of a trained intellect, were softened now by an expression of tender deference,—of gentle and glad readiness to hear. With his equals, his greeting was wont to be one of quite unceremonious good-will; but he received this humble and unaccredited messenger of the Lord with a most gracious courtesy. So might Abraham have welcomed the three angels as he sat at the tent-door in the heat of the day. I need not repeat, since my father has himself told the story, how the message was given. In his narrative the beauty of the incident is found in the lowly, heaven-sent messenger, but, to our eyes, a higher beauty was revealed in the humility and sweetness with which he was received. Doubtless my father recognized the ignorance and the visionary character which would have made the old man's individual opinion worthless. But no matter! The voice of God might speak through this humble soul,—nay, seemed to speak in the eloquent pleading of his untaught tongue,—and he must listen and "prove whether it be indeed of God." And this was not merely the poetical impulse of a moment. The hint thus strangely given was worthy of his most serious thought. He weighed the matter carefully before his own conscience, and made up his mind that for a time, while he was writing upon the most important theme which had ever opened itself to him, he should be wise to abstain from all outside work. He knew that his work for the Park was good work for him to do, and that it was no waste or misappropriation of his powers to devote them to matters of the public welfare. But the Park was secured. Other men might finish it, and just now he felt that it would be better for him to yield himself entirely to the inspiration of his subject. He had the self-control to do so, and it is impossible to say how much of the strength of his best book may be due to this.

And while I am speaking of that book, I am disposed to say here, upon my individual responsibility, what I might not elsewhere have the right to say, and in explanation of what

the world has pronounced to be the weaknesses of its fourteenth chapter, on "Miracles and Spiritual Gifts not Discontinued," that nothing he ever did required the courage and the self-conquest which it cost him to write and give that chapter to the world. The unfolding of his great subject had been a willing task, in which his intellect had worked freely to its conclusions. But when he came to the application of his idea, he found certain *supposed* facts, unimportant and puerile in their character, except as they were related to his subject, thrust upon his attention, and claiming, with their own and borrowed voices, their logical place in his statement. That the world would call them insignificant and old women's tales, was nothing. Must he accept them? Must he become the champion of these despised and rejected facts of faith? Their humble origin, and the indignities which men had heaped upon them, pleaded for them, and gave them undue value in his eyes. Moreover, he felt that he ought to dare to apply his own theories, and stand by the results, even *in extremis;* and this, though it was obvious that, should this application fall, it would by no means carry the foundation principle with it. And so he consented to write what he must have known would be despised and ridiculed by a large part of the reason of our day; what not only shallow and worldly, but many true and faithful minds would be prone to reject. It required, as I believe, real though unrecognized heroism to do it.

But when all is said, there is nothing said which will make his image live again. One glimpse of his figure, as he walked along the street with that long springy step of his, the cane swinging and pointing forward decisively as he went, would be worth it all. Or, if that were too slight ground for an acquaintance with him, the door of friendship even might be opened by a gleam of that penetrating smile which ever and anon illumined his grave face. Better still it would be to hear him talk for a moment in terse and picturesque phrase about the common things of life, a new-coined word or a sharply fresh suggestion revealing the original mind. But it was in family life that he shone the brightest. It is true

that those who live under the shadow of a mountain can see little of its proportions, but surely the dwellers on the mountain, who feed their flocks upon its pastures, or serve as guides to its summit, have a practical measurement of its greatness such as no distant vision can give. Let it, therefore, be no detraction from his magnitude that my father was largest and most ideal to those who knew him in the nearness of family life and love. It is they who know most of his zest, his enthusiasm, his inspirable faculty, of the wit and *piquant* flavor of his language; of the lofty and refined purity of his feelings and his habits, and his delicate considerateness for those who were dear to him; of his great unexpressed and inexpressible tenderness; of the reasoning faith which beheld the unseen. Well, he has taken them all with him, and we shall never, in this life, know them any more. It is something to believe that they eternally live and grow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BY EDWIN P. PARKER.

MINISTRY AT LARGE.

1861–1870.

Dr. Bushnell's Patriotism and Hopefulness during the War.—His Account of its Causes, and Interest in its Details.—Tribute to Major Camp.—Vacations at New Preston.—Writing "The Vicarious Sacrifice."—Publication of Two Volumes.—Article on "Loyalty."—Letter of Consolation.—Escape from a Fatal Accident.—"Our Obligations to the Dead."—Visit to the Battle-fields.—Publication of "Vicarious Sacrifice."—Address on "Pulpit Talent."—Worship and the Diaconate.—Letter to a Metaphysician.—Published Articles, especially "Building Eras."—The Adirondacks.—Reminiscences by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell.—"Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination."—"Woman Suffrage."—"God's Thoughts fit Bread for Children."—Preaching.—Work to obtain a Site for the State Capitol.—His Studies of the Outside World.—His Conversation at Meetings of Ministers.—The Monday Evening Club.—Flashes of Wit.—His Farewell to the Brethren of the Association.

In simple readiness to serve the dear friends who have this memoir in charge, I undertake, at their request, to write some account of Dr. Bushnell's life in those later years when it was my inestimable privilege to be included in the circle of his most intimate ministerial friends. That life is so sacred in my memory that I feel more like singing its praises than telling its story. And yet, could its story be adequately told, no better method of singing its praises could be devised. No mere report, however complete, of the eloquent words that came from his lips and from his pen, could tell that story. Underlying all its vocal music, the life itself flowed on in a broad, deep, continuous strain of manifold ministration and peaceful holiness — a song, as often without words as with them, and not to be described in words.

That Christian quality of life which makes personal influence penetrating, pervasive, and ennobling; personal contact and communion quickening and invigorating; and which is ever redolent of courage, comfort, and hopefulness, he possessed in great abundance. One of the most remarkable things concerning him was that unconscious radiation of character which he was wont to call one's "personal atmosphere." So distinctly and powerfully was this felt by all who came within its reach, that in reporting his death to a friend abroad, one wrote, "You will not find Hartford the same city on your return." This "personal atmosphere" of the man, so sweet and wholesome, no language can describe; and yet, without some inbreathing of it, the story of his life must be a lifeless one.

It should be remembered that, having been released from all pastoral responsibilities, the course of his life was thereafter a more private one, with only occasional public appearances, and therefore less marked with incidents that have a public interest. Its intercourses were also thenceforth private rather than professional, and more restricted, by increasing physical infirmities, within the bounds of intimacy. And yet, so far from being unharnessed and turned out of active service into the leisure of an idle invalidism, he was rather set at liberty from the narrow ways and downright burdens of a local pastorate, to enter upon what he called "a ministry at large," wherein, by dint of unremitting industries, he wrought some of the greatest and most enduring works of his entire lifetime.

The dedication of the volume, "Christ and His Salvation," to his friend Joseph Sampson, Esq., of New York, will enable us to look at these years of "broken industry" from his own point of view:

Hartford, June 10, 1864.

My dear Friend,—When resigning my pastorship, five years ago, you will remember that you put it before me to consider myself engaged now in a "ministry at large," serving in it, by the pen, or by whatever method, according to the ability left me, the cause we both have made our own. In

this modified ministry, I have had the sense of a worthy and sacred charge upon me still as before, and in it, as I have occupied, I seem also to have prolonged my life. This, with another volume on "The Vicarious Sacrifice," which is ready in due time to follow, are the principal fruit of my broken industry. Without consent obtained, I venture to connect them with your name, as the spontaneous tribute of my true respect and strong personal friendship. HORACE BUSHNELL.

There are many still living who can distinctly remember the days of his earlier ministry in the North Church of Hartford, when his lithe and sinewy frame was quick with energy, an imperial beauty shone in his face, and a grand physical presence emphasized his eloquence. But to those who knew him only in these later years of sickness and infirmity, the attenuated frame and wasted face were pathetically associated with all the hard-fought battles, splendid services, precious triumphs, and merited honors of former years, and they have invested him with something of that veneration with which loving disciples regarded "Paul the aged" as he stood before them "bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus." They have seen in him that sweetness and gentleness of a fiery spirit which only the ripening and mellowing processes of long experience in the Christian service could have developed; graces which were not the rich colors of such decay as fading leaves wear, or setting suns lay on the clouds, but rather like the "golden stain of time," which gives an indescribable beauty to some cathedral's massive walls and glorious windows which formerly were only strong and fair. They have seen the "son of thunder" lying in Jesus' bosom, as the beloved disciple, who best divined the Master's secret and spirit. They have seen him, if not in younger moods of strong prophetic frenzy, yet in the higher states of a calm and apostolic inspiration, when there seemed to be almost a halo about his snowy head, and his undimmed eye lightened with strange fire, his thin face became as if transparent to a light that burnt on inward altars, and he spake as the Spirit gave him utterance. If it is a loss not to have known him in

the days of his physical bloom and vigor, it would have been a greater loss not to have known him in the later days of his spiritual strength and glory.

It was in the spring of 1861, when he returned home from a prolonged residence at Clifton Springs, that I first encountered the man whose books I had read with avidity, for whose genius I had conceived an admiration, and of whose personal appearance I had formed a large, fair, benignant image. For fifteen years he had not been permitted to preach in the church of which I had recently become the pastor. Desirous alike of terminating the disgrace of such an exclusion and of opening the way to some fellowship with a man so great and dear, I called upon him, at his house, to invite him to preach in my pulpit. My astonishment at his appearance was extreme. Instead of that large, fair, benign figure of my imagination, behold! a slight, frail man, tapering from head to foot, whose gray hair was in fine disorder, whose luminous eyes fairly looked one through from under their shaggy brows, whose voice found utterance in short, brusque, pithy sentences, and whose restive, nervous manners jostled all the forms of conventional politeness. Not even his gracious simplicity and cordiality could quite recover me from the confusion of the moment; but I soon retired, having received his acceptance of my invitation, and also an ineffaceable impression of his individuality. The next Sunday morning he preached and prayed in the South Church, and the praying was as wonderful as the preaching. To an offer of assistance he replied, "Take the service up to the prayer before the sermon. I prefer to whet my own scythe."

The great event of the year 1861 was the outbreaking of the war of rebellion. Always deeply interested in political affairs, and especially in the moral aspects of them, his concern in the acts of secession, and in the warlike movements to which they led, was intense. His esteem of President Lincoln was emphatically pronounced; and although, in the dark days that ensued, his confidence was sorely tried, he maintained, more steadily than most, his faith in the man whom God had raised up for the salvation of the country.

In a letter written at this period he said:—"I thank God that I have been allowed to see this day. I would do it, even if we should be sorely beaten at first—nay, to the end. Better to have a country worthy of adversity than one that is subject to shame and just contempt. However, I do not think we have any such consolations to look for. We must be victorious in the end."

In several sermons preached and published during the war, Dr. Bushnell gave wise and cheering counsel in days of darkness and depression. He detected and exposed the real causes and momentous issues of the struggle. He maintained that while slavery was proximately responsible for the outbreak, the deepest root of rebellion was that element in our political order which attempted to found and maintain a government without moral ideas or moral authority. The sermon which he preached in the North Church just after the battle of Bull Run, was largely taken up with showing how, under the influence of the Jeffersonian political philosophy, the moral ideas that constitute the only real basis and backbone of government had been frittered away, until at length we found ourselves in nothing better than a copartnership, without national authority or obligation. The spirit of loyalty had inevitably degenerated into a mere feeling of attachment. The essentially immoral habit of slavery accelerated this degeneracy, and out of these unhistoric theories and the demoralization they wrought the doctrine of State-rights emerged, in readiness to undertake any enterprises that should gratify pride or foster local interests.

In other strains he taught the uses of adversity and sacrifice. The true loyalty is never reached until the laws and the nation are made to appear sacred. Without shedding of blood there is no such grace prepared. There is one law of political and of spiritual salvation. "Adversity will be our strength, and disappointments our arguments. Anything, that we may have a nationality, and a government, and a true loyalty burnt into the hearts of our children."

But his interest in the great struggle was not confined to the principles and issues of it. He not only watched with

anxiety the smallest details of every campaign and expedition, but forecasted operations in the field, and busied himself with all manner of planning and providing, here and there, as if burdened with a personal responsibility for the conduct of the war and the direction of armies. His engineering talent and his conscious faculty of generalship were kept in continual exercise under the inspiration of a patriotic enthusiasm that never rested nor doubted.

He manifested a quick interest in the men who gave themselves to the cause, and especially in the young men whom he knew, watching their careers, rejoicing in the reports of their noble deeds, and hallowing the names and memories of those who fell victims in the sacrifice. To the biographer of Major Henry Camp, of Hartford, he sent, as a contribution to the memoir, the following letter:—

It was my privilege to know this young patriot and soldier from his childhood up. The freshly vigorous, wonderfully lustrous, unsoiled look he bore in his childhood, made it consciously a kind of pleasure to pass him, or catch the sight of his face in the street. I do not recall ever having had such an impression, or one so captivating for its moral beauty, from any other child. And it was just as great a satisfaction to see him grow as it was to see him. I used to watch the progress of his lengthening form as I passed him, saying inwardly still, "Well, thank God, it is the beautiful childhood that is growing, and not he that is outgrowing his childhood."

The noble man-soul was evident enough in the child, and when it was bodied forth in his tall, massive, especially manly person, it was scarcely more so. Indeed, the real man of the child was never bodied forth, and never could be, without a history of many years, such as we fondly hoped for him, but shall never behold. He died, in fact, with his high, bright future shut up in him,—it will only come out among the angels of God, and, I doubt not, will make a really grand figure there. Seldom have they hailed the advent among them, I think, of a youth whose kinship, and peership, and

hero-life begun, they will more gladly acknowledge. Indeed, I have never been able to keep it out of my mind, since I first heard of his death, that there was some too great aptness in him for a place among these couriers and squadrons of glory. It seems to be a kind of extravagance to say this, but I know not how otherwise to describe real impressions. He was such a man as, going into a crowd of strangers, would not only attract general attention by his person, by his noble figure and the fine classic cut of his features, by the cool, clear beaming of his intelligence, by the visible repose of his justice, by a certain almost superlative sweetness of modesty; but there was, above all, an impression of intense PURITY in his looks that is almost never seen among men, and which everybody must and would distinctly feel.

But I am only describing here what others felt as truly as I, and could describe, if they would, much better than I; though, perhaps, the acquaintance I had with Henry's interiorly personal character and struggles in the matter of religion may have prepared me to note, more distinctly than some others would, the signs outwardly appearing. He came to me a great many times, from his early childhood onward, to lay open his troubles and obtain spiritual direction. My conviction from the very first was, that I had nothing to do with him but to put him in courage and enable him to say "I believe." I never saw him when I did not think he was a Christian, and I do not believe that he ever saw himself early enough to properly think otherwise. Still, he did think otherwise much longer than I wished. The difficulty was to get him away from the tyranny of his conscience. It was so delicate, and steadfast, and strong, that his faith could not get foothold to stand. I feared many times that he was going to be preyed upon all his life long by a morbid conscience. Still, there was a manly force visible even in his childhood; and I contrived, in what ways I could, to get that kindled by a free inspiration. To get him under impulse afterwards for the war, was not half as difficult, I presume, after the point of my endeavor was already carried; for, having now become a soldier of Christ by a clear and

conscious devotion, he had only to extend that soldiership for the kingdom of heaven's sake.

As far as he was concerned, the kingdom of heaven was not worsted when he fell; but the loss to his country and his comrades in arms was certainly great, greater than most of us will know. Besides, it is a great and sore disappointment to us all that we are cut off abruptly from that noble and high future we had begun to hope for him. Let us believe that he can have as high a future where he is, and resign him gladly to it.

The following letters will discover the particular work which he had in hand, the patriotic interest with which he watched the progress of the war, and the supreme honor in which he held the dear work of his own chosen calling:

January 12, 1862.

I have not been doing well of late, though I keep on scratching at my great subject, feeling my way along in it, and doing it everything, I fear, but what I want to do,—certainly anything but justice. [This "subject" was the work on "Vicarious Sacrifice."] I count it one of my great bonds of gratitude just now, that I can be hopeful for our dear country, and can expect to live long enough to see the Grand Rebellion put down. I have all along felt it to be a glorious thing to live in such a day, and I feel it now, more and more distinctly, as I gather confidence in the hope of seeing the day well over. The more I study this plan of our young General, the more do I see of magnificent wisdom in the generalship of it. True, it may fail, but I think I see victory in it.

It seems well worthy of notice in this letter that the writer is grateful that he can be hopeful for his country. To be hopeful was to be helpful for it. As a matter of fact, Dr. Bushnell's steady, unshaken hopefulness, all through the dark and trying times when men's hearts were failing them for fear, was a positive service rendered to the good cause, as

truly as if he had been doing soldierly duty in the army. Men took courage from him, and from his faith learned faith.

June 19, 1862.

As my old pulpit is now vacant, I am trying to put in a sermon a week there. How long I shall stand so much, I don't know. I could go on to the world's end, or to mine, for there is nothing I so much delight in as preaching. I am the more drawn out in or after it, just now, that I have a set of subjects before me which I want very much to get out as a volume. After all, there is not very much in the Bible, or anywhere else, besides Jesus Christ. Would that I knew him more perfectly! If there be anything now that makes my life worth living, it is the consciousness that Christ is being opened more and more fully to me. I am astonished sometimes at the wondrous depth and fertility of the revelation. It used, many years ago, to cost me much digging to get hold of anything fresh in the theme, and I wondered why so much should be said of the riches of it. Now it opens itself, without digging, farther and faster than I can sketch it.

The vacancy in his old pulpit, to which allusion is here made, was caused by the resignation of the Rev. G. N. Webber, who had been pastor of that church for two years. During the summer of this year Dr. Bushnell went for rest to Lake Waramaug, in Warren, which adjoins New Preston, the home of his childhood. The beauty of its situation, the salubrity of its climate, the opportunities for angling, of which he was ever fond, and its associations with earlier life, combined to make an attraction for him stronger than was elsewhere presented.

He was at home again in the autumn, and preached the annual Thanksgiving sermon in his old church. His working hours were employed, as for several years they were, with writing the "Vicarious Sacrifice;" and in what a glow of spiritual life this work was forged appears from the letter just now quoted. He was writing out of a revelation — not digging for fresh things in his theme, but simply striving to

catch and sketch the fresh things that issued from an unfolding and unfailing theme. The great difficulty in his way was his physical infirmities, and the limitations of intellectual activity caused thereby.

In December, 1862, he wrote to Dr. Bartol:—

How often do I let off the question (internally), "Well, what would dear Bartol think of that?" If I had him by, how I should like to set him improvising! Alas! the poetry won't come when I try to imagine it. My prose machine only creaks when it tries to make music. I am trying to use the said machine a little now, in my dull sphere. The great subject which I have in hand occupies me still, and keeps growing, so that I am obliged to recolor, reconstruct, and make all sorts of revisions. Oh, if I had strength to let on more pressingly, how much better work I might do!

What a grand day this to live in, if only one had force to meet the calls it makes, the subjects it opens, and, above all, to face the perils and suffer the sufferings! All great souls can live fast now—never so fast before.

The mood of playful wisdom which was so frequent in Dr. Bushnell finds expression in a letter written to his daughter, and dated January 5, 1863. To appreciate one allusion in the letter, the reader should bear in mind that she had gone for a visit to a Western town ambitiously named Constantine. He writes:—

One great benefit . . . I hope you will get out of this new-world country life for the winter, viz., that you will learn how to extort enjoyments and pleasures out of common places. You have to put on all your screws of pressure, and make the meagre things give out their riches;—on the weather, just as various and lively in a dull country as anywhere, whistling to keep its courage up; on the trees, stripping naked and stiffening their muscle to fight the winter out; on the stumps of the stumpy fields,—good symbols of written history, hiding its roots, and dead and gone as to its tops; on

the river, meandering most where it has the dullest motion —just as lazy people go farthest because they are going nowhere; on the faces of the old women you meet, considering just what lines in girlhood cut deeper would make them; on the bows of the swains—wasting so much sweetness on the desert air; on the roughness of church privilege,—proving religion just as much more convincingly as it is loved and lived for with fewer attractions; on the chickens, pecking their food with the same tool they fight with, just as silly mankind-bipeds make their purveyings and economies the same thing as the great fight of life; on the pigs' tails, spiralling in the curl always one way—showing one more evidence of the uniformity of law; or, if they have been cut off, how the lines of beauty once gone can never be restored: finally, on Constantine itself, considering how little that great man conceived the honors to be put upon his name in covering such a field of study. Thus, when things look dull and common, put extortion upon them, as mind always can upon things, and make them give up the brightness and fun that are in them.

Stir up, touch off, dramatize, and make alive everything. The very poverty of your sights and conditions will thus become your riches. There is even a landscape in a quagmire, if only we had eyes to see it. And it is a great thing to have eyes! A winter spent in getting eyes will be worth more than all the hundred eyes of Argus filled gratis with pretty sights.

Meantime, when you are getting up resources by extortion, you may show us how you get on, just as much as you please. . . . A great many things I could add, but if I say, Love God and keep his commandments, I shall include the best of them. A pure, true heart, wedded fast to God, is the totality of Good.

During the winter and spring of 1863, in addition to the labor expended upon the treatise which was in hand, he prepared two volumes for the press, which were published about a year later. These were "Work and Play," and the book

of sermons entitled "Christ and his Salvation." He was assisted in the laborious task of proof-reading by his wife and daughters. Great "councils of war" were held in the family. He would vigorously enough defend himself from their criticisms of his expressions, but almost invariably made the changes that were suggested. He would listen to the criticism of a child if it was intelligent, and his revisions of his work were numerous and patient. The peculiarities of his style were never the result of negligence or haste, for he could no more be slack than slothful in his work. In the volume, "Christ and his Salvation," is included one of his most remarkable sermons, on the "Insight of Love." First written in 1844, it was remodelled and preached in February of this year, and has been read by thousands with the same wonder and delight with which it was then heard as it fell from his lips. One takes down those volumes and, after reading awhile, wonders when such sermons as they contain, sermons whose titles are more suggestive than most discourses, will ever be written again. Only the "insight of love" could have made such discernments and discriminations of truth; only the instrument of genius could have so reported and represented them.

Early in June he went, as usual, to Warren for the summer vacation, driving across the country as he was wont to do.

What his feeling was with respect to the disheartening state of things in the country at large may be understood by the following sentence in a letter addressed to Dr. Bartol. He says:—"We have no time now for heart-sickening or low regrets of any kind. Our mourning should have thunder in it." It should be remembered that this was written after General Hooker's disastrous campaign on the Rappahannock, and while General Lee's army was pushing northward in the full tide of its successes. It was the darkest hour of the war. The voice of mourning filled the land. But it was the hour before the dawn. The glorious and decisive result of the awful battle at Gettysburg proved that our army, at least, was animated with the same brave spirit that is exhibited in his words.

In this same year an article from his pen on "Loyalty" was published in the *New Englander*. The winter of 1864 was spent at home, in busy intellectual work of various kinds, including the final revisions of the books just now spoken of.

In March, 1864, he wrote to Dr. Bartol:—"I thank you for your monody on Starr King—David bewailing Jonathan, over again. We thank God there was a Jonathan, if it was only that David might sing of his death. However, do not understand me to think Starr King was valuable only for the lamentations. I have a very different appreciation of the man. We have had few such, and shall have few, to the world's end. He has made a good, great mark, and earned a great amount of thanks, which the world will not forget to pay."

In May he wrote to the same:—"What terrible throes this new campaign of Grant's is costing us! I do not feel discouraged because of the way, but it is a dreadfully hard way."

In another letter, after speaking of his recently published volume of sermons, he said:—"How grand a matter, this promenade of Sherman! He is really too bad upon Hood—shoving him off into a corner, clean out of the way, and leaving him there at the end of his fool's-errand."

It may fitly be said here that Dr. Bushnell grew into a great and hearty admiration of General Grant's generalship. He often spoke in terms of unmeasured praise of the military genius exhibited at Vicksburg and Chattanooga; and when General Grant took command of the Army of the Potomac, there was no doubt in his mind of the successful issue of the projected campaign. It should be added, also, that during the years of General Grant's presidency, when it was the fashion to speak contemptuously of him as a man of mean capacity and destitute of statesmanship, Dr. Bushnell was his earnest defender. It roused something like anger in him to hear the depreciations that were often uttered concerning the President. Not only for his inestimable military services, but for a wise, sagacious, and firm political administration, he thought that General Grant merited the honor and gratitude of every lover of his country.

In July, 1864, one of his dear ministerial brethren, and one who had manfully stood by him in his days of trial, Rev. Dr. Dutton, of New Haven, was afflicted in the loss of his wife. The following letter of condolence was written him by Dr. Bushnell:—

My dear Brother,—The dreaded result, I perceive, has come,—your much-loved wife is with you no more. How deeply you must feel this blow I have no difficulty in conceiving; and though it may not be needed, I wish, as a friend, to express my sympathy with you; God's sympathy you have, and having that, no other can be very significant, I know. I believe that there is no man who so much feels the loss of a good wife as a Christian minister. She is in all his secrets. She is his only counsellor in things of daily occurrence, and there is no other to whom he can go. She preaches to him when nobody else will, and preaches sometimes through him, when he would not, or what he would not, by himself. She chastises his faults with a dear and tender fidelity when nobody else can. In these and a hundred other ways she gets twisted and twined into everything that belongs to his life and life-work.

So, I know, you will have found it. But it will be one very great comfort, and you will thank God for it, that her work is not ended, but still remains. You know now what she would say and do, and your life is just so much enlarged by her still. *Soften your grief by much thanksgiving.*

Yours truly, Horace Bushnell.

In the month of July he betook himself, as usual, to Warren, and in a letter to his wife gives an account of a narrow escape from death by the way:—

Warren, July 14, 1864.

My dear Wife,—You see that I am here, and Madge [the mare] is not dead. She was very tired, but is all up this morning. I had a very pleasant drive, arriving here about five o'clock. I do not like to speak of a very close predicament I fell into, but I ought, in just gratitude for my escape, to do it

The fact is, that I came nearer being killed than I ever did in my life. The road from Waterbury crosses the road from Bristol to Terryville at a very acute angle, and is completely out of sight up to the very crossing. I heard the whistle of the coming train, but, owing to my thickness of hearing, it sounded as if a good distance off, and I put on to get across, as I was not over three rods off. But Madge slacked within a rod, because she was more true in her hearing than I, and down came the rush within six feet of her nose. If she had gone ahead as I wanted her to, she would have been right upon the crossing. She sprang sideways for a turn, but I held her, and, as soon as she could really see what the train was, she was quiet, a good deal more quiet than I was. I never felt so conscious of a delivering Providence in my life. I shall never try to drive over a railroad crossing again before a train, unless I can see it. I had a good rest at Plymouth, and had my picnic about half-past twelve, in the gorge of the Valley Road,—a gulf and the roaring brook on one side; on the sun side, a closely-wooded cliff, out of which ran a little gimlet-hole stream,—spilling out of a bark spout,—of the coolest, sweetest water. No tongue was ever so sweet, no currants so fresh; I suppose it was because I was thinking and tasting wife all the while. Did you ever sweeten the tartar acid before?

Warren, Sunday evening.

It is a great satisfaction to hear that you are not doing worse, but better. Let us all put it down for a point, with God's help, to be well next autumn. I think I should probably have the hardest of it, though I seem to be perceptibly improving, and I do not give up the hope that I shall improve a good deal more. Oh, for health, health of body, but,—infinitely more to be valued,—that health of the soul which puts it in the trim of heaven's order! The longer I live, the more do I appreciate this most sublime possibility. Then how sweet, and just, and true, and loving, and lovely, how like the movement of a hymn, is the life! How dear to each other must any two souls be in this chime of health. God give us this, my dear Mary, in his own good way and time,

or rather put us in that preparation of desire and prayer that will enable us to receive it.

I have the letter you enclosed, and will try to answer it somehow, though I hardly know how. How many modes of morbid goodness there may be,—that is, of goodness only a little good!

In the autumn of 1864, the Rev. George B. Spalding, of Vergennes, Vermont, and more recently settled in Dover, New Hampshire, was installed as pastor of the North Church, and remained faithfully devoted to its charge for a period of nearly six years, during which time its location and its name were changed to that of the Park Church.

The winter of the ensuing year was spent in work upon the forth-coming treatise.

In the summer he delivered the oration at the Commemorative Celebration, held in honor of the Alumni of Yale College who had served their country in the late war. The oration was entitled "Our Obligations to the Dead," and some report of it may properly be made here. It was, in the highest sense of the phrase, a funeral oration, in honor not only of the Alumni of Yale College, but of all the dead who had fallen in the war.

"We are to give the dead their due share of the victory and the honors of victory. Not only they who return, but they who fell, are in the lists of triumph. As it is the ammunition spent that gains the battle, so the dead and dumb heroes are the purchase-money of our redemption.

"Buried generations back of them must also be taken into the account. If we can know concerning the Honorable Sherman, the Deacon Sherman, the Judge Sherman, and all the line of Shermans, with their victor wives and mothers, what they were and how they lived, we shall know who fought the great campaigns on Atlanta, and made the wonderful march to the sea. If we begin at Deacon Grant of the Windsor Church, descending to the historic Matthew Grant of Tolland—fellow-scout with Putnam and captain of a French war company—and thence to Joel Root Grant, who removed to Pennsylvania, to Ohio, to Illinois, we shall see by what tough flanking processes of life the great general was preparing. From these examples it may be seen by what lines of private worth, and public virtue, and more than noble blood, the

stock of our armies has been furnished. If we would pay our obligations to the dead, we must bow in deepest homage and reverence before the memory of this nameless fatherhood and motherhood.

"Our dead have a distinctive right of honor in the simple fact that they were the victims in that great sacrifice of blood which has opened for us a new chapter of life. They have bled for us, and from that shedding of blood have come for us great remissions and redemptions. In this blood of our slain our unity is cemented and sanctified. The sacrifices in the fields of the Revolution united us but imperfectly. We had not bled enough to merge our colonial distinctions, and let out the State-rights doctrine, and make us a proper nation. And so, what argument could not accomplish, sacrifice has achieved. Our dead have given us the possibility of a great consciousness and great public sentiments; for a lofty public consciousness arises only when things are loftily and nobly done. The pitch of our life is raised. We perceive what it is to have a country and a public devotion.

"We have now a new and stupendous chapter of national history. The story of this four years' war is the grandest chapter of heroic fact, tragic devotion, and public sacrifice that has ever been made in the world. The great epic story of Troy is but a song in comparison. Our cause has been that of order, law, liberty, and right, and we have borne ourselves worthily of it.

"Out of this comes also the confidence of a new literary age. As no writer becomes himself, in his full power, till he has gotten the sense of position, so of a people. Hitherto we have been in a condition of clientcy, taking our models and laws of criticism, and our opinions too, from the English motherhood of our language and mind. We are now weaned from that pupilage, have gotten our position, are to think our own thoughts, rhyme in our own measures, kindle our own fires, and write, not English, but American. We have gotten also the historic material of a true oratoric inspiration. We have facts, adventures, characters enough to feed five hundred years of fiction. We have plots, lies, perjuries, false heroics, barbaric murders and assassinations, conspiracies of fire and poison — enough of them, and wicked enough, to furnish the Satanic side of tragedy for long ages to come; coupled with such grandeurs of public valor and principle, such beauty of heroic sacrifice, as tragedy has scarcely yet been able to find. Our battle-fields are henceforth poetic names, and our very soil is touched with a mighty poetic life. In the rustle of our winds, what shall the waking soul of our poets think of but of brave souls riding by? In our thunders they may hear the shocks of charges, and the red of the sunset shall take a tinge in their feeling from the summits where our heroes fell. We seem to be set, in a day, in loftier ranges of thought by this huge flood-tide that has lifted our nationality.

"By the blood of their sacrifice these dead have consecrated our free institutions. They are no longer mere human creations, but God's ordinances. The wretched philosophy out of which came secession is done away. Government has now become a grandly moral affair. The stains of sacrifice, the stamp of divine sovereignty, are on it.

"By what fitting tribute are these obligations to be paid? We should care for their wives and children; sanctify their good name; memorize with monuments and tablets their deeds; and, above all else, take their places and stand in their cause. Like the blood of righteous Abel, their blood cries to us and to God from every field, and river, and wood, and road dotted by our pickets and swept by the march, that we execute their purpose and fulfil the idea that inspired them. We are sworn to see that the perpetual, supreme sovereignty of the nation is established; we are sworn to see that every vestige of slavery is swept clean."

In the spring of 1866, with a dear friend and his daughter, Dr. Bushnell journeyed southward, visiting the battle-field of Gettysburg, sailing up the James River, and spending a few days in and about Richmond, from which place the following letter was written on the 14th of April:—

My dearest Wife,—You will see by this that I am "on to Richmond!" and have taken possession. We have had a most delightful time so far—at Harrisburg on Wednesday, overnight, reaching Gettysburg on Thursday, and spending a beautiful afternoon in visiting all the points of the battle-field. We got as clear an idea almost of the whole three days of mortal strife as if we had been in it ourselves. Oh, what a grandeur hangs over that sacred valley and town, where the fires of a true devotion to the country's life burnt with a vigor so glorious! On Friday we struck Baltimore, and, after playing round awhile on the lions, glanced off down upon Fortress Monroe, where we arrived by steamer Saturday morning. Yesterday we spent in ascending the river through a tier of historic places and lines of earthwork, till we reached this place. To-day we spent the forenoon at the great African church. To-morrow we go to Petersburg and back; and Tuesday turn our faces towards home, whether by way of Antietam or not, I do not know. This, you see, is my birthday, and the loss that I have made in my hearing

admonishes me more than ever that I am growing old. I have had a great many thoughts, some very tender and delightful, some overcast with misgiving and self-accusation. I think I am growing more conscious of sin, and am sometimes even a little disturbed by its perils. Never did I feel so weak and far away from self-help. I certainly want and long to be joined to you in the pure unity of God. I want to have our sunset—what shall I say?—a setting of the sun. And it is my tender prayer that we may ripen into the fullest and highest possibilities God will give us.

The following extract from a letter was written to his wife in August, from his summer haunt in Warren:—

I am glad to hear that you are in New Haven. The change, I think, will be good for you. Only make it a point to play and be a little dissipated. Even a violin wants to have its strings let down, and not be kept, by the year, up to concert pitch. It is very true that a good Christian woman is not a violin, and also true that there is a certain power of play in the free state of Christian liberty that makes the strain of application less exhausting. Still, there is a certain want of natural play for us all, partly because we touch the state of innocence in it, and so a taste of paradise, needful for us as truly as for the lambs.

It was during this year that the volume which had been so long preparing was published. Its complete title, viz., "The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation," was significant of its import, and the theological critics fell upon it with avidity.

Christ's object is the healing of souls. He is to be God's moral power in working such a soul-cure. His life and sacrifice are what he does to become this saving power.

This may be called the central doctrine of the volume, about which many other related subjects are grouped in discussion.

The sacrifice and cross of Christ are represented "as the simple duty of Christ, and not any superlative, optional kind

of good, outside of all the common principles of virtue. It is not goodness over-good, and yielding a surplus of merit in that manner for us, but it is only just as good as it ought to be . . . a model, in that view, for us, and a power, if we can suffer it, of ingenerated life in us."

The following words in the preface show how far the writer felt that he had succeeded in solving the great problem:—

"Perhaps it will some time be judged that I have labored the vast, *uncomprehended complexity*, and *incomprehensible mystery* of the matter as carefully, as conscientiously, and perhaps, also, with as true a justice, as if I had assumed the power to scheme it in a proposition."

It is not necessary to speak further, either of the argument or of the logical and rhetorical vigor of this book. However inconclusive its reasoning may seem to some, it cannot be denied that its pages testify not only of the author's genius, but of a mind so saturated with the spirit of Christ as to give the color and aroma of that spirit to its every utterance. It would be difficult to find a passage of more pathos and power than that wherein the author addresses Christ in the closing words of the book. It is the incense from the altar of his inmost heart, sweet as the effluence of those vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints.

On one of the pages of this book occurs the following eulogy of President Lincoln, whose case he felicitously used to illustrate how moral power, "even the moral power of Christ, emerges finally, and is crowned only when the necessary point of revision is reached":—

"I send these sheets to the press when our great nation is dissolving, as it were, in its tears of mourning, for the great and true father whom the assassins of law and liberty have sent to his grave. What now do we see in him but all that is wisest, and most faithful, and worthiest of his perilous magistracy? A halo rests upon his character, and we find no longer anything to blame, scarcely anything not to admire, in the measures and counsels of his gloriously upright, impartial, passionless, undiscourageable rule. But we did not always see him in that figure. When already three

full years of his time were gone by, many of us were doubtful whether most to blame or praise, and many who most wanted to praise had well-nigh lost their confidence in him, and even retained their respect with difficulty. But the successes he deserved began at last to come, and the merit of his rule to appear. We only doubted still whether wholly to approve and praise. . . . But the tragic close of his life has added a new element, and brought on a second revision, setting him in a character only the more sublime because it is original, and quite unmatched in history. The great name now of Abraham Lincoln emerges complete,—a power of blessing on mankind, and a bond of homage in the feeling of his country forever."

During the summer of this same year he delivered an address on "Pulpit Talent," at Andover Seminary. It was afterwards published in a magazine called *Hours at Home*, with the title, "Training for the Pulpit."

This address was an unusually bright, sharp, and pungent one, and was the theme of discussion in many ministerial circles.

It attempted to discover some of the factors in successful preaching which are not included in the common computations. High scholarship, metaphysical and theological thinking, style and manner, and voice for speaking are stated to be the four canonical talents, and are racily discussed.

"Of what use is it to know the German, when we do not know the human? or to know the Hebrew points, when we do not know at all the points of our wonderfully punctuated humanity?"

"Analysis often kills a sermon. Death is a great analyzer, and nothing ever comes out of the analyzing process alive."

"Formulas are the jerked-meat of salvation!"

"A great many preachers die of style,—that is, of trying to soar,—when, if they would only consent to go afoot, as their ideas do, they might succeed and live. To get up grand expressions . . . and then go hunting after only weak ideas to put into them, is the very wickedest and absurdest violation of the Second Commandment."

Among the uncanonical but essential preaching talents he specifies "the *talent for growth*." Some men never grow; they do not come on an inch. "They are like the egg that enlarges never a line after it has found maturity in a shell!"

Another talent is the possession of a *great conscience*, or "a firmly accentuated moral nature."

Another is a large faith-talent. "The soul needs to have broad, high windows, opening Godward."

Another is what he describes as "a good personal atmosphere."

"It was not Jesus' look, nor his declamation, nor his fine periods; it was not even his prodigious weight of matter; but it was the sacred exhalation of his quality, the aroma, the auroral glory of his person," that gave him such power as he had.

"He took the human person to exhale an atmosphere of God that should fill, and finally renew, creation, bathing all climes, and times, and ages with its dateless, ineradicable power."

In the month of September the last services were held in the old North Church, in which Dr. Bushnell had preached so many years. The congregation moved into its new house of worship near the city park, and adopted the name by which it has since been known — the Park Church. The location and erection of this new sanctuary had deeply interested him. The North Church—the scene of his ministerial labors and triumphs — was speedily transformed into a place of merchandise, but there are many still living whose remembrances of its religious associations with Dr. Bushnell's ministry are very precious and sacred.

In this same year an article from his pen, entitled "The Natural History of the Yaguey Family," was printed in *Hours at Home*. Taking for his text a singular parasitical Cuban tree, the yaguey, "the wooden devil of the general treehood," he humorously makes it a type of the thieving and parasitical human growths, in a manner well suggested by the letter written to one of his children from Savannah in 1855, to be found in a preceding chapter.

The year 1867 was one of comparative leisure. The fol-

lowing letters written to the late Rev. George Bacon, D.D., will indicate what his opinions were concerning "worship" and the "rotatory diaconate:"—

"I think this responsive reading may be well. It gives the people something to do. Still, I do not sympathize with the talk we have about worship—much worship! and the claim that reverence requires putting the worship first. I do not think so. What is worship but the fire and flame of hearts burning in the sense of God? And a real, right-working sermon will kindle more such flame than all the liturgies of the world. What liturgies had Christ and his apostles, and what did they do but preach and keep preaching in all their assemblies? Make the preaching right, and I will answer for the interest, and glow, and high understanding, and real worship of the people. . . .

"I heartily dissent from the *three-year* deacons! The deacon is to purchase to himself a good degree and great boldness, and that good degree means power for good, acquired by long use. And a good old deacon—God bless him!—what is there better, and more to be felt or loved? But a three-year deacon is nobody. He is scarcely old enough to have gotten by the state of veal,—he is not beef at all. The very naming of a three-year trust kills the office. A real live deacon can hardly appear in that figure."

The following letter seems to have been written in response to a request for recommendation to a professorship of metaphysics. For obvious reasons the name of the person addressed is withheld:—

Hartford, April 18, 1867.

I am very much at a loss to know what answer I ought to give to your request. You are quite right in assuming that I will not be disinclined to do you service in this matter because you are personally a stranger. But it happens that you are unfortunate in applying to one who is so far out of line in the matter of metaphysics. I was formerly drawn to that study, but I have lost all expectation from it, and only

read enough to keep myself informed of what is passing. After any one has gotten the insight of words, where all true intelligence (*intus lego*) centres and comes to its limits, I do not think it possible for him to care much for logic or metaphysics. He has discovered by that time the possibility of systems without end, and the impossibility of any that can stand. And it is a fact not to be questioned, that metaphysics have never established anything. The last new teacher is always about to do it, and the coterie gathered about him are quite certain that he has; but it turns out very shortly that he has rather multiplied the questions than settled any one of them. The teachers are all building what they call the 'science,' but science does not fare in that way. There is, in fact, no science here, and never will be,—language is too light-winged and too competent of right uses to be harnessed in this mill. Metaphysics have three uses. First, they show that metaphysics are impossible; secondly, they are a good gymnastic; thirdly, they vary the old questions, so as to enlarge the field. At this last point Spencer has a considerable merit, with, as far as I know, scarcely any other.

I have read only one of the articles you name,—that on "Positivism in Theology." My criticism on it would be briefly this:—that the positivism you so much count upon appears to be nothing different from Bacon's doctrine of science, after you have so essentially cut down the merit of Comte, to whom it belongs, and so handsomely and fatally demolished Spencer, its most prominent champion. I perceive in the latter part of your article that you still cling to the faith of something very *positive*, somewhere, if anybody can find it; but as we do not commonly name children before they are born, I see no very particular reason, just now, for asserting anything under this rather pretentious title. And it will not be any more acceptable to some that they look on Comte as not being very much of a character.

What you say of "logical and illogical" science, and religious "authority and reason," "supernaturalism and naturalism," appears to me to be more a matter of logomachy than you think it is, though I distinguish in it a very great as-

sumption, from which I strongly dissent. You assume that *opinion* here is going to be finally *science*, and so the end of all debate; whereas I look upon opinion as a kind of clatter that can settle nothing. Faith is a much higher, more explorative way of knowledge here than opinion, and cannot well be ignored as the summit-faculty of souls. Faith discerns; opinion manipulates. Faith has nothing to do with propositions; opinion, with nothing else. Thus, when I believe in God, it is the act of one being committing himself in trust to another being, and in that trust getting immediate knowledge and consciousness of him. In that knowledge, too, I get the sense of my own *everduringness*, which never was or can be settled by the method of opinion working at the question of immortality. So of supernatural inspiration, the grandest fact of human experience—opinion can do nothing with it.

What, then, shall I say? That you write well I admit with the greater satisfaction that I am obliged to make these strictures. In your negative and destructive work I perfectly agree with you. You are a good metaphysician—capable, I think, of standing as high as a metaphysician ought to stand, or can, without *ceasing to be one*. And there is nothing I should so much like as to recommend some one for this kind of professorship who will *teach words*, show how words are made up into systems, how all systems slip by slipping in words—how the science they attempt has, therefore, never been forth-coming, and never will be. . . .

The following note was written to a friend who had sent him a little barometric "weather-house," from whose door a man is made to come out in bad weather, or a woman when the weather changes to fair:—

Dear Miss E.,—It is a rather tough joke upon us male ones that we are to be the signs of all bad weather, and the women folk to bring all the fair mornings and bright, open skies. Is it so in the great Weather-House of the world, where the so-called mated people live? Does the woman run out of the house at one door, whenever the man comes

in at the other? Pray has that been your feeling? If so, it explains one thing I could never understand. No, my friend, your "weather-house" does not represent the inside weather, but the outside. And when your man comes bravely forth to report the coming storms, that is the generosity of his make. And when the dear mate timidly retires within, claiming her "woman's rights," that is—what you please. Very good. I like it, and shall be a great deal more attentive to the weather, for the weather-house's sake, and shall peer inside sometimes, wishing comfort in the storms to the giver. With much affection, yours, H. B.

During the year 1868 several articles from his pen were published in various magazines. One, on "Science and Religion," appeared in *Putnam's Magazine;* and another, of uncommon interest, on "Building Eras in Religion," in *Hours at Home.* This latter article was originally written in the form of a sermon for use at the dedication of the Park Church. In its descriptions of the Cathedral age occur many passages of singular force and beauty:—

"And now (after the crusades) the old heroics of sentiment, the romance, the church fervor, took fire in the thought of building for religion, and began to throw itself up in stone as by a divine call. . . . Thus went up the magnificent Minster at York, the grandly-studied pile at Antwerp, the gossamer web of Strasburg, the sublime incipiency of Cologne, the mountain-peak of St. Stephen's at Vienna, and the immortal beauty and unmatched miracle of St. Ouen at Rouen." Of the latter he says: "It was as if the stone itself, bedded in cruciform lines of foundation, had shot up into peaks, and pinnacles, and pointed forms, and sprung its flying buttresses across in air by some uplifting sense or quickened aspiration."

Encountering the different people, — architects, Ritualists, Puritans, and Adventists, — who say, from their different stand-points, that there will be no grander building eras in the future, he argues, with great force and eloquence, that there will be.

He believed with all his mind and heart in the doctrine of

progress. Our boasted civilization, superior as it is to what has formerly existed, is an infantine affair. These days belong to the beginnings. "The world is an unhatched egg as yet. . . . It will go on propagating salvation, character, sainthood, brotherhood, intelligence, and glory for some hundred thousand years yet, till the populations of the redeemed souls preponderate so vastly as to throw all computations of loss out of mind."

Never before as now could vast assemblies be gathered at single points.

"We can set all choirs and organs in every part of a State or of the nation upon a perfect chime of time-beat, in any given anthem, at any hour of day or night. . . . We are to have unequalled resources for building, and such resources will appear, as occasion arises, in structures unequalled for majesty and magnitude."

He has no fears that the art of building has found its limit. Then follows this curious sentence:—"Supposing that no new forms or orders are ever to be added, any least inventive bigot of routine can see that, putting down a Greek cross for a centre and drawing out the four limbs into four Latin crosses, a most perfect five-fold whole can be constructed of any conceivable extent."

He shows how the cathedral, with all its grandeur and beauty, is a great way off from being completely and genuinely Christian. Christianity has already gone beyond it in its development, and requires a building for the communion of saints and their worship in the Spirit, instead of one for altar-worship only. "Great movements now beginning all over the world foretoken vast assemblages of believers flowing together in a sublime concourse of brotherhood. . . . In that great day which the Spirit is preparing, we can see, at a glance, that great changes will be coming to pass that will demand great feasts and anthems of Koinonial worship, such as our world-brotherhood has never yet imagined."

The time is coming when our sectarian subdivisions shall make way for the state of unity: when "the immense imposture of the Pope shall go down, when all priesthoods shall go

down, and God's armies of believers shall enter into the liberties of his kingdom; when science and religion, reconciled, shall join Creator-worship and Redeemer-worship; and then we shall have great spaces, great symbols, great anthems like the waves of the sea, great temples of unity! Then the grandest doxologies, and most hallowed prayers, and widest human brotherhoods will be mounting into stone by the upward lift of their affinities."

This almost forgotten essay seems to us to be one of the most beautiful that was ever written by Dr. Bushnell. It is a poem from first to last; and if his forecastings and foreshadowings are a poet's creations, they are too beautiful not to be true, or to lie in obscurity. Professedly Puritan and anti-Ritualist as he was, he cannot write of the bright and better days of unity and completeness to come, without investing worship with the decent splendors and pomps that belong to it and become it. He hears thunders of responsive assent; petitions of prayer answered by Amens like the sound of many waters; anthems that are like the waves of the sea; and sees holy processions, timed by marches and hymns, in the aisles and galleries of walls that are alive with worship. As it was with Milton, the Puritan, so it was with him when his imagination was set on conceiving what Zion might be in the perfection of her beauty, and when God should be worshipped in the full beauty of holiness.

The summer vacation of 1868 was passed, not in the old haunts, but in the Adirondacks, whither he went for the next summer also. A letter written there gives a detailed account of his ramblings and excursions. Though an invalid, he walked, and climbed, and fished, after a fashion that would have exhausted many men who boast of perfect health. He did not believe in travelling much in "Dumpdom." "It is a poor country, with very bad roads, and almost anybody would do better to go round it than to pass through it."

He made, or rather found, some true friends in that beautiful valley. He honored the manly qualities of some of the guides, enjoyed the ruminations and piquancies of "Old Phelps," and all the meandering walks and talks they had to-

gether. But his thoughts often adverted with a peculiar tenderness to the lowly Christian souls there, having an experience that differed so widely from his own, sustaining in those quiet recesses of the mountains an inward life with God which was almost unrecognized by man. Of one household, beneath whose roof he found a peaceful shelter, he said, —"How beautiful are such lives, growing in obscurity, hidden away here like the mosses in the forest!"

Mount Marcy was not enough for him, and, with a guide, he set forth for "twice as tough a job,"—to climb the Giant of the Valley by an unknown route. As this mountain had then been visited by only a few persons, and as his guide was an old man whose qualification for the attempt consisted in the fact that he had once reached its top from another quarter, their expedition was regarded as not only difficult but hazardous. The Giant is peculiarly inaccessible, owing to the tangle of rough hills which hem it in; the way was trackless, and the climb, even under more favorable circumstances, is one of the most arduous to be made in that region. They however succeeded in reaching the summit; and then, as daylight was waning and time became valuable, Dr. Bushnell proposed a rapid way of descent by means of the bare slides of rock made by avalanches, and extending half way down the mountain on its farther side. Trusting themselves to these, the two old men proceeded to coast down the steep incline, clinging or catching as they might, here and there, by a bush or shrub. This crazy exploit was safely accomplished, and after dark, and when great anxiety was beginning to be felt for them, the travellers appeared, staggering with fatigue, but jubilant over the success of their adventure. Those who remember how exceedingly frail Dr. Bushnell seemed at that time can but wonder at his fourteen miles' tramp up and down in the wilderness. But they can understand why he should attempt it, when he says, "It had for me the interest of an exploration."

Many interesting reminiscences of his Adirondack life have been related by his dear young friend, Rev. J. H. Twichell, who was his companion in those scenes.

One day, as they were fishing together, and his friend, drawing him out, remarked on the satisfaction he must feel at the many testimonies that came to him of his helpfulness, he made answer that the only ground of self-satisfaction he had was that he knew he had loved truth, and had tried to find it out!

Again he said,—"The wonder of wonders to me, in the personal dealings of God with me, is the patience he has had with me! Oh, how he has had to bear with me! How he *has* borne with me!"

He often fell into moods of criticism that were fatal to whatever books came under review. One night, as he lay, with two friends, before the camp-fire, the conversation turned upon authors. One by one the literary champions went down under his lance, until the field was pretty thick with the slain. One then quietly asked him what authors he did like. Hesitating a little, and probably perceiving the snare, he mentioned two or three, but finally demolished them all, save Coleridge. I have often heard him say that he was more indebted to Coleridge than to any extra-Scriptural author. If the sermons of Dr. Bushnell made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers, and were treasured up in memory, so also with his prayers. He prayed as if speaking to some one within hearing, and as if that one was listening. With singular felicity and simplicity of language too. His prayers had the effect of somehow enlarging the spiritual horizon. They let in light. God's presence was felt to be near. They made one feel how great a privilege there is in prayer, and into what a freedom it leads.

Mr. Twichell speaks of this in the following anecdote:—"I shall never forget one night when I was alone with him, away up on the side of Mount Marcy, when it came time to sleep, and I asked him to pray, how turning on his face (for we were both lying down) he began in his natural voice, but with a tone as soft and still and melodious as the low murmur of the stream that ran by our camp, what seemed for all the world like talking with some person who was next to him, but whom I did not see. And so he continued com-

muning sweetly in expressions of adoring thanks, and love, and humility, and trust, and blessed hope, with that near Presence; till when he ended I found every other feeling swallowed up in the thought that God was there."

Certain characteristic traits of Dr. Bushnell are pleasantly illustrated in a description, by Mr. Twichell, of an expedition in the Adirondacks. It will be read with zest by all who knew him:—

"Up in the Adirondacks there is a certain route that parties have always taken into the wilderness to visit some of the notable natural phenomena of that locality. The first time the Doctor went there, he had, within two days after his arrival, by looking at the lay of the country and studying the map, made up his mind that there was a better course to follow in taking that trip, and nothing would do but that I must set out with him and prove it. It was a sort of heresy in the premises, but he succeeded in establishing it. There were incidents of this little expedition that stick in my memory because they so exhibited certain of the Doctor's traits. I may be pardoned for relating some of them. We took with us two of the most experienced guides of that region, men skilled in woodcraft, who had lived among those mountains most of their lives. But as for being guided by them in the sense of saying 'Go ahead, and I will follow,' the Doctor evidently had no such idea. From the hour that we set out he insisted on knowing the why and wherefore of every turn that was made through the whole journey. Their statements as to the course we were pursuing he invariably verified by the compass. And when his judgment and theirs, as to the way to take at any point, crossed, as not infrequently happened, they had to justify their view to his complete satisfaction before he would accept it. Indeed, it was just about the same as if he had been alone. At one time we went a little astray, and it was necessary to take a considerable look about us before proceeding. I did all I could to get the Doctor to sit still and rest while the guides took the observations the case called for. But no, he could not delegate such a matter as finding out the way to go right, and so he went clambering, here and there,

over the rocks and fallen timber (it was an exceedingly rough place), charged with the whole responsibility of the situation, till the problem was solved. The exertion he had made, however, brought on presently a hemorrhage to which he was subject. I knew nothing of it till, as he walked before me he turned and said, 'Look here,' and showed me a mouthful of blood he had just thrown out upon the ground. 'We must stop at once,' I said. 'No, no,' he answered; 'don't tell the guides. It is nothing serious, and I had rather move along.' But by the time we stopped to go into camp he was very weak. During the night he continued to raise blood, and grew feverish, and slept hardly at all; and, as if to complete the misery of his plight, it came on to rain. In the morning he found himself quite unable to proceed. I was in utter distress, and did not know what to do, for we were miles from any house. It looked as if he might die there. But after lying still under the bough-shelter through the day, telling me all the while not to worry, toward evening he began to revive and feel a good deal better, and that night he rested. In the morning he rose and stirred about a little, and said, 'Well, I'm on my feet again. We'll march to-day.' Of course I had no notion, under the circumstances, of his marching anywhere but straight back home by the shortest route, and in some way I implied that. Whereupon, to my equal surprise and dismay, he exclaimed, 'No, indeed; we are *not* going back; we are going *on*—unless you give out.' And, accordingly, on we went, and travelled three whole days more, and accomplished what we set out to do before we returned."

In the year 1869, many articles of his were printed in *Hours at Home*,—one on "Progress;" and the series of essays on the "Moral Uses of Dark Things" was begun. Another, still, was entitled "Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination," which seems to me to be one of the ablest and noblest of all his essays.

His theory, that language is utterly inadequate to serve the uses of religious dogma, is vigorously set forth in it.

The following paraphrases and quotations may serve to indicate his line of thought:—

"The Christian gospel is pictorial. Its every line or lineament is traced in some image or metaphor, and no ingenuity can get it away from metaphor. No animal ever understood a metaphor. That belongs to man as a creature of intelligence, by virtue of his power to see in all images the faces of truth and to read their meaning. All the truths of religion are given by images; all God's revelation is made to the imagination; and all the rites, and services, and ceremonies of the olden times were only a preparation of draperies and figures for what was to come, —the basis of words sometime to be used as metaphors of the Christian grace.

"Christ is 'God's last metaphor!' 'the express image of God's person!' and when we have gotten all the metaphoric meanings of his life and death, all that is expressed and bodied in his person of God's saving help, and new-creating, sin-forgiving, reconciling love, the sooner we dismiss all speculations on the literalities of his incarnate miracles, his derivation, the composition of his person, his suffering—plainly transcendent as regards our possible understanding—the wiser we shall be in our discipleship.

"Nothing makes infidels more surely than the spinning, splitting, nerveless refinements of theology. This endeavor, to get the truths of religion away from the imagination, into propositions of the speculative understanding, makes a most dreary and sad history.... They were plants alive and in flower, but now the flavors are gone, the juices are dried, and the skeleton parts packed away and classified in the dry herbarium called theology....

"Scientific theology will be completely thought out 'about the same time that words are substituted for algebraic notations, and poetry reduced to the methods of the calculus or the logarithmic tables.'

"All attempts to think out the cross and have it in dogmatic statement have resulted only in disagreement and distraction. If we undertake to make a science out of the altar metaphors, it will be no Gospel that we make, but a poor, dry jargon rather—a righteousness that makes nobody righteous, a justice satisfied by injustice, a mercy on the basis of pay, a penal deliverance that keeps on foot all the penal liabilities."

The essay concludes with a masterly comparison of Turretin and Bunyan, one a great expounder in the school of dogma, and the other a teacher by and before the imagination.

"The venerable dogmatizer is already far gone by,... but the glorious Bunyan fire still burns, because it is fire, kindles the world's imagination more and more, and claims a right to live till the sun dies out in the sky. His Pilgrim holds on his way still fresh and strong as ever,

nay, fresher and stronger than ever, never to be put off the road till the last traveller heavenward is conducted in."

At this time the small volume on "Woman Suffrage" was written. How much effect the argument has had in the general discussion, I know not, but the description of it, in his title, as a "Reform against Nature" made a hard hit. That phrase got abroad, and wrought effectually.

But there is nothing in the book more worthy of insertion here than the Preface.

"For once I will dare to break open one of the customary seals of silence, by inscribing this little book to the woman I know best and most thoroughly; having been overlapped, as it were, and curtained in the same consciousness for the last thirty-six years. If she is offended that I do it without her consent, I hope she may get over the offence shortly, as she has a great many others that were worse. She has been with me in many weaknesses and some storms, giving strength alike in both; sharp enough to see my faults, faithful enough to expose them, and considerate enough to do it wisely: shrinking never from loss, or blame, or shame to be encountered in anything right to be done; adding great and high instigations — instigations always to good, and never to evil mistaken for good; forecasting always things bravest and best to be done, and supplying inspirations enough to have made a hero, if they had not lacked the timber. If I have done anything well, she has been the more really in it that she did not know it, and the more willingly also that having her part in it known has not occurred to her; compelling me thus to honor not less, but more, the covert glory of the womanly nature; even as I obtain a distincter and more wondering apprehension of the divine meanings, and moistenings, and countless, unbought ministries it contributes to this otherwise very dry world."

In the month of March he preached an extremely interesting sermon before the Connecticut Sunday-school Teachers' Convention, the title of which was, "God's Thoughts fit Bread for Children." He warmly advocated the "Moravian way" of training children largely by the singing of hymns that centre in Christ. He would organize a "discipleship in hosannas," and put children through "chants, litanies, sonnets, holy madrigals, and doxologies—such and so many, and so full of Christ's dear love, that they will sing Christ into their hearts."

With respect to preaching to children, he said:—

"We get occupied with great and high subjects that require a handling too heavy and deep for children, and become so fooled in our estimate of what we do, that we call it coming down when we undertake the preaching to children; whereas it is coming up rather, out of the subterranean hills, darknesses, intricacies, and dungeon-like profundities of old, grown-up sin, to speak to the bright, daylight creatures of trust, and sweet affinities, and easy convictions. . . . Preaching only to grown-up people is much as if we were to set our ministry to a preaching only to bachelors. We dry up in this manner, and our thought wizens in a certain pomp of pretence that is hollow, and not Gospel."

In March, 1870, the Rev. Geo. B. Spalding resigned his pastorate of the Park Church, and was succeeded by the Rev. N. J. Burton, D.D., who for many years had lived in neighborhood and intimacy with Dr. Bushnell. This choice of Dr. Burton by the Park Church was exceedingly grateful to Dr. Bushnell, since it gave him for his successor in the ministry, and for the pastor of his family, one of his most intimate and valued friends.

In June Dr. Bushnell preached the installation sermon of Rev. Washington Gladden, at North Adams, Mass., and shortly afterwards made an address at the Commencement of Williams College. In July he delivered an address on "New Education," before the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven.

During the three months' absence of the pastor of the Second Church of Hartford, Dr. Bushnell supplied his pulpit, preaching regularly each Sunday morning. The manner of his administration of the Lord's Supper there was long remembered with tender interest. During all these years he was not infrequently found preaching in the pulpits of the Park, Second, and Asylum Hill churches, where he was reverenced and listened to as a prophet and apostle. His physical feebleness only served to excite an affectionate pity, and to show, by way of contrast, his unabated mental vigor and spiritual energy. It sometimes seemed, while he spake, as if a superior and more than mortal power was in him. It was evident that, while his outward man was daily perishing, his inward man was daily renewed.

In the autumn of the same year he also preached several times for Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn. In 1871 he spent several weeks in New Haven, and preached repeatedly in the College chapel. One sermon on the text, "His bones are full of the sin of his youth," was listened to by the young men with breathless attention, and was eagerly discussed among them afterwards. The same year he prepared for publication a new volume of sermons, which was issued the next year under the title of "Sermons on Living Subjects." One of these, in which he was particularly interested—"The Enthronement of the Lamb"—had been preached to two congregations in Hartford, and may be said to contain a most masterly and satisfactory statement of his distinctive doctrine concerning Christ's mediation. Another of these sermons, remarkable alike for its beauty and for its catholic treatment of the subject, was on the Virgin Mary. It was first read to a small circle of friends in my house, and afterwards preached in the South, Park, and Asylum Hill churches. It was the last sermon which Dr. Bushnell ever publicly delivered, and the following account of its delivery (evidently written by Dr. Burton) will be read with interest:—

"MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS."

"Dr. Bushnell delivered his discourse on the above topic in the Park Church, yesterday morning, before a large and sympathetic assembly. The Doctor is already just past his threescore and ten, and much intense mind-work, long continued, has somewhat broken in upon his stanch physique; but his wonderful brain retains all its fine quality and fertility, and gives every promise of standing intact and full-girded forever. And so the above sermon moved forward in rhythms and tendernesses, and great outreaches of thought and fine plays of imagination, with loving reverences intermingled, entirely characteristic and not easy to be forgotten, reminding one first of the days when he held the pulpit of the Park Church as a throne of power, as also of those other and sad days—may they long delay!—when this great voice, so long among us, shall be silenced, and we who have been charmed by it shall go mourning forever for the dear familiar sound of it. The ties between a faithful preacher and his people are very sacred and indestructible; and if, as in Dr. Bushnell's case, the entire thinking world have been his people, by what a throng are his earthly steps attended, and with what a meaning shall 'his works follow him' as his eternal life unfolds!"

In 1872 he put forth all his energies to secure a right location and a befitting plan for the new State Capitol to be erected in Hartford. The Connecticut Legislature of 1871 passed a resolution appropriating the sum of five hundred thousand dollars for a new State-house in Hartford, provided the city of Hartford would give an equal amount and also provide a site. A State Commission of five gentlemen was appointed with authority to build a State-house, and they were instructed to confer with the proper authorities of Hartford, and with them determine the building site.

The city government voted the necessary sum of money, and selected the west end of the City Park. But Dr. Bushnell strenuously opposed this selection. When charged with inconsistency by some who remembered that when he labored to secure the Park, one of his reasons was, that it would one day be crowned by a new State-house, he snapped his fingers at that consistency which never grows wiser, said he was several sizes bigger than formerly, and pushed his objections. He had little support or sympathy. The State Commission looked over the grounds, heard his objections, and unanimously decided against him, and accepted the Park site. All the newspapers of the city, and an overwhelming majority of the citizens, were opposed to his suggestions, which involved the outlay of at least two hundred thousand dollars. Nothing daunted, he set as resolutely to work as so sick a man could. He drew up a petition, and gained numerous and influential signatures to it, requesting the Common Council to allow a meeting in the City Hall to discuss the advisability of offering another site (known to Hartford as the Seymour-Catlin lot) to the Commission. Just then, as if he had not enough to contend with, came the Chicago fire, impoverishing Hartford as well as Chicago. Could he expect Hartford now to buy a lot for two hundred thousand dollars, when it had one to give, which most of the people preferred to any other? The matter rested uneasily for some two months, during which time the Doctor was winning converts privately, although his petition and remonstrance were treated with downright opposition in the press. In January,

1872, a public meeting was called for the purpose of giving him a hearing, though no one dreamed that any change would come of it. We had forgotten what was in him. A few days before I met him on the street, and he said, "If I had only a few grains of strength left, I would grapple with this business and overthrow it." I replied, "Do not distress yourself, Doctor; for, though you had an archangel's strength, you could not accomplish such a miracle." I can see him now, as he turned wearily away, and walked on under his burden.

But the evening of the 7th of January found him in Central Hall, charging down upon that settled and accepted mistake, in a speech that will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was simply irresistible—cogent, witty, good-natured, convincing, and closing in a strain of singular pathos and eloquence. The *Courant*, next morning, reported it fully, and cautiously swung into the line of approval. A profound impression was made upon the entire community. That speech saved Hartford from committing a terrible blunder. There was one wise man in this city. A few words may tell the result. Dr. Bushnell's plan was not adopted. Just then it occurred to Mr. A. E. Burr, the editor of the *Hartford Times*, to say that the ideal site for a Capitol was that occupied by Trinity College, adjoining the West Park. His suggestion was approved, and everybody agreed that the true location was now discovered. Could it be purchased? A public committee was appointed to ascertain and report. Dr. Bushnell heartily approved this plan. On the 16th of March the committee reported on what terms the property could be obtained, and recommended its purchase for the sum of six hundred thousand dollars! A few days later a popular vote of the citizens authorized its purchase, and the thing that should have been done was done.

One day not long before his death, Dr. Bushnell stood near the rising walls of the new Capitol, conversing with a gentleman, who said, "Doctor, do you remember how, twenty years ago, in a speech before the Common Council of the city, in which you were pleading for a city Park to be made out of

the filthiest part of Hartford, lying along Little River, you described what might be here in the future—a beautiful Park, skirted by a pleasant roadway, with a church facing it on Asylum Street, and yonder western hill crowned with a noble Capitol?" "Yes," said the Doctor. "Behold and see your vision fulfilled! Here is your Park, than which there is none lovelier in New England. Yonder is the beautiful Gothic church of your own parish facing it from over the river, and here is rising the noble Capitol to crown the western hill!"

The entire scene, one of the fairest in our land,—the Park, the church, the Capitol,—is Dr. Bushnell's lasting memorial, "Si quæris monumentum, circumspice!"

During all those years, while his life was, by reason of ill health, often a secluded one, and his adventures those of the study chiefly, he allowed himself by no means to be circumscribed within the narrow bounds of a mere studious or domestic life. His mind sought affiliation with the outside world all the more eagerly because of his seclusion, and there was nothing going on in the great world of affairs in which he did not take a practical interest. The engineering of the great railroad lines across the continent was a favorite study with him. The ten large and finely illustrated volumes of Reports of the "Explorations for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean," published by the United States government, were sent him by a friend in Congress; and from these he gathered a vividly real knowledge of the regions explored, and used to talk about them as if he had been there. The Report of "Explorations and Surveys for a Ship-Canal across the Isthmus of Darien" furnished a study over which he spent absorbed and even exciting hours. He had all the different proposed routes and their levels as clearly mapped in his head as if he had made the surveys himself, having also in mind the difficulties and dangers and comparative cost of the four or five lines, and, after long study and comparison, he made up his mind on which route he would lay out the canal. A man to whom the whole work was committed could hardly have been more

deeply in earnest about it. This is but one illustration of the way in which his mind took wings, refusing ever to be captive for a moment. Books of geography and travel were only another means of mental locomotion. He was at one time in Africa on a hunt with Baker, or with Livingston eagerly searching for the sources of the Nile. It was *his* exploration, and he had his own guesses and theories. At such a time his whole family might be said to live in Africa, so thoroughly was his mind enveloped in its atmosphere, and so vividly did he communicate his sense of it to others. Again, it was in China that he travelled, becoming easily acquainted with its sphinx-like people, their arts, their crops, their customs, and their schools; he learned the geography of the great continent, and never rested till he had an Orient in his brain, almost as distinct to him as the Western World he lived in. He also kept pace, as he had opportunity, with the latest discoveries of science, profoundly interested in their influence upon religious thought, and with no jealousy whatever that a true knowledge of God's laws could be aught but subservient to his truth. So he kept himself alive and alert, never drowsing into the rust or decay of disease; and hence his very movement was elastic and enterprising, like that of one who travels.

In the month of July, 1873, Mr. Ralph Burkett, a spiritual son of Dr. Bushnell, and one who especially appreciated and supported him, died of a disease much resembling that of the Doctor. A few days before his death he was moved to joy and praise by the following letter which had been received from the man he loved so well:—

Ripton, Vt., July 25, 1873.

I understand that you have returned to Hartford as the place to be of your departure. I am sorry to be away, but I do not know that you have special need of me. You know where the gate is, and will not wait for any one to show you in, where your own thoughts have been so often pushing in, and are grown so familiar with the place. I am waiting ther more than ever now, myself, and you will scarcely have roc to turn around before I am with you.

Well, what regrets have we, that we are crowded on so cl

upon the verge? It has been a great thing for us to live; and if you feel as I do, you will seem to see that everything has been done to get you ready.

The most affecting and the most impressive thing of all, to me, is that so much has been done for me. Is there anything better to think of now, than that God is God, and is ours? Whom else have we in heaven or on earth, and whom else do we want?

Oh, the unspeakable greatness of a life related to God—a life in God's affinities, and capable of so high a friendship!

All the other things of our being—our successes, assurances, participations—are now very insignificant; and to be with Christ, and rest with him where he rests, how full, and free, and tender is this hope! As your time draws near, may God himself draw near, and make your soul so strong that you shall not ask for peace, or, indeed, for anything but himself.

If I return before you go, I shall be with you.

Yours in the love of God, HORACE BUSHNELL.

Dr. Bushnell's faithful attendance and participation in the weekly Hartford ministers' meeting, and in the bimonthly sessions of the Hartford Central Association, deserve a passing notice. The ministers' meeting, originally held in Dr. Hawes's quaint old study, and afterwards in the chapels of the Pearl Street and Centre churches, has been, for twenty years at least, the place of free, familiar, social, cordial, clerical fellowship. What delightful and even merry scenes have been witnessed therein! What fervent prayers, what rich instruction, what cordial reciprocations of good-will, what skilful fencing and stout wrestling too, what thrusts and parries, what genial pleasantries and side-splitting jokes, what tender counsellings, what harmonious doxologies in which all discords of discussion ended! There Turnbull, and Beadle, and Hawes, and Bushnell, who with others have gone into rest, contributed of their diverse goods. There scores of dear souls still living on the earth, but scattered hence, were gathered. Thither, every Monday morning, punctually too, came the

greatest and wisest of them all. He always sat in the same seat. It was no higher than that in which the weakest brother sat. Alas that it did not then occur to us to play the reporter for him, and make some record of the innumerable bright, brilliant coruscations of his playful and of his more serious genius! How often have we seen that meeting convulsed with laughter at some sudden sally of his wit—grave Dr. Hawes unbending with the rest, though not without vain resistance! How often have we beheld it hanging, still, rapt, and solemn, on his eloquent lips, as he spoke in deep, mystic strains of the Lord and of his love! There, as everywhere and always, he was completely unconscious of his greatness. It was veiled in humility. Nothing in dress, demeanor, or carriage denoted superiority. It was his speech that betrayed him. Then his distinctive traits were noted—the positive and intense opinion launched in bolts of language that flashed as they flew; the grotesque remark that suddenly came from far away, like a bomb-shell, to explode and scatter idle pretensions; the coinage of words that made old things new; the bright-gleaming scimitar strokes of wit that sometimes beheaded a fallacy so deftly that a little joggling was necessary to discover the decapitation. Not anywhere, in his most eloquently written pages, is his power of inspiration more remarkable than it often was in these congenial circles of his brethren.

Dr. Bushnell was one of the original members of the Monday Evening Club, which was formed for purposes of intellectual commerce in the winter of 1868. Clergymen, lawyers, literary men, editors, and business men were brought together fortnightly for an exchange of thought upon selected topics, and, so long as his health permitted, he was among them. Some of his discoursings are vividly remembered. One night he spoke of the Future of Christianity in a strain of eloquence that seemed to many members to surpass anyth[illegible] they had heard. Another night he fell upon Comte, proceeded against him in such a humorous way of annihilation as would have amused the pseudo-philosopher himself even while in the process of dissolution. He had the pith

announcement of such a subject was enough to put us all into a state of tender awe. It did not seem boldness in him to be thus looking within the veil. We felt that he was to speak of what he knew, and not out of conjecture merely. As he read on and on, we listened with deepening awe and tenderness to the close. The shadow of the coming separation fell upon us, and when the reading ceased there was a strange silence. One by one the ministers, as they were called upon, declined to speak. Presently one was called who had long been intimate with the Doctor, and when he shook his head, the Doctor said, "Come, tell us what you think of it." He hesitated, and then began,—"Dr. Bushnell tells us that this—is—his—last—sermon!" He could get no farther, but gave way and broke out into loud weeping. And we all wept together with him. It was like the parting of St. Paul with the Ephesian elders. Then we knew how we loved him, and what an unspeakable, irreparable loss his departure would be for us,—that departure which was evidently nigh at hand. The dear old Doctor sat there, calmest of all, his deep, dark eyes glistening with tears, his face radiant like Stephen's, and beheld us with a look of heavenly grace and benediction, until the weeping ceased, and the Master seemed to have made himself manifest in a great peace.

The days thereafter, in which, with characteristic steadfastness and patience, he slowly traversed the valley of the shadow of death, and finally entered into rest, it is not for me to describe.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BY F. L. B.

CLOSING YEARS.

1870–1876.

Last Visit to New Preston.—A Deep Experience.—Revisions.—Extracts from a Correspondence.—First Summer in Ripton, with Letters.—Notes on Prayer.—Work under Limitations.—Second and Third Summers in Ripton, with Letters.—"A Vacation with Dr. Bushnell," by Professor Austin Phelps.—His Manifold Interests.—Vitality of his Humor.—Publication of "Forgiveness and Law."—Letters concerning it.—Days of Peace.—A New Work begun.—A Severe Illness.—Partial Recovery.—Last Letters.—Gradual Decline.—Naming of the Park.—Death.—Extracts from the Funeral Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Burton.

The closing years of Dr. Bushnell's life seemed, to those who knew them intimately, almost as much the opening years of the life to come. The twilight was gently falling on the things of this world, but already the day dawned that was to succeed the brief night. His few public ministrations of a later date than 1870 have found their true place in the foregoing chapter. Though he showed in them his wonted fire and power, he was no longer capable of sustained effort; and the work he had to do for the world must, in future, be done in seclusion, and little by little, as he was able. Yet this period of detachment was saved from much of the pain that often attends it, by the great gains he made. It was not a time of cessation, as of a life that was going out, but had a work of its own and growth and motion to the very end. No most labored argument for immortality could have been like this silent argument of the inward man, waxing so mightily amidst the waning of much that we are accustomed to regard as the physical and intellectual glory of man. It was, after

all, less an argument for immortality than the disclosure of it, as something already begun.

In the summer of 1870, he spent some time on the shore of Lake Waramaug. To that beautiful home region, where the "early dew" had fallen upon his young life, he turned the pilgrim steps of his age, and again in life's evening was quickened and refreshed from above. Of this he writes in two letters,—the first to his wife, the second to a daughter:—

Warren, August 7, 1870.

. . . I have had some delightful times and passages since I came here such as I never had before. I never so saw God, never had him come so broadly, clearly out. He has not spoken to me, but he has done what is more. There has been nothing debatable to speak for, but an infinite easiness and universal presentation to thought, as it were by revelation. Nothing ever seemed so wholly inviting and so profoundly supreme to the mind. Had there been a strain for it, then it could not be. O my God! what a fact to possess and know that he is! I have not seemed to compare him with anything, and set him in a higher value; but he has been the *all*, and the altogether, everywhere, lovely. There is nothing else to compete; there is nothing else, in fact. It has been as if all the revelations, through good men, nature, Christ, had been now through, and their cargo unloaded, the capital meaning produced, and the God set forth in his own proper day,—the good, the true, the perfect, the all-holy and benignant. The question has not been whether I could somehow get nearer,—nearer, my God, to thee; but as if he had come out himself just near enough, and left me nothing but to stand still and see the salvation; no excitement, no stress, but an amazing beatific tranquillity. I never thought I could possess God so completely. What is to come of it? Something good and glorious, I hope.

Warren, August 8, 1870.

Dear D.,—Charley and I are getting on finely together, and I think, when I look in the glass, that I am certainly

improved much. Still, I keep my old enemy, or rather he keeps me, and keeps me *peffing** in a lively way,—the same old way.

And yet I seem often to be nearing the end of it, wasting, as it were, comfortably down upon it. And as the body thins, it also seems to grow transparent, and to let me see through the veil oftener, more habitually and broadly. How it is, I know not, but God comes to me even when I do not go to him or after him,—so great, benignant, pure, and radiant that he sinks all others out of sight. What a wonder is God! What a glory for us to possess him! I think you know what the possession of him is, and yet it would not be strange if you could know him a great deal more and more easily. Here, in fact, is the grand impediment to his revelation,—that we make so hard a strain of it. What we want is simply to *see*. An unfilmed eye is the way. . . .

Henceforth there was wonderfully little of the "strain" he so much deprecated, whether between him and his God, or between him and man. To a young friend he said, "If I had my life to live over again, there is one thing I would not do—I would not push." Neither did he wrestle with or for the truth so much as before; he waited rather for it to shine. The strong onward movement of his life had not ceased, but "the glorious Lord was unto him a place of broad rivers and streams," and he saw the great ocean not afar. With this deep-hidden current, his life passed on through the few outward events of the following winter, already narrated. This note of a conversation had with him in the spring of 1871 shows the direction in which his mind was moving:—

"He spoke of the pleasure he finds in silent prayer, often in the night talking with God about the subjects interesting to himself, particularly about his searching for a fuller understanding of the truths connected with his doctrine of the

* A word for *coughing*, that had amused him, in some book of Scotch dialect.

Vicarious Sacrifice. Feeling that the view he has presented is insufficient, he designs to rewrite parts of the book, and he talks over these points in his communings, desiring to be taught and guided."

In these patient seekings of his mind, we see him entering upon that final revision of his opinions, which was the special work of his closing years, and which was embodied in his last book, "Forgiveness and Law." Yet for its true germinal idea, we must go much farther back to that noble ideal of forgiveness, shaped many years before with strong travail of soul, in the fires of hostility and moral adversity. His friends saw at the time what that sharp experience was doing for his character, but they did not know that it was to do as much for his thinking. It underlies all his subsequent conceptions, and his last thought was built on it. His own recognition of his debt to those quickening trials was expressed with unusual distinctness, in a correspondence which he sustained for some years with a stranger in a distant place, who out of sore troubles had appealed to him for the secret of strength and peace. The two never met, but the relationship between them was none the less real; and after his death, the following extracts, with headings supplied, were sent by his correspondent, as a contribution to this memoir. Though they all show the spirit of his later life, the first, it will be seen, is specially related to the subject of his last book.

Forgiveness.

I see you are hanging on the edge of a precipice. Thank God you are not at the bottom. Thousands drop into perdition from the crag of implacability. Forgiveness is man's deepest need and highest achievement. All the "strong and beautiful things on forgiveness," which you so much admire in my books, were distilled in the alembic of my own experience. I have not had your trials, but my self-mastery was none the less heavy. I know what it is to have the purest motives, most fervent prayers, and most incessant labors misapprehended and misrepresented. I know what the moral whipping-post means. But I have found Phil. iv. 13 glori-

ously true. What I have done, or Christ in me, you can do likewise.

Nothing does God require more explicitly than a clean forgiveness. Your provocations are multiplied and aggravated. The rasp that is drawn across your sensibilities without respite for successive years, is rough and sharp enough to require the concentration of all the Jobs in Christendom. Be not dismayed; only believe. Great trials make great saints. Deserts and stone pillows prepare for an open heaven and an angel-crowded ladder. But you are indeed sorely probed, and from the depths of my soul I pity you. If this is any comfort to you, let down your bucket to the end of your chain, with the assurance that what is deepest and most tender in me is open to your dip. But your victory rests with yourself. Kinghood over the vast territory of self must be, in order to a genuine forgiveness. To tear yourself from yourself, to double yourself up and thrust yourself under your heels, and make a general smash of yourself, and be all the more truly yourself for this mauling and self-annihilation,—this is the work before you, and a mighty work it is. To accomplish this, we must be close enough to Immanuel to feel the beating of his heart. By the time you are through your struggle, you will be a god, fit to occupy a seat with Christ in his throne. Kings alone can truly forgive, as kings alone can reign. You know the import of the Cross. Set your heart like a flint against every suggestion that cheapens the blood of the dear, great Lamb, and you will as surely get the meaning of Christ crucified, as that he left his life in the world.

Knowledge and Conscience.

You did us both wrong in returning the book I sent you. Although the recital of your severe and protracted sufferings stirred my sympathies as they have never before been stirred by a stranger, I gave you my gift more as an expression of love than in consideration of your destitution. I wanted you to have the book, even though you were as rich as Mr. Stewart. I honor your conscientiousness, but would yet more honor the illumination of soul that would enable you to *enjoy*

the favor of God, in keeping what did my heart so much good to bestow. A hardened conscience is a great calamity, and a misguided one is hardly less. A good conscience maintains a great possibility, being, in a certain sense, always in the line of righteousness, even if it never finds the right. I beg you not to abridge my divine birthright,—the luxury of sacrifice. No matter if you own the whole of Pennsylvania, my favor had its birth in an element where states and empires are overbalanced by a cup of cold water. I thank God that the Cross has been set up in the world, for thereby have I learned to know what life means. As it was in God before it came in the flesh, I expect to carry it through the gates of pearl, and be eternally in its joy and power.

Please receive what I send you as you receive God's unspeakable gift.

Sustenance and Security.

Your perplexity originates in a misapprehension of the figure which Christ employs in John x. 9. You ask, "When am I in, and when out?" You are always in and always out, if so be that Christ is your Door, and Fold, and Shepherd. The figure is a patched one, and lets us into the mind of Christ, just as two patches of natural truth can. The sheep had to go out for pasture, and in for shelter; but the believer is pastured and sheltered all the time. To be out, as the sheep were out, is to have no covert from the wolf. To be in, as the sheep were in, would be a life of sterility and starvation. What was alternate with the sheep is simultaneous with the Christian. When we are in, we are out; and when out, we are in; and this makes just as rich, and sweet, and safe a life as Christ can give.

In July, 1871, he went, with one of his daughters, to Bread Loaf Inn, at Ripton, among the mountains of Vermont. Before going, he wrote the following letter to his only remaining sister. The letters from Ripton were all to his wife. It will be seen from them how clear it was becoming to him that he had still a work to do. For and by it he lived. The

sense of something to be done was ever to him the most invigorating of medicines.

Hartford, July 1, 1871.

My dear Sister,—Time is a great thief, and, like most other thieves, is always stealing once more—just this once. And yet this way of scolding time is but a poor, thin pretext for covering up our sins. I acknowledge my sins none the less that I have let my recurring obligations to write slide so treacherously by. Always engaged, always pressed—do it when the pressure is off—and then not do it!

For the last three months I have been going a rather bad way,—undertook too much, and broke down. Now I am recovering just a little, and next week I propose to go up into the Green Mountains for the summer. I have a work to do for the next year, and for that my prayer is, "one year more." Then I think my work will be done, and I hope I shall be ready to go. I do not want to stay and wear away into feebleness. Let me go, if I may, with some sense in me.

I have not heard from you now for a long time, neither from Horace. I did hope, when I was with you last, that my urgent invitation would draw him round here oftener when he goes to New York. I feel a great interest in his successes, but more in his character; for, success or no success, character stands, a kind of wealth that knows no failure. I wish he would write me and tell me all about himself and you; for if I am a poor brother in the matter of writing, I do think of you, and that tenderly, very often. I begin to feel more and more distinctly that we are nearing home. Will it not be sweet to meet our dear father and mother, and hear them tell what discoveries they have made?

With great love, yours, Horace Bushnell.

Ripton, July 9, 1871.

My dear Wife,—I suppose you will be looking for a letter, and I am not willing to have you disappointed, though I have nothing specially fresh to communicate, save my always fresh love. This is Sunday evening, just after the passing of a most beautiful shower. I like the place here very much,

and if it does not give me a spring, nothing will. I have done nothing yet but stroll, and lounge, and cut poles, expecting to-morrow to start the campaign. This is a world of beautiful brooks, and they do somehow manage to catch good supplies of trout. However, I care more for the venture than for the prey; that is, if I can get force enough to bear it.

I was dreadfully depressed some days before I left, and the cloud is a little way lifted, I think—just enough to show that it can be. No matter, I care not much for even that, if I can find the true God's light, and rest in it. There is a day state for the soul, I am quite sure, and I catch some gleams of it; give me the full revelation, and I ask no more. This shape my sighs have mainly taken, and will take, I think, for weeks to come. Oh, I long to be risen from the dead, and fully alive as I was made to live! Nothing now looks captivating but to be altogether entered into God and quieted in the inspirations of true faith.

Give my particular love to M—— and the dear children, and to F—— as much of blessing.

Excuse this poor, sad thing which is meant for a letter, and think it one, if you can.

Ripton, July 25, 1871.

. . . I think, on the whole, that I am gaining a little, only not gaining flesh, rather losing than gaining. But I feel the benefit of a certain resting state, and seem to be getting emptied in it for a little more work when I take hold again. I hope too, at times, that I am getting a little freshed for the matters of religion. I sometimes have God very near me, and imagine that I hear his voice. I have been putting myself down to the matter by a more stringent, closer kept way, and I feel the benefit of it. Taking pains for God is good and profitable in all highest liberty, and I sometimes seem to touch that liberty. I most surely want to be in it, not for my soul's sake only, but also for my work's sake. How shall I be able to get insight of my great theme, if I am not let in by a large, free door? It is also very encouraging to me that such inspirations as come upon me do open my great field more

and more. Pray that I may be able to open more of the riches here than has yet come to hand. . . .

Ripton, August 12, 1871.

I am getting on, I think, very slowly. I bear a harder strain of exercise, and seem to be all the while more like myself. I really hope I am gaining as a Christian, which is better than all. God is not so far off, and I come more nearly to rest in him. My only discouragement is that I fall off so easily, if I am not all the while at my painstaking. Oh, what a comfort there is in the fact that God is a supreme integer, helping us up always into range with himself! He can put one down upon rest and give him a touch of the everlasting totality, washing and making white, promising to be a complete grace for us. I could have no hope at all but for this. This is the righteousness of God upon all that believe. Let me believe, then, totally, and know nothing else.

Ripton, August 21, 1871.

. . . I am going on here with a good deal of satisfaction, and the hope of large improvement. I think my cough and my sin are both moderating a good deal. I bear rugged exercise, and a good deal of it. On Wednesday last, I fished a bout of seven miles or so; and on Friday, a longer and harder one of nine hours on my feet; and when I reached home I was not specially tired.

I have a good many very sweet hours in these wood walks and climbings, never alone, but having my dear, shall I say revered, Friend with me. I had yesterday (Sunday) a delightful refreshment in reading, out of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," vol. i., the *Confessions of a Fair Saint.* I never read a Christian experience that so beautifully tallied with my own, the main difference being that the Fair Saint never had been much of an unbeliever, save as her friends, over-strict in orthodoxy, were obliged to trouble themselves much on her account. I was never more struck than by the observation, that living in feeling and subjective thought, independently of outward objects and works, "tends, as it were, to

way of phrasing a criticism, and his flashes of wit often hinged on an unexpected comparison.

Of a certain proposition involving two ministers in colleague relations, he said it was unscriptural. But why? "Because it is forbidden to yoke an ox with an ass!"

Indulging himself in a humorous exaggeration, he said of the pastors of the churches in three city, that "one was grace without brains; another, brains without grace; and the third, without either." One of the victims was fond of repeating this story.

An enthusiastic friend met him one morning with the remark,—"Doctor, what a pity it is that such a man as you are should not live forever!" The reply came quickly,—"Cleaveland, the world couldn't stand it!"

Meeting one who had just come from the ministers' meeting, he inquired what was under discussion. "Worldliness," was the answer. "And who is speaking?" "Brother ——." "Well," rejoined the Doctor, "he knows about it."

It is well known to his friends that he looked back with regret on some controversial passages of his history, and expressed sorrow for certain sharp attacks upon the Baptists and Episcopalians.

One day he met the Rev. Mr. Twichell and myself in a book-store, where we fell into conversation upon the volume just then published, in which the Rev. Dr. Miller, of Princeton, had severely criticised the theology of that region. We had hastily assumed that he would be pleased, or at least amused, by this insurrection against orthodoxy in the very head-quarters of it. We were both surprised and rebuked when he said that the book would effect nothing, *for it was written in a bad spirit.*

Some one told him that the citizens of Hartford would surely erect a statue of him on the Park, and inquired where he would choose to have such a statue located. He stopped, looked all about, and then, pointing with his cane, said, "Down under the bridge yonder!"

He disliked to hear the singing in the church criticised in any manner of levity. Some needless remarks provoked him

to exclaim, "It's worship! and you might as well criticise the gait of the scape-goat that bears away the sins of the people!"

In a discussion some one suggested that our Lord's declaration to the penitent thief should be so punctuated as to read,—"I say unto thee to-day, thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Dr. Bushnell slid in this query,—"I wonder if he looked at his watch!" This *reductio ad absurdum* precipitated the meeting into a fit of laughter which could not be checked, but ever and anon broke forth, so as to pretty much smother all further discussion.

A somewhat shallow-liberal preacher had been whisking about in the vicinity with considerable bustle and noise. One said that he had known him twenty years ago as a boy who did chores for his board. "That is what he is doing now," said the Doctor, quickly.

It should not be inferred from such things that Dr. Bushnell was overmuch given to satire or sarcasm. His blows fell heavy enough, now and then, to make one's head ache; but of that sour, cynical spirit which delights and contrives to say sharp, cutting, rasping things he was destitute. He hated that spirit. He was full of gentleness and tenderness towards young ministers, and had a wonderful way of making them feel quite at home in his presence. He stood on no dignity, having his dignity elsewhere than underfoot, and we gradually forgot his intellectual superiority, being drawn rather to his moral and spiritual supremacy.

One scene that occurred at a meeting of the Association of which he was a member, will not soon be forgotten by any who were present. The Doctor had been previously appointed to read a sermon at this meeting, which was one of the last that he attended. He was in very feeble health, and the signs of physical distress were only too apparent in his speech and motions. When his part was called, he said, in a very subdued and tender voice,—"Brethren, I am going to read you what is probably the last sermon I shall write;" and then he announced his subject,—"Our Relations to Christ in the Future Life." In the circumstances, the mere

atives a little stronger and a little more antagonistically, but are all for *The Spirit*, as you were of old. I have a certain pity, as I read, for what I should call your *unstandardliness*. I think of an egg trying to get on without a shell, and it seems to be a rather awkward predicament. I am very fond of liberty, it is true, but I should not like to have the astronomic worlds put up in it, even if it were given them to go by their inspirations. Liberties are good, inspirations are good, but I like to have some standard forces, to which I can advert when I get tired.

Well, God help you, as he, no doubt, will and does. Here we touch bottom together, if nowhere else, and it is good, firm land.

Truly, as ever of old, yours, HORACE BUSHNELL.

Ripton, August 5, 1873.

MY DEAR WIFE,—Your kind letter is received, as doubtless mine, written two days before, has been by you. We are going on here in a way rather uneventful, but with some profit, I hope, as regards the flesh. I have had two rough times out a-fishing; once when out with Mr. Eldridge, when I must have walked about twelve miles in the woods, including two miles of the most awful tussle with logs, briers, and all the horrid fencing of tree-falls, just to pay for getting off the trail and the blazed path by carelessness. But it did not hurt me; and Friday I took about eight miles of brook fishing again in the woods, to show that I am certainly as good as ever. Yesterday I read a sermon from my proofs,* in the parlor. Our weather has been dismally cold, but to-day is the very softness and the just warmth of paradise. D—— wrote you that I had lost even the recollection of that subject which I so much valued; but I have recovered it, and shaken hands with it by a most lively greeting. It comes back, I think, to help me just where I was not counting on it,—in my very book itself; a new and most grand element

* Referring to his last volume of sermons, on Living Subjects, then in the press.

in the conception of Christ's reconciling mission. I have had it burning in me, as a most welcome fire, for two or three days. Perhaps it will go out in that kind of fire, but never as a truth to be lived in.

I figure you all gathered in there with the dear mother, *prima inter filias*, and having a right good family time. I hope you may have many more, but very many you cannot. Dear Emily is gone, and the integrity of the band is gone,——gone, that is, for this world, but, I trust, not long; for though it will not stay beneath the sun, it will, I make no doubt, be renewed as you flock in to the heroic mother, after life's battle is over.

Love to you all. HORACE BUSHNELL.

Ripton, August 19, 1872.

I have no fresh news to give you, except that I begin to love you. As to all other news, it begins not here, but runs its currents hitherward, and not hence away. We live here in an eddy as the fishes do,—or, rather, love to do,—so that we know beforehand where to look for them. They do not stream away, and do not take the papers, probably, or get news from abroad by any kind of telegraphy; but they stay by their eddy, and feed on what comes to them, as also do we. Do not be surprised if I give you a little fish-gospel, when I am so much in it. I think I have been a-fishing three times this last week, getting preciously tired, of course, and yet all for the best. I can see that I am gaining enough to encourage me, and put me in hope of the winter.

My book work grows apace, though I only think of it on my back and in my silent hours, not writing anything, but only letting my thoughts go to pasture in it, which they do with a kind of feeling-out practice, and with a very elevating and sweet enjoyment. If I loved the formal duties more, and kept up in them more faithfully, I should think I was a Christian. Yours, H. B.

Coming home in the autumn, he put all his re-enforcement of strength into work upon his book, and so passed on into

the next year of 1873, which was in its events very much a repetition of the preceding one. As summer approached, he began to plan for his annual vacation.

To the Rev. Dr. George Bacon.

Hartford, May 6, 1873.

My dear Sir,—Recollecting the kind interest you took in the proposed revision of my book, and the concern you expressed lest I might be going to make a surrender, or something like it, I should like amazingly to go over the ground with you, and get your impressions of what I have done. I am now through with the principal matter, though two or three chapters will naturally be modified to fit their changed position.

I am planning to spend two months, this summer, at Ripton. If it could happen that you will be there and let me bore you *ad libitum*, how nice it would be! I want suggestions, correctives, strictures of all sizes.

With much regard and many pleasant recollections, I am yours, Horace Bushnell.

To his Wife.

Ripton, July 14, 1873.

My dearest Wife,—We are safe arrived, as you see, and are entered on what appears to be a good beginning. We had rain several times on our way, passing through areas well watered and reeking in wet. I really hope you have had your turn of shower before this, but have some painful doubt.

I see, by a little scrap in the *Springfield Republican*, that the State-house battle is probably carried. Hang up the bow and the quiver now, and be at peace! Thank God, my days of war are ended! I will not fight again, even for Hartford. I am delighted now to spread myself out on the quiet of a last age, which I hope and pray may be my best. Perhaps my irresponsibility, my unengagedness and clearness of burden, may do something for me physically; if not, I hope it will spiritually, at least.

Ripton, August 10, 1873.

. . . I must do you the credit to say, that when you propose to rise high enough to take the one-way current, you advance a thought which is most unwontedly eloquent. There may be some doubt of the one-way current on which the ballooner proposes to throw himself, but there is none whatever of the fact, as pertaining to the currents of life-movement in God. And here is our difficulty always, in the matter of stability and progress, that we do not pitch our levels high enough to keep the element where there is no variableness or shadow of turning. We only skim along the world's surface, where the winds are changeful and gusty, sometimes thrown up a little, as often pitched downward. There is another element, I am sure, in God, that is high enough to be an abiding serenity and a movement all one way; that will set us on steadily as in drift, unnotified, as it were, of the objects passed or the progress we make. It will even be as if they all were drifting with us in the same silent river, unvexed by the disturbing forces below. I have sometimes seemed to be moving in this flood, lifted and carried on, I knew not how. I have at least felt the peace of it enough to be sure of a possible life and way, where there is no jostle or wavering. I think I just now feel the attractiveness of such a possibility, and feel it the more that, as life draws to a close, I am the more disposed to float and not to fight.

I asked for an examination by Dr. Avery, who has made us an all-too-short visit; and he found, what I myself suspected, that I have but one lung left. The other is still in tolerable working order, and may last for a time, long enough, I hope, to do what is left me. . . .

Ripton, August 21, 1873.

I think the sympathy you bestow on my depression is a little more subjective in the meaning than you know. I can say with truth that my broken state, or the discovery of it, has not cost me a sad hour. It has put me under a little stress of concern, lest my shortened condition may snap easily enough to drop me out of life, before a certain point of

my work is welded and set duly together; which is fairly to be deprecated. I am now completely through, and my mind clear. Nothing now but to vegetate; only I am a little concerned lest the vegetation will have less stimulus, and will do me less good than to carry some light burden. We shall see. I think I perceive that my breath is gradually shortening, but I am strong enough to bear more stress of exercise,—walking and bowling,—than most persons even younger than I. And I do about as well at bowling as anybody.

I am very glad to hear that our dear mother is doing so well. Having a new lease given, I hope she will be ready to pay the rent. Give my parting love to K——, and my most unpopely benediction to L——.

Yours ever, H. BUSHNELL.

During this third and last stay at Bread Loaf Inn, he was obliged to relinquish his fishing excursions, and content himself with more moderate forms of exercise. But these physical losses were made up to him by certain rare pleasures. There were present in the house some very accomplished musicians, among them, his gifted fellow-townsman, Henry Wilson, whose name is now also numbered among Hartford's honored dead. Their music afforded to the tired thinker the purest refreshment and inspiration. He had some delightful intercourse, also, with two men whom he felt it a great good fortune to have met there,—Professor Phelps, of Andover, and the Rev. Dr. George Bacon. His previous acquaintance with the latter now ripened into a very real friendship. The two went over together the forth-coming book, the elder receiving from the younger all that careful, critical consideration of his work, that he had so much desired. Since then, the two friends, so many years apart in age, have both passed into the renewal of the other world. In 1876, when death had thus made that summer sojourn and its converse matter of open history, Professor Phelps published, in the *Christian Union*, two papers, entitled "A Vacation with Dr. Bushnell,"—remarkable alike for their felicitous portrayal, and for the candor which enabled the writer to apprehend thus

sympathetically one in so different a key of thinking from himself. The following quotations are the larger part of these invaluable reminiscences:—

"Three years ago, it was my privilege to spend the major part of a summer vacation with this rare man in the Green Mountains. Some impressions which I received of his mental structure, and of his theology, and of his religious character, deserve recording.

"He was visibly worn-out by disease. His countenance bore the look of distant, yet fast-coming, dissolution, which but one malady gives to the human eye. Yet he was as full of courage, as full of life and of his life's work, as he could have been when thirty years younger. Few men have ever impressed me as being so electric with vitality at all points as he was. He was an enthusiast in his love of rural sights, and sounds, and sports. In little things as brimful as in great things, he seemed the *best ideal* of a live man. The supremacy of mind over the body was something wonderful. One could not but feel a new assurance of the soul's immortality, in witnessing the easy and unconscious power with which his spirit swayed the physical frame which was secretly enticing him down to the grave. For seventeen years he had kept death at bay, and, at the time I speak of, medical diagnosis revealed that but one lung supported his remnant of life; yet that semiform of life seemed equal to the prime of many a hale man. The *abandon* of his recreations in the bowling-alley, where he was a boy again, and his theological talks of a Sunday evening, told the same story. 'Dying, and behold we live,' recurred once and again in listening to the conversations in which he was sure to be the centre and the seer.

"I have never heard from any other man, in the same length of time, so much of original remark. . . . It was not his way to talk for the sake of colloquial courtesy. He never *made* conversation. He would not assent to your say out of conventional politeness. From no courtly presence on earth could he ever have backed out with meek obeisance. Nothing was more natural to him than to write letters of advice to Popes. His common talks were varied by similar quaint ways. If you said a silly thing or a dull one, you must carry it; he would not help you out of it. If he had himself nothing worth saying to utter, he kept silent. He could make silence mean more than the speech of other men. Awkward pauses would sometimes happen. But when he spoke, all ears were alert with the assurance that they should hear something which they would not willingly lose. The cloud in the western sky, the shadow on Bread Loaf Mountain, the song of the oriole in the apple-tree, the trout in the brook, the clover in the fields, the habits of the mountain-ash, were all hints to his mind of something different from their suggestions to other observers. Language, too, in his talk as in his books, he used often not as other men.

"One could not long discourse with him, even on the common things and in the undress of life, without discovering the secret of his solitude in the theological world. That solitude was not in him, as it is in some men, an affectation of independence. It was in the original make of the man. He was by nature a *solitaire* in his thinking. Nothing struck him as it did the average of men. He was not one of the average. He took in all things, and reflected back all things, at angles of his own. He never could have been a partisan. With many of the tastes of leadership he could never have led a party or founded a school. Still less could he have been a follower of other leaders. It was not in him to *herd* with his kind. He recalled to one's thoughts Wordsworth's apostrophe to Milton:

"'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.'

"At the time I mention, he was preparing for the press the last edition of his work on the 'Atonement.' Several times he spoke of it as the only thing for which he desired to live. He brought the unfinished sheets from his sick-room to the mountains, hoping to gain 'force enough' to 'round out' his views by his latest 'insight.' Other subjects of theological controversy he would have been glad to undertake, for on them all, he believed that he had conceptions which no other man had; but he would say of them, 'There isn't force enough left in me to express myself upon them.'

"It was obvious that his own ideal of his life's work was that of *discovery*. If he had nothing to say to the world which was fresh to his own mind, he had nothing worth his saying or the world's hearing. Some men spend the closing years of their lives in gathering up, and labelling, and storing in the world's libraries, the fruit of labors long past, and which to themselves have become old. Dr. Bushnell seemed not to regard *exhumed* accumulations of literature as worth reviving. A thought once buried did not deserve resuscitation. That which he should say to his fellow-men should be as new to himself as to them. When he had exhausted his power of discovery—his 'insight,' as he was fond of calling it—he had lost some of the prime qualities of power in communication. . . . He was a looker on, and up, to the firmament of Truth; and whatsoever he *saw* there he proclaimed to the waiting multitudes below, or to the few who trusted his vision. When the vision ended he was silent. Of errors in his published opinions he spoke as freely as if they had never been his. 'If I see men as trees walking, I do not know that it is my fault.' Not till the superlative vision was vouchsafed to him was it his mission to tell that. The vital thing was the latest discovery. 'The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream.' He was emphatically a seer, not a reasoner. The last and least thing that concerned him was the consistency of his present with his past opinions, or of either with the revelation of to-morrow.

"He cherished a profound disrespect for large libraries. He thought that the burning of the Alexandrian Library was probably no loss to the world; and that, perhaps, the major part of the libraries of the British Museum and of Paris could not be worth their storage. Psychologically, his mind was such as the Grecian Mythology represented in the Sibyls; and such as a purer revelation might naturally elect as its prophet. If he had been a pupil of Socrates, he would have had absolute faith in the 'Dæmon.' . . .

"He spoke of the first edition of 'The Vicarious Sacrifice' as erroneous in the sense of being but a partial vision, yet true enough so far as it went. Of the revision of it, on which he was then engaged, he spoke as likely to be regarded by his readers as a *return* towards the current evangelical faith, so far, at least, as it should be understood by them. It was amusing to see the simplicity with which he distinguished between his real faith and that *eidolon* of it which words could convey to readers. Language was to him, at the best, but a wretched makeshift for the conveyance of thought. He conjectured that perhaps in heaven pure music would be a medium of expressing thought, superior to the most perfect of human dialects.

"On the whole, he made upon me the impression of a mind *still in movement* on the central theme of the Christian faith; not doubtful so far as he had discovered, yet not resting in ultimate convictions. . . . He held himself to be substantially at one with the great body of the Church in all that they really believed of the 'faith in Christ.' Yet whether he was so or not concerned him little. Truth lay between him and God, not between him and the Church. He was simply one of God's seers. He was commissioned to paint the vision precisely as he saw it in the Mount. The reception of it by other minds was their affair, not his. Such, as nearly as I could gather it from his fragmentary conversations, was his theory of the true work of a theologian; rather of *his* work as a theologian; for he was very gentle in his criticisms of the work of other men. He had his own telescope, and they had theirs; that the instruments differed was no evidence that both might not be true; the field of vision was very broad. I am confident that he has gone from us with no such idea of his own dissent from the faith of his brethren as they have.

"And the sense of that dissent, I must confess, grew dim in my own mind when I came near to the inner spirit of the man. That was beautifully and profoundly Christ-like, if that of uninspired man ever was. Be the forms of his belief what they may have been, he was eminently a man of God. Christ was a reality to him. Christ lived in him to a degree realized only in the life of devout believers. I had heard him criticised as brusque in manner, even rude in his controversial dissents. Scarcely a shade of that kind was perceptible in him at that time. The gentleness of womanhood breathed in his few and cautious expressions

of Christian feeling. Of the sure coming of Death he spoke reservedly, but with unqualified trust. The charity of a large fraternal heart characterized his judgments of men. His whole bearing was that of one whom time and suffering had advanced far on towards the closing stages of earthly discipline.

"Now and then a glimpse appeared of rougher speech; as when, objecting to the use of the Lord's Prayer in public worship, he condensed the whole argument against it by saying, rather gruffly, to an Episcopal friend, 'I don't want to *say* prayers, I want to *pray*.' But his general bearing was that of one whom life had chastened to the utmost, and who was then walking thoughtfully far down the valley of gentle shadows. We discussed many of his clerical critics, who have handled his opinions without lenity, and I do not recall from him a single caustic judgment of one of them.

"Differing from him essentially, as I supposed, in his theory of the Atonement, I still could not but see that, in its effects upon his personal character, that theory had been to him apparently just what the faith of other believers in Christ is to them. It was indeed no theory; it was a faith and a life. Few men have I known to whom Christ as a Saviour seemed to be *so* profound a reality as to him. Christ had been obviously the centre of his thinking and believing for two-score years. The results had come to him in answer to the inquiries of a struggling spirit. In no other answer could he find rest; but in that he did rest, with a trust as deep and calm as I have ever heard from the lips of a believer.

"His theory of the impotence of language was as vividly illustrated in his expression of personal faith in Christ, as in that of any mystery of theology. Some of his published utterances to that effect take on a new significance to one whose imagination can reproduce the melting eye and the subdued pathos of love, with which he repeated them in the stillness of the evening, and among the shadows of the mountain. To the hope which I once expressed, that in his revision of his volume he would hold fast to the faith in a Divine Sacrifice for sin, he replied, with inimitable emphasis, and throwing both hands upon my shoulders, 'I *do* hold it fast.'

"What shall we say of such men in our theological classifications? Where shall we locate them in the schools? It will never do to set them aside as heretics, and leave them there. They are not heretics, in any invidious sense of the title. If faith means character, if 'the faith in Christ' be anything more than the most lifeless of ossified forms, such men are believers beyond the depth of venerable creeds. So much the worse for ourselves, and for the formulas which we revere, will it be, in the ultimate and decisive judgment of mankind, if our faith cannot find a place for such believers, near to our hearts because near to Christ."

The following letter was written by Dr. Bushnell after his return home in the autumn:—

Hartford, October 14, 1878.

My dear Brother Winship,—I do not see what reason you can have to think your writing to me in former times may have lessened my interest in you. Nothing can be farther from the truth. I remember always, with fresh affection, a letter you wrote me in California. And now let me thank you for your most welcome note. It is really good to feel that I touch somebody, and somebody me. I do not think that my faith towards God is departed, but I am sadly dried in by isolation. I work in my subjects, but such other work and communion as carries me out towards persons, I do badly miss, and sometimes it makes me jealous of losing hold of God also. Your concern for me is not without reason, and I thank God most heartily that he has put you on expressing it. One thing you may be sure of, that if it should not be necessary for you to save me from falling, you will certainly have put me in caution, and given me more strength to stand. I hope I shall stand; I think I shall. As I am consciously near my limit, my confidence grows. I only wish that I had more relation to persons, and less exclusive relation to subjects. In this latter, I want the opening power of faith to keep me in true light. Pray for me, as I am doing for myself, that I may have it. In great love, H. B.

At the close of the year, he wrote to Dr. George Bacon, "I am going steadily down, but contriving meantime to work a little." So long as any work was in his hands, there were always possible improvements to be made; and in this instance he felt a peculiar anxiety to give his book the benefit of every fresh suggestion, whether his own or another's. The most important chapters were read before a circle of friends, and the revised manuscript was put into the hands of his younger brethren, Dr. Parker and Mr. Twichell, with a desire that they would bestow their "most fearless criticisms" upon it.

But it must not be inferred that he was all the time dwell-

ing in the atmosphere of his own work. He was never a prisoner to that, or to his infirmity. He went out every day and in all weathers, never letting himself get shut in behind the walls of invalidism. If, through some unusual access of disease, he was shut into his study, that quiet retreat seemed to be in telegraphic communication with the great world, whose movements no door could keep out. Never, to the last, was he tempted to cry, "The glow, the thrill of life,—where, where do these abound?" They abounded everywhere,—in religion, in society, in politics, in science, in life. The mention of science recalls his intense interest in all its latest revelations, especially in those relating to the Correlation of Forces. Far from fearing the results of such investigations, he welcomed them, not only for their scientific beauty and value, but because he believed them to fit so perfectly into the wider science of life, and to furnish images and interpretations so grand in the higher ranges of thought.

Neither did the play-side of his nature sink into silence or disuse. It was as natural as ever for him to put things picture-wise, so that the most common things took a fresh significance under his touch. Resting near a window one day, he noticed how the tall sycamores at the foot of his garden had stripped off their outer bark, showing the satin-whiteness beneath, and exclaimed, in a sort of joyful sympathy, "They have come out clean-limbed, like wrestlers, for the match." For inquiries about his health he had an infinite number of replies. Once, on his coming down-stairs, one of the family inquired, "Have you had a good nap?" "Yes," he answered, smiling brightly, "I've just come ashore." Sometimes, when asked, "How is your health, Doctor?" he would reply, "I haven't any;" or, "Well, I'm here yet;" or, again, "Oh, I'm one of the 'vestiges of creation.'" To one who met him, when in visibly failing condition, with the greeting, "I hope, sir, you are very well," he rejoined, with humorous shortness, "You know I'm not!"

He was without even allowable concealments about himself, and really exaggerated a difficulty of hearing, which

might, for some time, have been covered by a little adroitness, speaking of himself as "deaf" long before there was any real obstruction to his pleasure in social intercourse. So of his age. While practically he ignored it, and was accomplishing more than many a younger person, he still, years before his death, called himself "an old man." But a curious stranger who, in one of the last years of his life, opened conversation with him in the street with the rather searching inquiry, "How many years does it take to make the locks as white as yours, sir?" received the baffling reply, "Oh, anywhere from forty-five to ninety."

But how impossible to reproduce what was the very touch-and-go of mind and speech, and glances from memory, as it did from the instant! These were only sparks from the forge,—brighter for the gathering darkness, and signs that the busy working life within had not ceased.

During the spring of 1874, he was occupied in correcting the proof-sheets of his book, then in the press, and, owing to this and a diminution of strength, was obliged to forego other expenditures of himself, in which he had always taken pleasure. About this time, he met in the street a friend, who urged him to go into the ministers' meeting, giving him the subject of discussion,—"Abiding in Christ." He did not feel able to go in, but said, "If he went he would say one thing,—that abiding in Christ is *to abide*. It is an act. We are not to *bask* in Christ."

Late in the spring, his book, the work so identified with this last period of his life, was published, under the title, "Forgiveness and Law." There was a relief and yet a sadness in the cessation of his task. The reaction which always follows at such a time was felt by him in an unusual sense; for the heat and motion of his mind had had much to do with keeping the fading embers alive. The letters which he wrote after the publication of his book show that his thoughts still followed it, after his hands had let it go. In July, he went, for health's sake, to Norfolk, in the highlands of his own State, as he did not feel equal to any more distant journeying.

To Dr. George Bacon.

Hartford, May 4, 1874.

My dear Friend,—I am rejoiced above measure to hear you speak as you do of being well. I was afraid, as I came along in your letter, that you were not going to say it. But the best wine was to be last. First or last, I am truly thankful to God. Only the next thing I have to say is, *look out*, make haste slowly. You will make a great deal more of your resources now, as I strongly believe, if you can be a little stingy in expenditure.

I have just written a letter to Scribner to send you the book. If I keep it back till it comes on here, and then inscribe it in due palaver, it will reach you full a week later. Perhaps we can manage to get in the palaver afterwards.

I have a queer feeling about this book. It is the newest thing I have written, so I think; and I seem to have struck out in it beyond the sight of land, uncertain of everything, yet afraid of nothing, and, in some sense, confident of finding my way into harbor somewhere.

Yours ever, Horace Bushnell.

To the Rev. Amos Chesebrough.

Hartford, May 21, 1874.

My dear Brother,—The formalities do not require me to answer your letter, but I do it of my free inclination. Your little critique hits the point admirably, and does me good like a medicine,—particularly what you say of my possible further advance, living long enough to allow it. The fact is, that I have never published a book that brought such a load on my feeling as this has brought. Not that I have any misgiving as to the truth of my doctrine; I am more than commonly assured of it. But it is the newest thing I have done for the matter of it, and I have been suffering real oppression of mind from the uncertainty I am in, lest I may not have been able to adjust myself rightly in the statement. What position other minds are in, I have not been sure

enough, to set my points accurately, as true address requires. Where is my public? how shall I put this and that to be rightly taken?—has been my constant question. It has been with me as with one shooting in the dark, and I have been tormenting myself lest I may have lost my truth by resolving it faultily. Your letter has, in this view, been a great relief. You do not say that I am out in the missing of my figure, but that, if I should live long enough, I might go farther and do better. I will not, therefore, lie awake contriving how I might have drawn one thing or another so as to be justified in it.

I am the more relieved here, that I find you so beautifully appreciative in other things where I know that I am right. I do think that I have gained something for the Gospel, by bringing it closer down to the analogies of nature.

It is a very great discovery to me that Law and Commandment pack the world full, as they do, of their analogies, composing, as it were, their analogue of the great salvation. I thank you heartily.

Yours truly, HORACE BUSHNELL.

To Dr. George Bacon.

Hartford, June 1, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was getting quite concerned for you, that I heard nothing from you, lest you had broken yourself down by overdoing in your new-begun labors. I had made up my mind that I must write to-day, and learn what had become of you. Your letter that came to hand Saturday was therefore a great relief, and gave me a new spring of satisfaction. Among my other thoughts, coming in multitude, was a fear that you had put yourself into my affairs at too great cost, and I began to blame myself that I had not put you under injunction, proscribing for you any right to engage in the question of my book. But you have done it, I see, already, and are not dead; for which latter I am specially grateful, and would be also for the former, if I were quite sure that you suffer no damage. Do be careful now, as you pitch into

your engagements, not to go beyond your limit. Let it be a fact that there are a great many things which you had better let alone, however well you can do them.

I have been doing just nothing since the book is out, and really do not expect ever to do much. I am very weak and very short of breath. I may last a year, or even five as a remote possibility, but I shall never be girded again, I think.

I have some thoughts of trying to patch up a few notes that I may see to be wanted, and hung on at the end,—one in particular, referring to the lack you speak of in my last chapter. Perhaps you do not mean what I do; but I want, in particular, to show that Christ, holding the three points set forth, could by no possibility hold any one of the forms of legal atonement offered by the schools. Thinking these things, the church-orthodox thinking is forever out of his reach. . . .

To the Christian Union.

Norfolk, Conn., August 2, 1874.

Will you thank for me the writer, whoever he may be, of the notice of my late book, "Forgiveness and Law?" It is not my way to thank writers of notices in this manner, and I do it here simply because of my appreciation of the service rendered. I have been doubtfully and somewhat painfully exercised regarding this book, and it is a great relief to me to find that it is not as bad as I feared,—that, after all, the argument is so far out, that a man of real insight can accurately report the same in a short notice.

I was in a country where there were no roads, and was much tormented by the question where my track should be laid. I had great confidence in my argument, but there was no form ready for it, and a great variety of forms was possible. I chose what seemed to be the best, but doubted finally whether it was not a mistake, and after the publication, doubted more than ever. Hence it is that I am so greatly obliged by your experiment; it gives me better hope.

And let me further add, that I even coincide with your query, whether I do not press my analogy "over-far." I certainly do, if you put, in the analogy, matter of obstruction,

as regards forgiveness, that belongs to our moral obliquity. The analogy holds only so far as our proper nature is compared with the divine nature. Perhaps I did not make the point sufficiently distinct. The gradations through which I traced the idea of forgiveness up to its summit, were meant simply as a stair for ascending into the idea or the difficulty of its realization, not as being in this line a part of the analogy, but only a part, in the last degree or highest fact, of a difficulty encountered by goodness.

I shall not take it ill if you let me know to whom I am beholden for this valued criticism.*

In true Christian regard and brotherhood, yours,

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Norfolk, August 10, 1874.

MY EVER DEAR WIFE,—I read your little book† right through at once, and liked it all the more that I could see the fervors it raised in you. It is really a most interesting, profoundly exciting affair, especially in the matters quoted from the heathen apostles. What could they do but seize the love of God, so gloriously commended to them in the Lord Jesus Christ,—no Lord Jesus to them, but only Jesus? We are half tempted to say, as we read, Well, what more of Gospel do we want than simply to believe in the love, and take it as our Gospel to convert the world with, joining hands with all that will join hands with us, be they called by whatever name? So I said when I came to the end. But there was an after-thought showing a difference. What can ever make up the Gospel we want but to have the love coming in the line of a forgivingness? It really does not come to be a salvation till the love is seen making cost, and coming after as by sacrifice. It would not be difficult for even a heathen to believe in God as love; but to believe that he comes after

* He learned that the Rev. Dr. Howard, of Catskill, N. Y., was the author of the criticism that had so much satisfied him.

† A Lecture on Missions, delivered by Max Müller in Westminster Abbey, with an introductory sermon by Dean Stanley.

us through painstaking and sorrow would be very far off,—ah, it is impossible!

Still, this exposition of the heathen will show our missions the horrible mistake they are under in the assumptions they make, and mitigate, how largely, their condemnations. . . .

Your loving husband, H. B.

These letters admit us to Dr. Bushnell's more private and informal comments on his last book, which, perhaps more than any other of his works, needs all the side-lights that can be thrown on it, two of its noblest features having met with some misapprehension,—the candid avowal of "the arrival of fresh light," and the visible outreach after union with others, of a mind so peculiarly independent in its first departure. So far as this misapprehension has not been of the predetermined kind, it is hoped that this history of his mind may have done much to remove it, and to prepare the reader to find in this book the last earthly stage of a harmonious development.

Dr. Bushnell's mind has shown itself to be not merely constructive, but reproductive in an eminent degree. One thought was with him the seed of another thought. He cared not at all to leave behind him a "system of thought," a machine, however ingenious or powerful. What he did want to leave, the only thing it was in him to leave, was a living, growing, harmonious conception of truth, which should be seed-thought to others. If this, springing up, should in time outgrow him, so much the better, he would have said, so that it only grew. The movement of his mind was not migratory but progressive—an evolution, an upbuilding; and if his final conclusions seem widely removed from his early conceptions, they yet spring as naturally and continuously from them, as the topmost branches from the root, or the finial from the foundation.

We have already seen that the ideal of forgiveness on which the book is based had been, for years, a shaping element in his character and thought. The sermon, to which he refers in the Introduction, and in the writing of which the

far-reaching analogies of that ideal first dawned upon him, was that on *Christian Forgiveness* in "Christ and his Salvation," and was published as early as 1864. When at last he had "traced the idea of forgiveness to its summit," a new view was opened to him of the life and sacrifice of Christ in their relations to God himself. He became conscious of a limitation in his former view, as having regarded too exclusively the manward relations of that great subject, whose two sides he saw to be essential to each other and vitally connected. It was as if the living form of Truth herself had appeared to him with both wings outspread.

This is the history in brief of his last book, as related to his first treatise on the "Vicarious Sacrifice," published some ten years before. So great was now his desire to set forth the subject in its unity, that he even proposed to discontinue the latter half of the earlier book, and to replace it with this later one, in which he had already incorporated all that he considered of essential value in the part to be relinquished. It is as noble as it is unusual for a man to be willing to say openly of anything he has done, "Let that go, to make way for something better;" but unfortunately it is liable to be taken for a more total renunciation than he intended; and, besides, he is not always the best judge of the value of his thought to others. Under the influence of such suggestions, Dr. Bushnell became doubtful of the wisdom of his design; and after his death, which left the question still open, it was decided that, in the new edition of his works, both books should appear intact, but as the first and second volume of one work—"The Vicarious Sacrifice." Thus his view of the Atonement is represented historically, yet with something of the unity he desired.

To feel this advance in his thought, and to be permitted so far to complete the expression of it, gave a meaning and inspiration to his later years. So remote from his mind was the idea of any desertion of his onward way, that the greatest difficulty he met in writing his last book was, as his letters show, in opening to the minds of others a region so new and unexplored. He is sailing on, "out of sight of land;" he is

in a new country, "where there are no roads;" "it is the newest thing I have done," he says. Such was his feeling about the book, and such is the atmosphere of the book itself. The sense it imparts of on-looking vision, and of being ever on the verge of further discovery, must be stimulating and enlarging to the mind, and is remarkable as coming from so old a man. In apparent contrast with this, is his adoption of certain old theological terms and the readjustment of himself to them, so that the most ancient and the most recent seem curiously blended in his pages. This it is which has caused the book to be called "a book of reconciliation;" but it is so by enlargement, and not by surrender. He had faith in the old historic names of truth, and had been always seeking to "restore their living and flexible senses," and to find that larger, more inclusive interpretation of which he believed them capable. Sometimes he had succeeded, in a degree at least, as by his use of the word *vicarious* in his former treatise. Whether in this he was able to do as much for the word *propitiation*, so stiffened by long usage, does not yet appear. Certainly his presentment of it differs at the root from anything which now commonly bears the name.

The central idea of the book, that on which all its arguments turn, is *the self-sacrifice of God in Christ*. In the very title of his first book, "God in Christ," he had struck the keynote; but now he heard the music of a fuller harmony. That idea had become to him the centre of the universe, and in its own nature a reconciler. For the nearer he drew to the centre, the wider became his kinship, the more direct his relations, with the great outlying circle of thought. And there can be no doubt that it was part of his hope for this book, that it might prove to be a meeting-place for the thought of the past and the thinking of the present on this great theme, whence they might flow on together by a channel made wide enough to receive them. But he sent it into the world with many misgivings mingled with his hope,—hope, because of the truth he believed it to contain; misgivings, lest he had failed to present that truth in its clearness and fulness. And yet that which he was almost tempted to call its failure is,

perhaps, its greatest strength. It is not a completed message, "the conclusion of the whole matter;" it is something better than that,—an open way. It lets us "feel the window lifted where the fresh air blows," and reveals the light of a day not yet fully risen.

What Dr. George Bacon wrote him of the last chapter is true, in a sense, of the whole book:—

"The last chapter is a real addition to the work, and will be more valued by-and-by than it will be at first. My criticism would be that it is too condensed, that people will not see how much there is in it, in the lack of amplification and illustration, which you would have supplied if your strength had been larger. It is an opening-up of a new way of thought, and it will take time before people will begin to travel over it. But they will find out presently that it is a way in which it will be worth while to travel."

This is the utmost that its author could have desired. On one of the last pages of that last chapter, which looks forward more than any other part of the book, and is very peculiarly his own, he says:—"It is not a summation of doctrine that we want. We have had enough of that. What we want a great deal more is something to give us greater breadth of standing and greater vitality of idea." There is probably no one sentence of his that could more fitly close his intellectual work.

He returned home from Norfolk, in that autumn of 1874, less renewed than ever before by change of scene and rest. But he accepted so courageously his increasing limitations, that he made them seem almost like some better kind of freedom. This picture of him, by the hand of a fellow-minister and townsman, shows him very much as he appeared at that time:—

"His busy mind wrought on to the end. His brain teemed with new work, and last year he told us of schemes of his, which he, the man of seventy-three, was most eager to begin and complete. That fiery, energetic mind struck out its sparks to the last. It was always a great treat to hear him talk, and whoever often heard him would cease to speak

of the obscurity of his diction. He gesticulated but little, but once in a while there was an imperious stroke with the forefinger, and a characteristic elevation of the shoulder, the like of which we have seen in no other man, which added new emphasis and point to his words. Even when too weak to walk, his voice would ring with a martial tone, his utterance glow with impassioned fervor, and the energy of his thought would make every one thrill within the hearing of his voice. Within these last years all who have known Dr. Bushnell have seen in him a growing mellowness which was partly the ripening of old age, but something even more than this. Even theological opponents have been disarmed by the great spirituality and tender words of his last years. . . .

". . . Who of us does not remember his spare figure, muscular, active, with that energetic walk of his; not hasty, indeed leisurely, but with a kind of spring in every motion? Who does not recall the iron-gray hair, tossed carelessly about; the stout oak stick; the garments studiously unprofessional, yet never careless; a happy remove from both elegance and roughness? Who has not seen that face, so full of expression; the skin, of late so clear and transparent; the eye, large, deep, and inquiring; the easy recognition, the flash of wit, the blunt reply? These are all matters of common observation in Hartford; for he was one of the notables of the city; and when he walked abroad, many eyes followed him with reverential and eager looks. How we shall miss that marked figure, that cordial greeting, that eager look!"

"God spared his life till all men were at peace with him," another has said. The granite roughness, the rugged pioneer force of his early days had disappeared, or showed through only here and there as the massive material of character; and the tenderness, the sweetness, the bearing and forbearing strength of his nature came to their perfection. He was "ripening in the summer of God's love." Yet even now he did not, as he had once forcibly expressed it, "bask in Christ." His mind was responsive still to the Divine inspirations, and when they breathed, spread its sails as obediently, if less boldly, ready to push on or to wait, as the word should be.

This state of equipoise is revealed in the words with which, at that late hour, he opened a new work, doubtful if he should ever do more than begin it. At the head of the first page is the title,—"Inspiration: Its Modes and Uses, whether as related to Character, Revelation, or Action." Below this he writes:—

I begin this day, January 22, 1875, a tract or treatise on the Holy Spirit and his work, which I have long been desiring to prepare, but have been detained formerly by other engagements, and of late by advanced age and the growing incapacity of disease. It does not seem to me that I can ever fully execute so heavy a work; but I can begin it, and God will permit me to go on, or stop me short when he pleases, and to him I gladly submit the result. Only, considering how much of divine insight will be needed to speak worthily of a subject so interior and deep, and so far removed from the mere natural intelligence of men, I invoke most earnestly his constant presence with me, and the steady oversight of his counsel. Help me, O Eternal Spirit, whose ways I am engaged to interpret, to be in the sense at all times of thy pure teaching, and to speak of what thou givest me to presently know!

Seeing that I have no strength left to be expended on superfluities, and scarcely enough to serve my present necessities, I make engagement with myself not to be over-exacting in matters of form and rhetorical finish. It must be sufficient for matters of style, that I represent my glorious Friend, the Holy Spirit, according to the practical truth of his relationship,—the mind of the Spirit is to be my law, as it is my subject.

In case my work is cut short, which is by no means improbable, I submit the manuscript of what is written to the discretion of competent judges. If only a little is done, it will, of course, be suppressed, as by the judgment of Providence. If it is carried far enough towards completion to show the general argument, or to give indications of a general treatment that would probably have a degree of freshness and practical benefit, that may be a judgment of Providence favoring its preservation.

At this point I pass directly on to my work, proposing no analysis or plan, but simply to let it plan itself, as the rivers do when they mark their courses by their own movement. I prefer to have my liberty, and especially not to be worried, if I sometimes fall into that which is the old man's liberty, better called his infirmity, of repeating what he has said be-

fore. At present, I hope I may not do it, but I am going on adventure somewhat, and may pass into regions of mental oblivion before I know it.

The following letters contain further allusions to the work begun at this evening hour of his life:—

To Dr. Bartol.

Hartford, January 27, 1875.

My dear Friend,—I had almost forgotten the book, but not you. It is really good to hear you speak once more. You do not feel sure that I am going to meet your first impressions, or that I am going to be a defender of orthodoxy. I really do not care one fig whether I am or not, if only I can do something for the truth.

I think I know exactly where you are, and how you got there, and am tolerably sure that I shall never be there myself,—only we shall not be so far apart that we cannot span the distance by dear recollections and embraces of love.

I am just setting myself to a book on the Holy Spirit and Inspiration, which I have scarce a hope of living to finish. I should like to talk with you about it, but we shall have time to talk it over hereafter.

Give my best love to Mrs. B. and the daughter. I remember a great many things in which they have a part.

I do not mean this for a farewell, but very likely it is.

Yours, in great love, Horace Bushnell.

The next letter is in answer to one received from Dr. George Bacon, enclosing some most interesting extracts from Livingstone's "Last Journals" (chapter xxii.), on the Atonement of Christ, and the Providence of God as both comprehensive and minutely vigilant:—

Hartford, February 21, 1875.

My dear Friend,—Your letter is about the only warm thing I have had in my hand for weeks, and of course I am glad to feel the touch of it; and the gale you waft on me from Africa is none the less comforting, that it has a breath

of that warm region in it. Could it ever have come from Scotland?

It is beautiful to see what treasures God will open to minds that are deep enough in sacrifice and loss to have the appetite waked up towards them. The dear great hero!—why, he has worlds-full of high theology with him, and a grand theologic endowment besides. I do not wonder at the enjoyment you find in the ending-off story of his career. I shall look for your review, and probably for the book besides.

I spent the first half of the winter in preparing my volume on the Sacrifice for the press, whenever it may be wanted,* writing out some notes to be added as a kind of appendix. In these notes I have restated a few points, I think, to advantage.

Since this was done, I have been, if you will believe it, starting a new book on "The Inspirations."

My object is to make out a full statement of all the Holy Spirit has done, or is doing, in character, and story, and Scripture, resolving all by one method. I have made more progress than I expected, but I do not really expect to live the labor through. I undertake it, in fact, to get a little sense *of being* from it. I wish I could talk the matter over with you at some of the points. I have lost ground steadily, but very gently, since I saw you. My breath is more and more restricted.

It gives me great satisfaction to see that you bear the harness. Watch your limits, and keep a hold-back in the harness. Give my special regards to Mrs. B.

Yours most truly, HORACE BUSHNELL.

The work begun amidst such uncertainties was carried onward through several chapters. Then the thread broke off in the middle of a sentence, never to be taken up again. Early in the spring he became very ill, but was as unperturbed by the close approach of death as he had been by its distant shadow. Two or three years before, he had replied to an

* In reference to a proposed new edition.

inquiry about his health,—"Almost through;" and to the further question, "But how do you feel about it, Doctor?" "I can hardly tell; but as for this dying, about which we have always been so much exercised, I have come to think there isn't much to it." Now, when it seemed at hand, he was of like mind. In the quiet watches of the night, his wife asked him how death looked to him. "Very much like going into another room," was the answer. When, with a slight transposition of its words, this text was repeated to him,—"The good, and perfect, and acceptable will of God," he replied, "Yes, and *accepted*."

When his mind wandered in the heat of fever, its grand orderliness and the obedient habit of his soul were only the more revealed. His very wanderings had an instinctive reasonableness, and were all towards God. He had travelled that way too long to lose it in any mist of the brain. He was responsive to all that was done for him, often in his own racy, peculiar manner of speech. He said to his wife on one occasion, when she was trying to do something for his comfort,—"It's a pretty delicate matter to nurse an old fellow who doesn't know whether he wants to get well or not." One day a friend said to him, "You must have a great deal of patience to lie here so long." "Well," was the reply, "I've a good deal of weakness to support it."

During this illness, he developed a new taste for flowers, gazing at them as if rapt with their beauty. "Why, father," said one of his children, "you never used to be so fond of flowers." "My child, I hadn't time," he replied. To a similar remark, that he "seemed to be taking a new interest in flowers," he answered, playfully,—"No, that isn't it; they are taking a new interest in me. That rose, now, has been staring at me for an hour, as if it never saw a man before. I wonder what it thinks of me!" At another time, looking earnestly at some exquisite rose-buds, he exclaimed,—"What a remarkable prophecy of beauty to be born!"

Finally, the life-power in him prevailed, and he began very slowly to come back to the world he had thought to leave forever. A friend said to him at this time,—"What do you

do with yourself? do you think?" "No," with a shake of the head, "I don't do that,—I don't like it; it costs too much; I say, *The Lord reigns!*"

As he began to recover, he wanted some sense of contact with the outer world. He liked to keep near him the cane made by himself, and so long the companion of his walks. Grasping that, he seemed to grasp life once more. But better than all was some human contact from without. After a visit from a young friend, whom he called "one of his sons," and in whose vigorous presence he felt the pulse of healthful life, he exclaimed, "It's a gospel to see that fellow, so hearty and outspoken. I don't know another such man."

He was told that a poor colored man had been to the door to inquire after him, and the remark was added,—"It is good to have friends among Christ's poor." "Yes," he said, putting it in his strong way; "you may have all the rest this side heaven,—give me those." And when he heard that a poor woman, whom he had befriended, and some other humble friends were praying for him, he said,—"I don't know but I am kept alive by the prayers of these people."

A friend who was passing through town, and had a short interview with him, has since written:—"I never shall forget the last time I saw him, when he was still very ill, on the very edge of the other world,—it seemed to me, already in that world. What impressed me profoundly was, that while the characteristics of his personality were as strong as ever in this life, he was so spiritualized as to seem belonging already to another life, to be the one of the 'invisible company' permitted to be visible to us. And I remember saying that if I doubted a future existence, seeing him then would remove such doubts. How real the other world seemed to me! how near and pleasant it became, as I sat by his bedside and looked upon his sweet and saintly presence! Yet, with all this, there was no word said by him of the future, except a brief message of love and farewell."

As the summer advanced, he was able to drive out and to walk a little. He spent hours on his beloved Park, sitting under some tree, or on some great block of stone at the sum-

mit of the hill, where he could watch the building of the State Capitol, in which he took great interest. He received with a gentle cordiality the friends who came to greet him, flaming up sometimes into his old fire and intensity. But generally his mind was very quiet, and withdrawn into its own peaceful recesses, not having the impulse or force to reach the surface easily. It was a pleasant summer to him; and to those who were much with him, it was a look into heaven.

In the cooler weather of the autumn he was able to be at church again. This was a great pleasure to him. Lingering after the service, one Sunday, he said, very emphatically, to Dr. Burton,—"I do love to go to church!" He sat in a chair in front, that he might the more easily hear the service. In this way his face was half turned towards the congregation, some of whom found their eyes irresistibly attracted to it, and resting on it as on something almost sacred. One of them said that, at such times, these quaint lines always came to mind:—

> "His stainless earthy shell
> Was worn so pure and thin,
> That through the callow angel showed,
> Half-hatched, that stirred within."

He was much interested this autumn in a proposed plan for a complete new edition of his works, as will be seen from the three following letters to Dr. George Bacon, who had kindly offered his assistance in carrying forward the arrangements. The last of these letters shows for what reasons the plan was relinquished, never to be resumed during his lifetime.

To Dr. George Bacon.

Hartford, September 27, 1875.

My dear Friend,—Your letter the other day started me off on a question or two that has delayed the answer; particularly one that you name,—What is to be done about "God in Christ," "Christ in Theology," etc.? I have been looking over the first of the two, and have made up my mind that it must be included. For it is the set-off, so to speak, of all

that I have done, the manifesto; "Christ in Theology," has no such consequence, being only the answer I made to my accusers.

This leaves only the question of publishing now the amended edition of "Vicarious Sacrifice." I wish I were not haunted by doubts in regard to the question, whether to publish the old volume as it was, and the new as it is,—two separate volumes. . . .

Hartford, November 2, 1875.

My dear Friend,—On the whole, I have concluded to have no farther proceeding in the matter even of the one book that you kindly undertook to set forward. I prefer to have nothing farther done.

The plan they suggest of making this last volume the first of the complete series is particularly not pleasant. I have a decided aversion to setting first what corrects a good many things in my previous issues. The only way endurable is to put matters historically, and let the free movement be always correcting itself; the riper, that which is more green or insufficiently grown. Probably this means a good deal more to me than it would to most; for I have always been trying to mend. I feel this, too, the more pungently, that I am going to want my two volumes, "God in Christ" and "Christ in Theology," in the first places, just because, though green, they give my points of departure for all that comes after. I have been looking them over, and find them to contain a great deal of my best matter, as well as that which is the reason of all that comes after.

With greater thanks to you than I can express, and with best regards to Mrs. B., I am yours,

Horace Bushnell.

Hartford, November 17, 1875.

My dear Brother,—I am wishing to hear how you are getting on, not a little concerned lest I may have been a part of the cause of your difficulty. I am very sorry that I allowed myself any such liberty as can possibly have made room

for this concern. I was startled by your letter, and instantly took myself out of your hands, without standing even for the decency of consultation, resolved to stop any further pretext of damage from me.

If you will not be incommoded by the request of a few lines from you, telling me how you are, and what the physician says of you, I shall be much obliged. One thing is now more than ever clear, viz., that you will have to give up all the extras, and sail your boat closer in to the shore. I hope it will not turn out that you have received any fatal injury.

Would that I were in a case to offer you some little help, but I am now so weak that any overdoing of talk, however pleasant, brings on its penalty. I do not exactly make up my mind that I shall be through before the spring,—there is no use in such a conclusion; the better way and more Christian is, I think, to put it down, that when the time comes it will come. Besides, there is a little volunteer weakness in the look, when a man begins to chant his death-song years before the time. If I could have everything as I wish, I would make sure only of a more and more complete fitness for the call, come when it may. And this is what I am now endeavoring, I hope with some effect. I do nothing but simply talk with God, taking small draughts, but oh, how strengthening and sweet! from the Good Word, singing a song of praise without sound, and letting go very much even the family affairs. Sometimes, in a quiet, soft air, I creep out a short way, and return with a mind partly ventilated and a body physically refreshed. Sometimes a friend coming in tries to entertain me and I to be entertained. I do a great deal of coughing, and I repair the damages by a great deal of sleep, which I mean to have my rest with God, for that is the main element now. By all which, you see that I am narrowing in more or less perceptibly.

I none the less hope to hear that you are mending and taking up the stitches dropped. Tell me so, if you can.

Yours ever, HORACE BUSHNELL.

To Mrs. E. C. Apthorp.

Hartford, November 15, 1875.

My dear Mother,—I want to thank you for the beautiful birds, or rather flock of birds, by which you have undertaken to feed me, even as the Lord brought up quails to cover the camp at even and keep his hungry people quiet. However, I do not suppose that you thought me to be quite as restive and ill-tempered as they; for you know yourself, by your own experience, that we may fall under encumbrances of years and manifold infirmity, without any loss of patience or disturbance of the state of comfort. You and I can journey on through our desert, I think, without any special fomentations of delicacy or delectations to keep us in peace. Still, it is none the less welcome that we have friends that show us their care of us, by the reminders of their love, the tokens that signify the tenderness of their zeal to make us happy, when plainly enough they perceive that we are losing out and leaving behind many of the pleasures that are no longer able to yield us satisfaction. I speak in this manner for us both, but not as forgetting that there are twenty years of distance between us, and perhaps more. And yet we are so nearly of the same age, when measured by our decay and dilapidations, that I commonly assume our correspondence in the sense of loss and the steady nearing of our departure. We cannot hold on a great deal longer, as we perfectly know. I hope we are both ready for the change, and can rest our souls on God, only asking that we may bide our time. I see nothing in it that Christ does not allow us to meet in all sweetness of confidence. And when his call arrives, what can be more welcome than to drop our long-worn, nearly worn-out days, and take a fresh beginning? Oh that beginning! How much it signifies to us, that it cannot signify to those early in life! Nothing of expectation to them, it is a thing of how great expectation to us! If it should put us in a hurry, or a tendency to it, I do not see that we should be much in fault. Is there not a sense, too, in which we are called to be looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of the Lord?

Yours evermore, Horace Bushnell.

This little note and its answer will easily explain themselves:—

DEAR GRANDPAPA,—I am coming over on Saturday, and I hope that I shall see all of you, and I hope that you will come out on Thanksgiving and join us in the fun, and have a piece of pie, and play snap-dragon, and stay as long as you can; and we would be very glad if you would stay until Christmas. Yours truly, CHARLEY.

Hartford, November 24, 1875.

DEAR CHARLEY,—It is a very nice thing to get letter No. 1, and I thank you most heartily for it. Let it be followed by No. 2, and as many others as may be. I rejoice to see that you are coming on so well in writing.

As to the "pie," and the "snap-dragon," and the "fun" generally, you know that I am getting to be an old man, and am less capable of frisking and rollicking in such kind of pleasures, but I can enjoy them even the more when I see the young folks enjoy them.

But I shall have to keep my Thanksgiving, for the same reason, on this side of the river, where it will be a good part of my pleasure to know that God has given me so many dear grandchildren, who will be trying to make a bright Thanksgiving, and will somehow find a way to do it.

Still, let us see you on Saturday, as you promise, and we will try to go as far in with you as we can. Perhaps we shall be able to get our old, clumsy mood brushed up into a frisky one, and find how to play a little with you.

Give my dearest love to your father and mother, and just as dear to the other children, the sister and brothers.

God bless you in a lively time!

Your loving grandfather, HORACE BUSHNELL.

To the Rev. William Adams, D.D.

Hartford, November 24, 1875.

MY DEAR CLASSMATE AND BROTHER,—How far off are years of silence and virtual non-intercourse from proving the fact

of indifference or oblivion! A letter passing comes with a shock, and it is as if the seeming dead relation sprung up in a mutual discovery of life. And the surprise is only the more welcome that the life, not really gone out, is simply waked into consciousness and audible self-assertion. Yesterday morning, at breakfast, I as little expected a letter from my old class-brother, Adams, as I did from Homer, and Cæsar, and other college acquaintances. The more truly I thank you for this volunteer remembrance. My heart springs up to it, and words throng to me asking leave to answer.

The truth is, that you were not as far off as you seemed. I had been watching for you in the silent years, noting your promotions following and to follow, and had so been freshing more and more, and consecrating by a more fixed valuation, the interest I began to feel in you and claim as my property, so many years ago. You were not gone out, or gone by, in the fresh Amens I had been recording.

Have you never observed, that while reminders are needed even to hold a man back from utter oblivion, who never gets capacity to be more to you than a dot or full period, a man who grows large in his honors and public successes quickens more and more estimation, and is writing out, as it were, his record of honor and love in our hearts? To have simply known a good, great man, though fifty years ago, even if we have not seen him since that time, is to feel blessed in him. These thoughts I write simply to express my thanks for your letter, and tell you the happiness it gives me.

Well, my honored brother, you and I are getting far on in our journey. What is done is done, what remains to be done by me is next to nothing. When they ask me in the street, "How is your health to-day?" my very common answer is that I have no health. If I go into the street in a little more hopeful mood, thinking that I am now going, perhaps, to undertake *that* work, I am commonly cured of it before another day. No, I give up my projects and my subjects, and gather myself in to get my last lessons from God. And to this I am bending with great hopefulness and refreshment. Is he not

with me? Am not I with him? I do verily think so. The last winter I was near going, and carried my flag of expectation a long time in my hand, but I came back as from the dead, both to myself and others. My story was that St. Peter met me at the gate and sent me back to get ready. Finding nothing else to do, I yet have not found that I was altogether unready. God help us both to be completely ready, and to meet on the other shore as old friends, not ashamed to be accepted.

Yours evermore, HORACE BUSHNELL.

To Mr. Thomas Winship.

Hartford, December, 1875.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am glad to get your letter, partly because it shows to me that you are well enough to write, and partly because it offers a chance to converse without talking. I have been about and about calling on you for a long time, but feel so prostrate in strength, that I shrink from trying to understand enough from the voice to keep anything in life, and so let the time slip on, and my disinclination, too, slip by. In fact, there seems to be a great deal more in the old remembrances of times and communions gone by, than there could be in any tug of mutual understanding and communication now. No two things appear to be much wider asunder than the labor of a strained, half-significant talk, and the abounding, almost bounding liberty of a full, free soul-flow, such as we have known in other times. How good and blessed will the day be when we shall have tongues, and voices, and ears again! Oh, what a liberty of the saints will it be, when the *Word* that was in the beginning with God pours out free expression again, and runs through all the emancipated throngs of the glorified, quickening their intelligences and moving their glorious impulse in full flood,—no clogs, no suppressions, no scant apprehensions, knowing all as they are known!

I perceive by your letter that you seem to be nearing the land of promise, and in this I rejoice with you. It is good to

look over, and claim our inheritance, and get naturalized in feeling beforehand.

I have known you many years, and it is a most pleasant thing that I can have no doubt of you. I think you can have no doubt of yourself. If I, too, am making no presumptuous mistake, we shall know each other again after a very short time, and I shall have a chance of doing what has long been the expected privilege of my heart, that is, to make you due acknowledgment for the help you have given me, and the strength you have added to my weakness in former days. You have been faithful for me and to me, and I then shall be able to say, with fuller voice than now, "Let God be thanked that he gave me a faithful man." What other gift more precious does God ever bestow?

Yours, with great affection, HORACE BUSHNELL.

During his severe illness in the previous spring, he had received the following letter, to which the next is his reply, written on the last day of the year:—

Boston, April 8, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I hear of your increased illness. Accept my persuasion of your everlasting life and health. You and I believe in the same Being and Destiny. Should it be appointed for you to take passage first, take my love on board the wondrous vessel you sail in; and send such token, as you may, back to my soul, of your blessed making port.

From one to whom your Inmost is dear.

C. A. BARTOL.

Hartford, December 31, 1875.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your very dear letter, which came to me last spring as a waft of fresh life, when I was just climbing up out of the river, has not been answered yet. Had it been less valued, it would have been answered sooner. But I have waited to be myself again; for just to put words together in the clumsy conjunctions of faculty benumbed, brushing off the dew of old remembrance in words that I would like to answer fitly, is no comfort to me or courtesy to them.

For the first six months I made only the slowest possible improvement; but since that time I seem to have been losing ground rather, till now it begins to be clear that your letter never will be answered, unless it should be true, in a sense not intended, that I am now the "half-way over;" for it really seems to me that a full half my faculty,—the better and more capable,—is somehow escaped, and that only the duller and more wooden part remains. However this may be, my boat swings drowsily, and I am no way disturbed or put to the strain by what is before me. Is it that I am believing less than I did, or more? Is it that I have found a way in behind the visions, where the *Word* of God is, and seeing all in him, hold everything easy and quiet?

Well, my dear brother, I will only say, God bless you, and farewell. We shall touch bottom here shortly, and that, I hope, in righteousness.

With great regard that cannot die, your brother,

HORACE BUSHNELL.

President Porter, in the *Memorial Sermon*, speaks of a last interview with him, at the close of the year, and of the impression left by it:—

"In one of the last days of the last year, I spent two or three hours with him in what I believed would be a farewell visit. He was cheerful in spirits and buoyant in humor. He talked of the present and the past with more than his usual spirit and freedom, but with an indescribable simplicity and loveliness. At parting he asked me to come again for another three hours as pleasant as these. I bade him good-bye, never to meet with him again in what we call the present life. I know not how or where we may meet again, nor with what surroundings: whether in scenes to which earth's scenery has no analogies, or in a place like that where his boyhood was spent—'a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valley and hills.' But of this I am certain, that wherever and whatever that land may be, 'the glory of God will lighten it, and the Lamb will be the light thereof.'"

On the first day of the new year, one of the most exquisite of winter days, Dr. Bushnell drove, with his wife, ten miles eastward of the Connecticut, and spent a week with his son and daughter, and among his grandchildren. After his return to Hartford, he was able, till the end of the month, to drive in pleasant weather and to take a walk now and then.

Gradually he sank into an illness much like that of the year before,—so much so, that the two illnesses are almost one in memory. Only he was, if anything, more hidden away in the secret of God's presence than before. One day, his wife read to him the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of the Gospel according to St. John, beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled," and containing our Lord's farewell conversation with his disciples; and when the reading was ended, he said, as if in the very presence of that wondrous scene, "What a soft and sweet infolding of all highest things—what a soft and sweet infolding of all highest things!"

The other world drew him more and more surely to itself, but he did not cease to love this dear earth where he had so long dwelt, its things of beauty, its sweet human relationships. One afternoon, after he had lain almost unconscious for some time, he was told that a picture held up before him had been painted for him by one of his daughters. Immediately he was full of interest in it, turned it this way and that with trembling hand, to get the best light, making his comments on it in a mingling of fatherly gratification and playful criticism. Shortly after, he held, in the same way, a magnificent spray of rose-colored azalea which had been sent him, gazing at it with an admiring wonder, as if it were some heavenly flower, and murmuring, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

A gentle but undying humor flickered to the last through the few words he was able to say. A refreshing hour of sleep was "a practical little nap;" some successful ministering to his needs was "a productive comfort." As the days went by without marked change, he said to one of his children,—"It is wonderful to me how I hesitate, and draw out, and spin along;" and to a friend coming into his room after some

hours' absence, he stretched out his hand, with a smile, saying,—"Soul and body together!"

One night, waking suddenly from sleep, he exclaimed, "Oh, God is a wonderful Being!" And when his daughter, sitting by his side, replied, "Yes; is he with you?" he answered, slowly, "Yes, in a certain sense he is with me, and" —then came a pause—"and I have no doubt he is with me in a sense which I do not imagine. I account it one of the greatest felicities to have a nature capable of such changes," —meaning, probably, such movements of God in it. Soon after this he said, still more slowly, and with pauses intermingled, for he was very weak,—"Well, now, we are all going home together; and I say, the Lord be with you—and in grace—and peace—and love—and that is the way I have come along home." It was his dying benediction, spoken out of the almost sleep and exhaustion of his mind.

On the 15th of February, he received a message from the Common Council of Hartford, announcing to him the passage by them, on the previous evening, of the following Resolution to call the Park by his name:—

"*Whereas*, The park laid out by the city in 1854 has not received any name;

"And *whereas*, The plan of using the land lying between Elm Street and the Little River for a public park, owes its origin and successful execution, in a large degree, to the foresight, to the able and earnest advocacy, and the influence, freely and with generous persistence exerted in public, in private, and through the press, of Horace Bushnell;

"And *whereas*, It is wise and fitting that the name of a citizen standing foremost among those who have achieved enduring fame in the field of intellectual effort should be associated with the public works of the city, in which his manhood's life has been spent, to which he has been devotedly attached, and for whose adornment, improvement, and general good he has been ever ready to give his time, his influence, and the riches of his genius;

"Now, *therefore*, in recognition of a reputation in whose honors the city of his adoption shares, and of labors for the public good whose results will add to the happiness and welfare of every citizen;

"*Resolved*, That the public park now commonly called 'The Park' be and hereby is named 'Bushnell Park.'"

When this announcement reached him, it was his last day of anything like conscious life; but he seemed to follow, with sympathy at least, the reading of those words so honorable to him and to his fellow-citizens. When he was told that the poor Irishman who brought the message had said, "This is how we all wanted it to be," his face lighted up with a beautiful smile, as it did again when his physician said to him, "Your park, Doctor;" and he repeated, as if to himself, "My park!"

No monument that the city of his affections might have reared to his memory could have so fitly commemorated his services, or so perfectly satisfied his feeling. It was singularly fitting, also, that this tribute should have reached him at that closing hour, connecting him to the last with the world to whose welfare he had so largely devoted his life. It was the voice of his fellow-men saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

But now he was to hear those words spoken by Him who had been the supreme object of his life, and who alone can speak them as one having authority, or add to them that glorious confirmation,—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Early in the morning of the 17th of February, 1876, while the stars were still shining in the clear and silent heaven, Horace Bushnell passed away to that world, on whose borders he had so long dwelt.

The sermon delivered at his funeral in the Park Church, in presence of a great throng of his old people and friends, by his successor, the Rev. Dr. Burton, contained this fresh and final interpretation of his mind and character:—

"Dr. Bushnell's mind was one of the rarest. What it was in his books, that it was in private, with certain very piquant

and unforgetable personal flavors added. It was original almost beyond precedent, in the sense that every thought put forth from it was a pure outgo from its own self. His power to push his mind through hours and hours of continuous labor had diminished, of course; but whensoever it did stir, it was the same teeming and amazing thing as in his prime. It was imaginative, too, even magnificently so at times; indeed, it was not possible for him to speak ten sentences on any subject without bringing this great faculty of his into the field, with its illuminations, and ornamentations, and outsprings of intuition; and all readers of his books know how all sorts of felicitous analogies were wont to flock in for the illustration of his themes. It was characteristic of his mind, moreover, that it was independent, courageous always, incisive, imperative, not cumbered by excessive and undigested reading, almost irreverent at times towards mere authority, too little considerate of the wisdom of the past, but truth-loving (intensely so), debative, soldierly, massive, mobile, impressible to every touch as the sea to the swaying of the winds,—a mind so royal in many ways as to waken a never-failing and profound admiration in those who knew him best and were well adjusted to him. . . .

"Those of us who were personally and closely acquainted with this man will very sadly miss him. His humor; the fine insistence of his voice; the sinew, pith, and splendor of his diction, which never failed him even in his most extemporaneous utterances; his rich, inspired prejudices and frank contempt for several things on earth; his very quotable, sententious sayings, some last one of which was always likely to be circulating in this community; his sharp outlook continually upon the moving, great world; his beautiful ability to revise his own opinions, so that, meeting him any day, you were not unlikely to be told by him of some more felicitous, and comprehensive, and unanswerable statement of some old point of truth which he had just worked out; his prayers, so rich and fresh with thought, so direct, true, and sweet in feeling; the power of various kinds, by which in his day he made the pulpit of the North Church to be one of the thrones of

the world; his perfectly undaunted outlook into eternity; his high-hearted fight with disease and death for the last ten years; the youthfulness which beat irrepressible under his old age; his wiry form, determined and energetic to the last; his face so softened by years and the chastisement of disease, and the inworking of God in his ripening soul,—yes, all that went to make Horace Bushnell, as he appeared among men and played off his magnetisms upon them, some of us will affectionately, and sorrowfully, and also joyfully remember, until we meet him again in God's great other world. . . .

"What a mind his must be to enter heaven, and start out upon its broad-winged ranges, its meditations and discoveries, its transfigurations of thought and feeling, its eternal enkindlings of joy as the mysteries of redemption unfold! I look forward with immense expectation to a meeting again with this man in his resurrection life. I want to see Horace Bushnell in his glorified, immortal body, and note the movements of that mighty genius and that manful and most Christian soul when thus clothed upon and unhindered.

"Meanwhile, and until then, farewell, O master in Israel, O man beloved! God give thee light on thy dark questions now! God give thee rest from thy tired body! God bring us to thee when the eternal morning breaks!"

NOTE.

In the year 1879, a mural tablet was set upon the wall of the Park Church, by some of Dr. Bushnell's parishioners and friends, as a memorial of him, and a tribute of their affection. It contains a marble *relievo* of his head and face, and is inscribed to him in these words:—

"IN MEMORY OF HIS GREAT GENIUS, HIS GREAT CHARACTER, AND HIS GREAT SERVICES TO MANKIND."

He is buried in what is known as "the old North Burying-ground"—a quiet, simple place, where his two infant children and many of his old friends were already buried; and there he chose to be laid. His grave is marked by a granite monument, erected by his wife, and bearing this inscription:—

HORACE BUSHNELL.

1802-1876.

INDEX.

A.

Adams, Rev. Dr. William, letter to, 556.
Addresses, articles, and sermons of Dr. Bushnell mentioned, 77, 82, 85, 88, 93, 102, 103, 107, 109, 163, 173, 174, 183, 184, 192, 196, 198, 200, 202, 229, 248, 249, 257, 263, 279, 287, 288, 298, 312, 325, 345, 383, 403, 406, 409, 410, 411, 413, 423, 474, 475, 481, 482, 485, 490, 491, 495, 501, 505, 513.
Adirondacks, vacation in the, 497–501.
Afghan, present of an, 346.
"Age of Homespun," the, address on, 10, 248.
"Agriculture at the East," 174.
"Aids to Reflection," reading the, 208, 209.
Albinola, Mr., and his Italian Society, 106.
Alps, travelling in the, 130–137.
"Altar Form," 198.
"American Politics," 93.
Andover, addresses at, 88, 200.
Angelico, Fra, 151.
Angelo, Michael, 155, 156.
Antwerp, cathedral at, 124.
Apples, measuring out the, 10.
Apthorp, Mrs. E. C., letters to, 85, 118, 555; mention of, 72, 527.
Argument for Christian nurture, 180.
Art, 150–153.
Association of Fairfield West, 234, 237, 258, 340.
Association, General, of Connecticut, 234, 258, 305, 340.
Association, General, of Massachusetts, 179.
Association, Hartford Central, 225, 234, 306, 307.
Association, North, of Hartford County, 179.
Atlantic, the wreck of the steamship, 177.
Atonement, discourse on the, 196–198; subject of, 218, 236, 246, 336, 339, 488, 532, 542.

B.

Bacon, Rev. Dr. Leonard, quoted, 182, 201, 245; resolution at the Waterbury meeting, by, 306.
Bacon, Rev. Dr. George, letters to, 492, 528, 538, 539, 548, 552, 553; assistance of, 530.
Bambino in Italy, the, 158.
Bangor Theological Seminary, 208, 215.
Bantam, Conn., village of, 4.
"Barbarism the first danger," sermon on, 184.
Bartol, Rev. Dr., recollections of, 184; letter from, 559.
Bartol, Rev. Dr., letters to, 184, 199, 211, 212, 213, 217, 219, 222, 227, 230, 246, 247, 249, 250, 257, 262, 303, 304, 324, 362, 363, 365, 414, 418, 419, 424, 434, 479, 525, 548, 559.
Bear, meeting a, 387, 389.
Beard, Mr. and Mrs., 372, 374, 396.
Beecher, Dr., visit from, 225; remark on, 86.
Beecher, Rev. Edward, mentioned, 222.

Beecher, Rev. H. W., hearing, 413.
Berne, Switzerland, city of, 133.
Bible, the, 205, 443.
Bible-class, takes charge of a, 65.
Big trees of California, 377.
Birth, time and place of, 3.
"Body and Form," by Dr. Bartol, 304.
"Bones, his, are full of the sin of his youth," sermon on, 505.
Books published by Dr. Bushnell, 178, 211–214, 243, 413, 419, 439, 480, 501, 503, 526, 537.
Books, reading of, 48, 49, 61, 186, 191, 208, 245, 295, 508.
Borromeo, St. Charles, 148.
Brace, Charles L., remarks by, 79, 110.
Bread-Loaf Inn, 520, 530.
Bridging Asylum Street, Hartford, plans for, 319.
Bristol, England, 116.
Buchanan, 447; his fast, 443.
Building a church, suggestions for, 126, 381, 408.
Building eras in religion, 495.
Buildings in California, 376.
Bunker Hill Celebration, 108.
Bunyan, John, mention of, 207, 322, 502.
Burgess, Bishop, letter from, 194.
Burgess, Daniel, family of, 73.
Burkett, Ralph, letter to, 509.
Burton, Rev. Dr., remarks by, 6, 505; appointment of, 504; funeral address by, 563.
Bushnell, Rev. George, remarks by, 8, 42.
Bushnell, Rev. Dr. Horace; his birth and pedigree, 3; homestead, 4; parents, 4; family, 7; education, 9; visiting grandparents in Vermont, 14; religious instincts, 15; mill work, 16; goes to Warren High School, 17; begins study of Latin, 17; sports, 18; admitted to Yale College, 22; his grandmother, 24; his mother, 8, 26; compositions, 40, 46; graduating, 46; school-teaching, 47; religious doubts, 37, 38, 50, 55, 58, 60; editorship, 51; studying law, 52, 55; tutorship, 53; religious revival, 55; conversion, 59; enters theological school, 62; licensed to preach, 65; first call, 66; ordination, 70; marriage, 72; early preaching, 76–80; death of his second child, 85; birth of a son, 87; first heresy, 89; offer and declinature of presidency of Middlebury College, 95, 97; degree of D.D. conferred, 98; son's death, 105; work for Protestant League, 106, 172; ill-health, 112; journeying in Europe, 115; return home, 171; publication of "Christian Nurture," and subsequent controversy, 178–183; religious experience, 191; delivers the addresses published in the book "God in Christ," and pronounced heretical, 196–202, 212; his position under attack, 214–217; trial by his Association; 225; appears before General Association at Litchfield, 234; publishes "Christ in Theology," 243; overtures to Dr. Hawes, 253; controversial action at meetings of General Association, 258, 305, 341; lectures on the supernatural, 260; recollections of him by Dr. Bartol, 184; by Bishop Clark, 294; Western journey, 267; review of his pastorate, 279; his work as a citizen, 312–321; correspondence with Dr. Hawes, 326; travelling in Cuba, 347; in California, 365; call to the presidency of College of, and work for the same, 384–389, 396–405; return home, 406; publication of "Nature and Supernatural," 419; leaving Hartford, 423; in Minnesota, 427; at Clifton Springs, 439; as he was at home, 452; publication of books, 480, 501, 503, 526, 537; ministry at large, 470; last sermon, 505; closing years, 515; death, 563.
Business men, week-day sermon to, 410.

C.

C. C., or Criticus Criticorum, 224, 228.
California, letters from, 336–402; College of, 384–389, 396–405; appeal for

same, 403; climates of, 370, 371, 389, 392; condition of, 383; herding in, 374; water in, 376, 392; buildings in, 376; scenery of, 367, 371, 372, 373, 377, 380, 392; ministers of, 336.
Call to the North Church in Hartford, 66; to Middlebury College, 95; to College of California, 384.
Calvinism, on, 25, 137, 139, 187.
Cambridge Divinity School, address at, 196.
Camp, Major H., letter concerning, 474.
Capitol of Connecticut, working for the State, 506.
Carding-machines, 5, 16, 17.
Carlyle, on Sterling, extracts from, 255, 265.
Castor and Pollux, horses of, 153.
Cathedrals at Antwerp, 124; at Milan, 147; at Exeter and Bristol, 118; at Geneva, 139; at Rouen, 495; should be left unfinished, 136.
Channing, Dr. Wm. E., mention of, 186, 195, 230.
"Character of Jesus," publication of the, 439.
Charleston, S. C., letter from, 361.
Chesebrough, Rev. A. S., mention of, 223, 239; letters to, 224, 228, 232, 252, 261, 324, 326, 345, 408, 538.
Childhood, 6–16.
Children, thoughts on training of, 178, 239, 300, 503; letters to, 91, 96, 104, 108, 139, 160, 188, 270, 356, 556; relations and feelings to his own, 76, 85, 89, 105, 150, 175, 177, 191, 352, 353, 452, *et seq.*
Christ, thoughts and experiences of, 193, 197, 220, 323, 336, 339, 368, 394, 422, 435, 445, 478, 488, 520, 533, 534, 541.
"Christ and His Salvation," 471, 481.
"Christ in Theology," book on, 243–246.
"Christ the Form of the Soul," sermon on, 192.
"Christian Alliance," the, 107, 138, 172, 175.
"Christian Nurture," book on, 178–183, 439.
Christian Observatory, criticisms in the, 215, 222.
Christian Register, mention of the, 111, 250.
Christian Spectator, article in the, 82.
"Christian Trinity a practical Truth," an article published in the *New Englander*, 345.
Christian Union, letter to the, 540.
Christianity, on, 200, 231, 247, 287, 301.
Church in New Preston, struck by lightning, 71.
Church, North, in Hartford, settlement in, 67–70; conservatives in, 92, 281; deacons of, 69; gift made by, 425; letters to, 354, 367, 385, 393, 416; from, 415; relations to Dr. Bushnell, Chapter XIV.; to other churches, 252; payment of debt, 293; parting from, 423; withdrawal from Consociation, 260, 285; pastors of, 439, 476, 485, 504; change to Park Church, 485, 491.
Clark, Bishop, letter of reminiscences by, 294; mention of, 252, 263.
Clifton Springs, New York, staying at, 439.
Climates, of California, 370, 371; of Cuba, 353; of Minnesota, 433, 434.
Clinton, California, site for college at, 397, 404.
Closing years, by F. L. B., 515.
Col de Balme, walk to the, 135.
Coleman, Rev. Dr., remarks by, 36.
Coleridge's writings, reading, 208, 209, 499.
Coliseum at Rome, the, 158.
Colleague, appointment of a, 413, 415.
College experiences, 35.
Collins, A. M., letter to, 381; remark by, 413.
Commemorative celebration at Yale College, 485.
Common-schools, address for, 298.
Communion, preparation for, 292.
Como, Lake, 146.
Compositions, youthful, 20, 40, 46.
Comprehensiveness, 281.

Comte, 493, 511.
Concio ad Clerum, at Yale, delivery of, 198, 201.
Confessions of a Fair Saint, 523.
Conformity in small things, 81.
Congregationalist, criticisms in the, 222.
Conic sections, rebellion in college over, 39.
Connecticut, speech for, 249.
Conscience and knowledge, on, 519.
Consociation, withdrawal from, 260, 285.
Controversy, 214, 216, 255, 464.
Conversion, on the subject of, 59.
Corn-laws, repeal of the British, 165.
Country, hopefulness for the, 477.
Courant, the *Hartford*, sermon in, 410.
Coventry, England, visit to, 119.
Creed, basis for a, 252; uses of a, 166, 173.
"Crisis of the Church," sermon on, 77.
Cromwell, Oliver, portrait of, 165.
Cuba, letters from, 349–354.
Czersky, 125.

D.

Daggett, Rev. Dr. O. E., letter from, 105.
Dam, building a solid stone, 22.
Danbury, meeting of the General Association at, 258.
Davis, Andrew Jackson, mention of, 257.
"Day of Roads," sermon on the, 177, 289.
Day, Professor Henry, remarks on boyhood by, 17.
Deacon Seth Terry, letter from, 92.
Deacons, remarks on, 492.
"Dead," an oration on "Our obligations to the," 485.
Death of infant daughter, 85; of son, 105; of Dr. Bushnell, 563.
Death, feelings about, 550.
Debates in college, 40; in boyhood, 19.
Debt, dislike of, 74, 291, 293.
Defective memory, 457.
Detroit, letter from, 425.
"Dignity of Human Nature shown from its Ruins," sermon on, 363.
Diman, Rev. J. Lewis, appointed as a colleague, 415; his refusal, 417.
"Discourses on Christian nurture," 179.
"Dissertation on Language," quotations from, 203.
"Dissolving of Doubts," sermon on, 58.
"Divinity of Christ," discourse on the, 198, 201.
Doctor of Divinity, degree conferred, 98.
"Dogma and Spirit," discourse on, 200.
Dogmatic theology, thoughts on, 205, 218, 233, 244, 339, 494, 501, 502.
Dolls, dislike to, 453.
Durant, Henry, talking with, 56.
Dutton, Rev. Dr., friendly letters from, 254; letter of consolation to, 483.
"Duty not measured by our own ability," sermon on, 77.

E.

E——, Mrs., letters to, 346, 436.
E——, Miss, letter to, 494.
Early life at home, 8–23.
Early ministry, records of, 71, 79, 456, 472.
East Windsor Seminary, 215, 235, 242.
Edinburgh, Scotland, 123.
Editorship of the *Journal of Commerce*, 51.
Education, early, 9; a sermon on "New Education," 504.
Edwards, Jonathan, references to, 275, 336.
Egleston, Rev. N. H., remarks of, 320.
Einsiedeln, Switzerland, 129.
England, travel in, 117, 163.
"Enthronement of the Lamb," sermon on, 505.
Ericsson's caloric motor, 305.
Escapades of freshmen, 53.
Essays, first, in philosophy, 63.
Europe, journey in, 115.
Evangelical Alliance, 166, 173.
Evangelist, the, article in, 215, 221.
Excursion with children to Bolton, 459.
Exeter, England, remarks about, 118.

F.

Fairfield West Association, 234, 237, 243, 258, 260, 340.
Faith, life of, remarks upon the, 358, 361, 367, 450, 494.
Family, of Dr. Bushnell's parents, 4; prayers, 455, 525.
"Fastidiousness in hearing the Word of God," referring to a sermon, 288.
Fenelon's writings, impressed by reading, 191.
Financial crash of 1857, 410.
Finney, Rev. C. G., mentioned, 253, 267, 275.
Fishing, fondness for, 18, 44, 239, 430, 461, 523, 526, 527.
Flashes of wit, 513.
Flogging, receives a, 7.
Florence, stay in, 149–153.
Forgiveness, on the subject of, 518.
"Forgiveness and Law," studies for, 518, 530, 542; publication of, 537.
Formulas, indifference to, 218, 337, 490, 502.
Fort Ripley, Minn., 269, 271.
"Founders, the, great in their unconsciousness," address before the New England Society of New York, 229.
Fragment of autobiography, a, 1.
France, letters from, 160.
Frankfort, adventures at, 127.
French people, remarks upon the, 161.
Frescoes by Sala, the artist, 149.
Freshmen, escapades of, 53.
Freyburg, Switzerland, 134.
Funeral service at Dr. Bushnell's death, 563.
"Future Life, our relations to Christ in," sermon on, 513.

G.

Gage, Rev. W. L., remarks of, 255, 545.
Galena, letters from, 268.
Gaussen, Professor, 138.
Garrison, William H., reference to, 77, 78.
General Association of Connecticut: meeting at Litchfield, 234; at Danbury, 258; at Waterbury, 305; at New Haven, 340.
Geneva, Switzerland, visit to, 134.
Genius, thoughts on, 41, 61.
Gettysburg, battle of, 481.
Giant, the, a mountain in the Adirondacks, 498.
Gladden, Rev. Washington, installation of, 504.
God, feelings about, 193, 277, 366, 375, 398, 445, 449, 510, 516, 517, 522, 523, 529, 560, 562.
"God in Christ," remarks about the book, 207, 211–219, 544, 553.
God's care, 1, 2, 90, 267, 345, 352, 382, 426, 499.
Goodwin, Rev. Henry M., letters to, 221, 234, 240, 248, 420.
Government, sermon on moral foundations of, 474.
Graduating at college, 46.
Grandmother, sketch of his, 24; letter from, 15; visit to, 14.
Grant, General, admiration for, 482.
"Great Time-keeper," sermon on the, 109.
Grindelwald, visit to, 131.
Griswold, Rev. Mr., instruction in elocution by, 66.
"Growth of Law," address on, 107.
"Growth, not Conquest, the true Method of Christian Progress," article published in the *New Englander*, 109.
Guizot, M., listening to a speech from, 161.
Gustavus Adolphus, the Society of, 138.

H.

Handwriting, remarks on, 437.
Hanging up questions, 60, 444, 533.
Harris, Mr., kindness of, 350.
Hartford, settlement in; work as a citizen for, 183, 312–321, 506; leaving, 423; return to, 449.
Hartford Central Association, trial before, 225; course of, 234, 306.

Hartford North Consociation, withdrawal from, 260.
Harvard, oration delivered at, 198.
Hawes's, Dr., relations to Dr. Bushnell, 253; correspondence with, 326.
Health, thoughts on, 484.
Hedding, Bishop, the early story of, 25.
Heidelberg, letter from, 127.
Heimer, Rev. C. D., supplies Dr. Bushnell's pulpit, 421.
Herbert, Sidney, hearing a speech by, 167.
Heresy, first broached, 89, 90; trial for publishing, 225, *et seq.*
Holy Spirit and his work, treatise on, 547; preaching on, 449.
Home, early life at, 5.
Home, feelings about his own, 88, 103, 168, 269, 431, 448; influence, 465.
Homestead, the old, 4.
Hopkins, Deacon, in the house of, 460.
Hours at Home, publication of articles in, 490, 491, 495, 501.
House of Commons, London, impressions of the, 164, 167.
House, planning his, 72, 97.
"Household Recollections," 452.
Howard, Rev. Dr., criticism by, 541.
Hudson, lecture in, 102.
Humor, his characteristic of, 38, 186, 255, 453, 512, 536, 561.
"Hunger of the Soul," sermon on the, 287.
Huntington, Rev. Dr. F., 250, 251, 411.
Hyde, Rev. James T., pastor *pro tem.* of the North Church, 394.

I.

Ideals, 391, 400.
Illness, incidents of an, 549.
Incarnation, subject of the, 219.
Independent, the, candid discussion in, 250.
Industry, years of broken, 471.
"Insight of Love," sermon on, 481.
Inspiration, thoughts on, 339, 361, 390, 546, 547, 549.
Installation of Rev. Mr. Gladden, 504; of Rev. Mr. Lacy, 383, 386; of Rev. Mr. Walsworth, 366.
Inversnaid, stay at, 119.
Italian scenery, 145, 146; sculpture, 152, 154.

J.

James, Rev. Dr., conversations with, 445, 446; criticism by, 420.
Jeffersonian political philosophy, 474.
Journal of Commerce, editor of the, 51.
Justice of the peace, his father a, 19.

K.

Kansas, interest in the affairs of, 382, 384, 400, 411.
Kenilworth, impressions of, 118.
King, Rev. Thomas Starr, mentioned, 432.
Kirk, Rev. Edward N., letter from, 417.
Knowledge and conscience, on, 519.

L.

Lake Como, 146; Lugano, 145; Lomond, 119; Katrine, 122; Minnetonka, 429; Waramaug, 5, 381, 460, 461, 478.
Language, dissertation on, 202–207, 213; subject of, 65, 501, 502.
Lasso, use of the, 374.
Last sermon preached, 505.
Later life, spirit of his, 517.
Latin, commences the study of, 17.
Law, studying, 52, 55.
Letter to the Pope, publication of a, 168, 171.
Letters of reminiscences by Bishop Clark, 294; by Rev. Dr. Bartol, 184.
Letters from—
Bartol, Rev. Dr. C. A., 559.
Birmingham, England, 118.
Boston, 221.
Brandon, Vt., 95.
Bristol, England, 116.
Brockport, N. Y., 103.
Burgess, Bishop, 194.

Letters from—
Byfield, 89.
Cabotville, 110.
California, 366.
Charleston, S. C., 361.
Cincinnati, O., 275.
Clifton Springs, N. Y., 439.
Cuba, 349.
Detroit, Mich., 425.
Edenton, N. C., 113.
Florence, Italy, 149.
Galena, Ill., 268.
Geneva, Switzerland, 138.
Hartford, 96, 99, 108, 175, 184, 188, 211, 217, 222, 227, 230, 240, 246, 257, 261, 303, 322, 345, 362, 408, 424, 471, 478, 479, 482, 492, 521, 525, 528, 535, 538, 548, 552.
Heidelberg, 127.
Hudson, O., 102.
Inversnaid, Scotland, 119.
Italy, 145.
London, England, 123, 163.
Martinez, Cal., 385.
Milan, 147.
Milwaukee, 426.
Mount Washington, 75.
Nevada, Cal., 367.
New Haven, Conn., 96.
New Preston, 71.
New York, 322, 347, 413.
Niagara, 275.
Norfolk, Conn., 540, 541.
Norwich, Conn., 48.
Paris, 160.
Plymouth, Conn., 98.
Porter, Dr. Noah, 241.
Richmond, Va., 487.
Ripton, Vt., 509, 521, 526, 528.
Rome, 153.
Sacramento, Cal., 399.
San Francisco, 375, 384, 393, 398.
San José Mission, Cal., 372, 380, 387, 396.
Saratoga, N. Y., 87, 91, 266, 308.
Savannah, Ga., 356.
Sea, 115, 169, 348.
Sharon Springs, N. Y., 310.
Letters from—
St. Anthony, Minn., 427.
St. Louis, Mo., 273.
Stonington, Conn., 238, 265.
Switzerland, 127.
Terry, Deacon Seth, 92.
Warren, Conn., 483, 488, 516.
Washington, D. C., 112.
Zurich, Switzerland, 127.
Letters to—
Adams, Rev. Dr. William, 556.
Apthorp, Mrs. E. C., 85, 118, 555.
Bacon, Rev. Dr. George, 492, 528, 538, 539, 543, 552, 553.
Bartol, Rev. Dr., 184, 199, 211, 217, 219, 222, 227, 230, 246, 247, 249, 250, 257, 262, 303, 324, 362, 365, 414, 418, 424, 479, 525, 548, 559.
Burkett, Ralph, 509.
Camp, Major Henry, the biographer of, 474.
Chesebrough, Rev. A. S., 224, 228, 232, 252, 261, 324, 326, 345, 538.
Christian Union, 540.
Collins, Mr. and Mrs. A. M., 381.
Dutton, Rev. Dr., on his bereavement in the loss of his wife, 483.
E——, Mrs., 486.
Hawes, Rev. Dr., 326, 331, 334.
Mitchell, Donald G., 312.
North Church in Hartford, 354, 367, 385, 393, 416.
Van Rensselaer, Cortlandt, 48.
Willey, Rev. Samuel H., 384.
Winship, Thomas, 360, 394, 450, 535, 558.
Liberal, use of the epithet, 419.
License to preach, receiving a, 65.
"Life of Heaven," sermons on the, 105.
"Life or the Lives," article in "Work and Play," first delivered, 103.
Lincoln, Abraham, remarks about, 447, 448; esteem for, 473; eulogy on, 489.
Litchfield, Conn., born at, 3; remarks about, 3, 4; address delivered at, 10, 248; meeting of the General Association at, 235.

"Living Subjects," sermons on, 505.
"Living to God in Small Things," sermon on, 77.
Livingstone, David, remarks about, 546.
Loch Katrine, 122; Lomond, 119.
London, letters from, 123, 163.
"Loyalty," article on, 482.
Lugano, remarks about, 145.

M.

Malan, Rev. Dr., 138.
Manners in controversy, 254.
Marcy, Mount, 498, 499.
Marriage, Dr. Bushnell's, 72.
Martinez, Cal., visiting, 387
"Mary the Mother of Jesus," sermon on, 505.
Massachusetts Sabbath-School Society, 179.
McEwen, Rev. Dr. Robert, remarks by 38, 54, 55.
Mechanics, taste for, 17, 297, 305, 320.
Melrose Abbey, Scotland, 123.
Memorial sermon by President Porter at Yale quoted, 199, 560.
Memorial service at the Park Church, 563.
Memory, defective, 457.
Merle, Rev. Dr., interviews with, 138.
"Message from the Lord," brought by a colored man, 466.
Metaphysics, on, 493.
Middlebury College, the presidency of, 95, 97.
Milan, impressions of, 147.
Mines of New Almaden, 376; of Nevada, 389.
Ministerial meetings, 511.
Ministry, review of his, 279; at large, by Edwin P. Parker, 470.
Minnesota, a year in, 426; climate of, 433, 434.
"Miracles not Discontinued," 468.
Missouri Compromise, 109.
Mitchell, Donald G., letter to, 312.
Monday Evening Club, 512.
Monitorial system, 17.
Mont Blanc, ways of seeing, 136, 137.
"Moral Uses of Dark Things," book on the, 175, 501.
Moravian way of training children, 503.
Mother, sketch of his, 26; remarks upon his, 8, 9; death of his, 87.
Motors, 305.
Mount Washington, 75; Marcy, 499.
Music, learning, 31; delight in, 41; address on religious, 263; appreciation of, 270, 455, 530.

N.

Napa City, Cal., 402.
Napoleon Bonaparte, remarks about, 144, 149.
National Preacher, articles in, 109.
"Natural History of the Yaguey Family," the, 356, 491.
"Nature and the Supernatural," publication of, 419.
Neander's "Planting and Training of the Churches," reading, 212.
Necessity, the best of mothers, 432.
Negro, as a heavenly messenger, 466.
Nephew, letter to his, 240.
Nevada, Cal., letter from, 367.
New Almaden quicksilver mines, 376.
"New Education," address at Yale College on the, 504.
New Englander, articles in, 109, 173, 178, 182, 214, 261, 345, 413, 420, 428, 482.
New Haven, General Association meeting at, 340.
New Preston, residing at, 4; academy in, 17; vacations at, 461.
New-School, 68, 69, 281.
New York, letters from, 322, 347, 413.
Niagara Falls, remarks about, 275; sermon on, 409.
North Church in Hartford. See *Church*.
"Northern Iron and the Steel," sermon on the, 325.

O.

O'Connell, hearing, in House of Commons, 167.

Old-school hearers, 68, 69, 281.
Omicron, articles signed, 215.
Ordination, receiving, 70.
Oregon difficulty, regarding the, 160, 163, 166.
Orthodoxy, his, in various lights, 225, 227, 231, 245, 247, 338, 339, 414.
"Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination," sermon on, 501.
"Our Obligations to the Dead," oration on, 485.
"Our Relations to Christ in the Future Life," a sermon on, 513.

P.

Pacific Railroad, surveys for a, 405, 508.
Paley, as a model for style, 41, 208.
Panic of 1857, 410.
Parents and family, 4, 7, 8.
Paris, France, impressions of, 160.
Park, History of the Hartford, 312; named Bushnell Park, 562.
Parker, Rev. Dr. E. P., "Ministry at Large," written by, 470; manuscript submitted to, 535.
Parker, Theodore, evening spent with, 108.
"Parting Words," farewell sermon as pastor of the North Church in Hartford, 423.
Pastorate, review of his, 279.
Paternal tenderness, 485.
Patriotism, 474, 477, 482, 486.
Patton, Rev. Dr. William W., account of a conversation by, 207; relations with, 232.
Phelps, Rev. Dr. Austin, remarks by, 339, 531.
Phi Beta Kappa addresses, 85, 198.
Pitti Gallery, Florence, 150.
"Planting and Training of the Churches," reading Neander's, 212.
Plays and Pastimes, 453.
Politics, sermons on, 93, 109.
Pope, a letter to the, 163, 171.
Porter, Rev. Dr. Noah, 225, 241, 253, 344.
Porter, President, of Yale College, 199, 255, 560.
Prayers, his early, 15, 59, 79; in a strange land, 360; in the family, 455, 525; in church, 464, 473; on the mountain, 499; in the last years, 517, 524.
"Preparatory Lecture," before Communion Sunday, 292.
Princeton Theological Seminary, 215, 242, 512.
"Progress," article on, 501.
"Prosperity our Duty," sermon entitled, 183.
Protestant League, afterward called the Christian Alliance, 106.
"Pulpit Talent," address on, 490.
Puritan Fathers, tribute to the, 252.
Puritan Recorder, criticisms of, 110, 181, 226, 414, 415.
Putnam's Magazine, article in, 495.

R.

Raphael, criticism of works of, 156.
Razor, stropping a, 36.
Rebellion in college over conic sections, 39; great interest in the war of the, 473.
Recollections, household, 452.
Reformation in Germany, 125.
"Religion, building eras in," 495.
Religious experiences, 21, 55, 58, 191, 277, 445, 516.
Religious Herald, the, 215, 223, 225.
Religious influences of early life, 8, 11, 28.
"Religious Music," address on, 42, 263.
Resignation of pastorate, 423.
Reunion, sermon of, 406.
Revelation, address on, 88; thoughts on, 310, 358, 389; in his own experience, 516, 522.
Review of pastorate, 279.
Revivals of religion, 55, 253, 412; subject of, 81–84, 200, 282.
Richmond, Va., letter from, 487.
Ripton, letters from, 509, 521, 526, 528.

Romanism, views of, 78, 106.
Rome, visiting, 153.
Ronge, 125.
Russell, Lord John, description of, 167.

S.

Sabbath, boyish frolic on the, 19; in Scotland, 121.
Sabbath-School Society of Massachusetts, 179.
Sala, frescoes by, 149.
Sampson, Joseph, friendship of, 347, 409, 471.
San Francisco, letters from, 370.
San José Mission, letters from, 372.
San Pablo, visit to, 401.
Savannah, letters from, 356.
Scheideck, Switzerland, the, 130.
School, at, 9, 17; teaching a, 47.
Schools, common, address for, 298.
Schools, Old and New, 68, 69, 281.
Science, interest in, 41, 206, 509, 536.
"Science and Religion," sermon on, 495.
Sculpture, Italian, 152, 154.
Second coming, subject of the, 99, 100.
Sermons "for the New Life," 413; on "Living Subjects," 505; on "Christ and his Salvation," 471.
Sharon Springs, letter from, 310.
Shedd, Professor, hearing a sermon by, 414.
Ships, seeing a fleet of, 117.
Simplon, crossing the, 144.
Sin, the fact of, 227, 425.
Sketches of grandmother and mother, 24; of Major Camp, 476.
Slavery, subject of, 78, 80, 248, 282, 411, 443, 474.
Son, birth of his, 87; death of his, 105, 191.
Spalding, Rev. George B., installation of, 485; resignation of, 504.
St. Anthony, letters from, 427–437.
St. Ouen, cathedral of, 495.
St. Paul, preaching at, 433.
St. Peter's, at Rome, visiting, 157.
"Stability of Change," address on, 102.
Starksborough, Vt., farm at, 24.
Stockton Pass, California, 372.
Stonington, Conn., letters from, 238, 265.
Storm at sea, 170.
Storrs, Rev. Dr., preaching for, 505.
Study of the world at large, 509.
Style, formation of his, 207–210.
Supernatural, lectures on the, 257, 304, 345, 365.
Surveying, taste for, 18, 320, 388, 404, 405, 456, 459, 475.
"Sustenance and Security," on, 520.
Switzerland, impressions of, 127.
Sympathy with young men, 290, 463.

T.

Tarbet, free church in, 121.
"Taste and Fashion," article on, 109.
Teaching, thoughts on, 427.
Tennyson, extract from, 60.
Terry, Deacon Seth, letter from, 92.
Themes at college, 40, 46.
Theological school at New Haven, 62, 215, 235.
Thiers, M., description of, 161.
Thunder-storm during service at church, 71.
"Training for the Pulpit," article on, 490.
Trees of California, 369, 371, 377.
Trial before the Hartford Central Association, 225.
Trinity, subject of, 89, 204, 236, 335, 418.
Trivultius, monument of, 149.
"True Wealth and Weal of Nations," address on the, 85.
Tutorship in Yale College, 33, 53–62.
Twichell, Rev. J. H., reminiscences by, 405, 498–501.

U.

"Unconscious Influence," sermon on, 163, 186, 288, 289.
Unitarianism, 111, 180, 193, 202, 213, 214, 219, 227, 231.
Upham's works, reading of, 191.

V.

Vacations, while at college, 42; at New Preston (or Warren), 461, 478, 481, 483, 516; in the Adirondacks, 497; at Ripton, 521, 526, 528–534.
Vatican, impressions of the, 154.
Vermont, visit to his grandparents in, 14.
Vevay, Sunday at, 135.
"Vicarious Sacrifice," preparation for, 422, 445, 477; publication of, 488; supplementary volume of, 533, 543.
Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, 375, 379, 380–384.
Virgin Mary, sermon on the, 505.

W.

War of the Rebellion, interest in the, 473–475; visit to the scenes of the, 487.
Waramaug Lake, 5, 381, 461.
Washington, D. C., letter from, 112.
Watch, loss of a, 383.
Waterbury, Conn., meeting of General Association at, 305.
Water-power of the Connecticut, 183, 319.
Water-store of California, 376, 392.
"Ways of Prayer," notes on, 524.
Weather-house, on a barometric, 494.
Webber, Rev. G. N., becomes pastor of North Church, 439; resigns, 478.
Wengern Alp, 132.
West, journey in the, 267.
Whipple, E. J., mention of, 247, 303.
Wife, dedication of a book to, 503; letters to, *ubique*.
Willey, Rev. S. H., letter to, 384; quoted, 404.
Williams College, address at, 504.
Willis, N. P., anecdote told by, 45.
Winship, Thomas, character of, 290; letters to, 360, 394, 450, 535, 558.
Winthrop, Mr. William, mention of, 429, 430.
"Woman Suffrage," book on, 503.
Womanhood, remarks on, 139–143, 440.
Woods, life in the, 499.
"Work and Play," oration on, 198; publication of the book, 480.

Y.

"Yaguey Family, Natural History of," 356, 491.
Yale College, admission to, 22; studying at, 35; tutorship in, 52–62; addresses and sermons at, 58, 107, 199, 263, 485, 504, 505.
Young men, sympathy with, 290, 463.

Z.

Zurich, letter from, 127.

THE END.

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